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RAMBLES AND OBSERVATIONS

IN

NEW SOUTH WALES

WITH

SKETCHES OF MEN AND MANNERS,

NOTICES OF THE ABORIGINES, GLIMPSES OF SCENERY,

AND

SOME HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.

BY JOSEPH PHIPPS TOWNSEND.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

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TO

EDWARD JESSE, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY,"

&c. &c.,

THIS LITTLE WORK IS INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS AFFECTIONATE NEPHEW.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS little book is presented to the public with no small degree of diffidence. But it occurred to me that, since much public interest now exists with regard to Emigration, an attempt to detail actual experience in New South Wales, and the prospects, there, of emigrants of all classes, might be acceptable from one who has finally quitted the colony, and who has no land to sell, and no interest in puffing any particular locality. At all events, I hope that that indulgence will be

extended to me which is usually granted those who commit a first fault.

I feel that some apology is needed for making my book, in a great degree, a personal narrative; and I have only done this because I did not think that in any other manner I could give (to borrow a word from across the water) a *realising* picture of the Colony.

For the startling fact, to which I refer in the following pages, that in two years, ten thousand persons left the Colony, I have the authority of the local papers. That people left, literally in crowds, there can be no doubt; and though the state of prostration into which the colony had been brought by the land mania,—which is, in other words, a feverish rage for speculation, the "go-a-head" principle carried to an extreme,—greatly contributed to this, yet, without doubt, very many of these emigrants from the Colony would have remained could they have obtained land in it.

The fund arising from the sale of land has now but a languishing existence, chiefly supported by the sale of town allotments on the coast.

The questions relating to the sale of land in the Colony are ably discussed by Mr. Earle, in his account of the Settlement at Port Essington.

J. P. T.

Southwell, Notts, Oct., 1848.

RAMBLES AND OBSERVATIONS

IN

NEW SOUTH WALES.

CHAPTER I.

A Physician's Prescription and its Consequences—Scenery in Bass' Straits—Antipodes Town—"Eastern Princes"—Adventure in Botany Bay—Cook and La Perouse—Sir Joseph Banks' Hotel—Holy Dollar—A Lodge in the Wilderness.

"SIR," said a London physician, eminent for his knowledge of climate, "New South Wales, where people live out of doors and are always on horseback, is just the place for you. I have sent many patients there, and none of them, so far as I know, ever repented that they took my advice. But then," added he, smiling, "the truth is, I have never seen one of them again; nor do I think it likely that I ever shall."

I long ruminated on this rather quaint prescription, and ultimately determined to seek the country so

strongly recommended, and which offered, not only a cure for *complaints of the chest*, in the sense in which Sir James would have used the phrase, but where also, as I imagined, the *chest* attacks deplored by Theodore Hook were unheard of. The double inducement of health and wealth, who could resist? Thus, the end of February, 1842, found me off Cape Northumberland, to the westward of Bass' Straits. Here was my first glimpse of the land of promise; but a parched desert of sandhills alone rewarded the eager gaze of the weary and impatient passengers of the good ship "Pathfinder," then four months from Plymouth and bound for Sydney. Contrary winds doomed us to box about for some days, in the vicinity of this cape; our only employment being to watch the tremendous breakers that ran seething up a projecting headland, and to listen to their dull heavy roar.

We had the selfish gratification of finding another ship in the same predicament with ourselves. She was crowded with Emigrants from Ireland; and, as the vessels dipped and bowed to each other as they passed, the long, red, and disheveled hair of the Medusa-like females, who flocked to the bulwarks of the stranger, streamed wildly in the wind. In the evening, as she disappeared in the darkness, we amused ourselves by burning blue lights and throwing up rockets, which were duly answered, and the effect was very fine. At one moment the tall masts of the distant vessel were revealed by the indistinct flickering and lurid light, and then she altogether vanished, like a phantom ship.

The subsequent run to Sydney was pleasant. Gay sunshine lighted up the bright, rocky islands in Bass' Straits, and the white line of the sandy "Ninety Mile Beach," the southern boundary of the wild district called "Gipp's Land." The background was formed of hills, clothed with evergreen forest; and darkly wooded terraces, of almost a purple hue, rose in succession, the one above and behind the other, in the thin, transparent atmosphere. No yachting could be more delightful. The captain, in high glee, exclaimed, "it was beautiful sailing."

"O'er the glad waves, like a child of the Sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like Hope, in the gale.
The winds come around her in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along.
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in her shrouds."

We ran round "Green Cape;" and then, shaping a northerly course, and still having the coast in view, sighted the singular, conical mountain, called by Cook "the Pigeon House," with which I was destined to be further acquainted; and, at length, glided into the still waters of Port Jackson. We brought with us a crippled mast, which had been split by lightning in a sudden thunder storm. During its continuance the winds were still, but Heaven's artillery resounded as if a rattling volley of musketry had been discharged on deck, and a perfect deluge of rain descended.

I will not say that I expected to find the dwellers at

the Antipodes in a constant state of admiration that they were *not* standing on their heads; but I must confess that, being a little elated by getting on shore, where something new met my eye at every turn, I was at first inclined to think that Sydney people exhibited not a little nonchalance. This town is the great *entrepôt* of the colony; its harbour is studded with ships, and its streets are filled with the traffic of a busy sea-port. On a Saturday night, so crowded is the principal street, and so bright and gay are the gas-lit shops, that it is easy to fancy oneself in a large English town. By day, however, the illusion is dispelled by the irregularity of the buildings, which are of different heights, and some of brick, whilst others are of stone or wood.

Sydney contains upwards of thirty thousand inhabitants; and, as the creation of sixty years in a distant corner of the globe, is a very remarkable place; more so, even, than Hong-Kong; for all its exports—and on exports the prosperity of each depends—are produced within the colony by the exertions of a few. The discovery of a small stream—now abundantly filthy—determined its site. It has lately been dignified by the appellation of the "City of Sydney," and is governed by a mayor and corporation. But the aldermen and town-councillors are not the only busy-bodies here. Venemous musquitoes abound; they love fresh English blood, and speedily reduce the face of a person, newly arrived, to a deplorable condition. His countenance soon actually resembles a plum-pudding, and he is easily recognised as "a new chum." The sufferings, on this account, of

newly-arrived emigrants are very great, especially of the women and children when encamped in tents, as is sometimes the case in consequence of lack of room in their proper barracks.

Sydney boasts a few good public buildings; of which St. James' Church, with its neat spire, Government House, and the elegant Roman Catholic Chapel, are most worthy of notice. A cathedral has long been in a state of embryo, and is now proceeding, under the auspices of the Protestant Bishop; but, perhaps, it is not to be desired that such a building should be erected until places of worship, of a less expensive description, have been supplied in districts where they are very much needed.

The wharfs are excellent, and at their steps numerous watermen ply in neat wherries.

When approaching the city by land, and looking on its mass spread out before me, I have been reminded of Birmingham; and in or near it are distilleries, sugar refineries, iron works, and manufactories where are made excellent Tweeds, much used for clothing. Many of the houses in the environs are in the style of the retired tradesman's villa, and are set off to advantage by the beautiful plants and creepers which flourish in this climate.

The complexion of the keen and money-making Sydney people wants the healthy English red and white. On my return to England, I was much struck by the contrast that the hale and strong appearance of my countrymen afforded, and by the fine colour that

then, as ever, heightened the charms of the bonnie Devonshire lassies. In Sydney all are *done brown.*

The often described, and extravagantly lauded, shores of the harbours, are high and bold; but are chiefly clothed with brown and stunted shrubs, springing up under a hot sun from a light, sandy soil. The shape of the harbour may be compared to that of a star-fish, with its many spines, each spine representing a bay or inlet; and, from an eminence, these successive sheets of water present a fine prospect; while the scene is usually enlivened by the manœuvres of passing vessels, many of which are beautiful models, and built in the colony. Some of the bays are the sites of well-built white stone dwellings, very prettily situated; and at "Vaucleuse" we have, though at the Antipodes, a landscape somewhat similar to that afforded by a beautiful English park; little, indeed, is wanted to complete the picture but deer and a fresher verdure. Still, the general impression produced by the scenery of Port Jackson would induce me to exclaim, "Barren, barren, barren; marry, good air." I am willing, however, to allow the Australian George Robins—Mr. Thomas Stubbs—to paint some of the beauties of Sydney. In offering "Morvale House" for sale, he says, "This house modestly retires from the ordinary eye of intruders, and reposes on a gentle slope rippled by a pretty little water-way, capable of being enlarged and embellished for fish-ponds, as is the custom of our eastern princes. The respectability and stamp of the neighbourhood is a distinguishing feature. It

is within the familiar circle of gentlemanly society, and all the *agrémens* of fashionable life." Of another place he says, "The view from the house is unbounded, and acknowledged to be the most delightful ever witnessed, having the entire harbour, with its immense shipping, the north shore, and Sydney, in full view." As an accompaniment to the first advertisement, appears a notice, by another person, that Mr. Thomas Stubbs has no right to sell Morvale House.

I very shortly left Sydney in a small-decked cutter, having first had an interview with the Governor—the late Sir George Gipps—whose sense of the ridiculous was called into action by the very peculiar appearance the musquitoes had given to my red and highly inflamed physiognomy. His own features were finely cast.

On leaving Port Jackson, we passed through "the heads"—through a huge gap in colossal sandstone cliffs—in company with a schooner doomed to go down during the night, in a south-west gale that sprang up. We, on our parts, after some hours, were glad to run for Botany Bay; and, on putting up my head at night through the hatchway—like another Jack-in-the-box—our little vessel appeared less than ever, as she staggered through the huge dark waves that were ready to engulf her.

The gale we encountered imprisoned us for eight days in the far-famed bay. The sea swept with great force through the entrance, rolling and tumbling in, and breaking from head to head, and there was some prospect of my adventures being brought to a close on a reef of rocks, near which we lay, for three days and

nights, dragging our anchors. At length we approached within thirty yards of them, the vessel pitching bows under. Then melancholy took possession of the owner of the craft, and marked him for her own. Calling all hands aft, with a piteous look of deep resignation, he broached a small keg of wine, and begged all to drink together before the grand scramble for the shore. His valuables he had already packed up in a little parcel, which he held tight, and would have surrendered only with his life. Some caught the contagion. An unpleasant-looking "expiree convict"—otherwise (also colonially) "one who had served his lagging"—deeply pitted with the small-pox, and with but a single horror-struck eye deeply rolling in its cavernous socket, volunteered on account of a dream that haunted him, and which he was sure was ominous. Another man begged there might be no jesting or bad language, and that we might all remain together in the cabin for company's sake. Finally, however—waiting for a lull—we contrived to weather the point, and anchored in a safe place; thus disappointing sundry dingy and ragged men who had been hovering about the shore, probably expecting to be soon better acquainted with our worldly effects. When we had anchored in safety, one of the passengers, probably thinking discretion to be the better part of valour, earnestly entreated that he might leave the vessel; and, this being granted as soon as practicable, he took his departure through the bush, and we saw him no more.

When I landed and climbed the north head, the gale had subsided, but the foaming ocean was still much

discoloured, and presented a wild scene. I had then an opportunity of seeing the monument to La Perouse, and the tomb of his comrade, Le Receveur, who died here of wounds received in a conflict with the natives of some of the islands to the northward and eastward. Immediately opposite to these memorials is the spot where Captain Cook anchored; and where also, in the year 1788, the first attempt was made to "settle" the country.

Truly Botany Bay has presented a curious succession of scenes. First, appeared there the enterprising Cook and his adventurous companions, looking on a newly-found world; then a fleet of convict-ships; and, as these depart, the lamented La Perouse enters; whilst, at the present day, we have, at the distance of a few miles from the heads, the hotel of Mr. Thomas Kellett, whose advertisement I append in a note.* Probably

* "Botany Bay,
"Sir Joseph Banks' Hotel.

"Thomas Kellett begs to announce to the Citizens of Sidney, that he has opened the above Hotel, and invites those who have hitherto not visited this delightful bay to do so, as he is confident, from the accommodations of his house, combined with moderate charges, that he will give satisfaction to those who patronise him. The hotel is six miles from Sidney, and finger-posts at equal distances show the road. It will be found a delightful drive of a Sunday after the toils of the week. Invalids or persons in delicate health can be boarded on the most reasonable terms, as this is considered one of the healthiest spots in the colony, and sea-bathing at the very door of the house."

This is a very fair inn, and supplies excellent soda-water and brandy; and what says the old song:

"There's rum and brandy, as I've heard 'em say,
In that blessed island called Bot'ny Bay."

few places have a more wild and disconsolate appearance than this bay, especially in stormy weather.

Whilst in the colony, I made several coasting voyages, and had always reason to congratulate myself on some fortunate escape, and to feel assured that I had no "drowning mark" upon me. Two of the vessels in which I sailed were subsequently lost, one foundering, and the other being stranded. Were these coasters safe, the trips along the coast would be very pleasant. Right whales are common, and the thin, bright cloud of spray that they cast up is often to be seen. Snapper are to be caught under all the cliffs, and baracouta, by towing astern a hook and line baited with red rag, or a piece of a coloured handkerchief. The shark is seen passing like a dim shadow; indeed, these grisly marine tigers are very numerous on the coast. Thrashers abound in some places, and sadly maul the poor whales, sometimes literally tearing them to pieces. In Port Jackson is found the parrot-fish, whose varied colours have given it that name, and very many other curious species, of all of which the collection of Mr. Miles, the Commissioner of Police, a clever and accomplished man, contains specimens. Fish are sold wholesale in Sydney at one shilling a bushel, and those most prized are the guard-fish and a species of whiting. A kind of anchovy is taken in great quantities; and, when fried, they are highly commended by lovers of dainties.

But to return. The lapse of ten days brought me to the snug little harbour of Ulladulla, where, for a time, my wanderings were to cease. This place is about 150

miles to the southward of Sydney, and is commonly called "Holy Dollar." The origin of the corruption of the native name is this: it used to be the practice to cut the centre out of a dollar, and the middle piece was called "a dump," and the remainder of the original coin "a holey dollar." To such shifts, in the early days of the colony, were people driven for small change!

Our vessel had long been anxiously expected; night after night, a fire had been lighted on an eminence to guide us in; and, consequently, our arrival was hailed with no small satisfaction by those who had feared that we were in the clutches of the notorious Davy Jones. I had now before me a pleasant walk of four miles to "the settlement," as a farm in the woods is usually called. To me, all was fairy land. The uncouth natives clamoured around; and as I trudged along, with my guide, through a country thickly wooded with large forest trees, I could hardly credit that I should have, as every-day acquaintances, the king-parrot, with its red breast, and green wings merging into a brilliant ultra-marine blue, and his many bright companions, who "made gay the sun-shine as they glanced along." Crossing a rude bridge, thrown over a running stream, we entered the farm; and I had the pleasure of greeting a relative, who, being as tall as myself, from that day forward, in some degree, kept me in countenance.

A neat slab-built and shingled cottage, with a verandah to the northward, or sunny quarter, occupied the crown of a slope. The dining-room was a bachelor's

hall, and its corners were occupied by guns, whips, spurs, and so forth; book-shelves were placed against the walls; and it opened, on each side, into a cheerful sleeping room. French windows gave access to the verandah and the garden; and two rooms, under a sloping roof, were added at the back of the house. Such a dwelling, plastered and whitewashed within and without, might now be built for sixty pounds, and would last twenty years. The kitchen was detached, and, at mid-day, there issued from it, under the auspices of a smiling handmaid, a most lovely sucking-pig. Justice Greedy would have hailed its advent with rapture; especially if, after eight days starvation in Botany Bay, "his belly had rang noon."

"Honest, pretty, cook! thy hand; again! *How I love thee!* Are good dishes still in being? Speak, lass."

CHAPTER II.

"Sitting down"—A Settler's Hornpipe—Wheat, Maize, Pumpkins, and Potatoes—Homebred Plenty—Drought—Bush Fires—Anecdote—Ancient Authority for Setting the Bush on fire—Life in the Woods—Canoes and Black Fishermen—A Dandy-trap—Anecdote—Lakes and their Inhabitants—Dog and Gun—Wild-fowl and Fish—Wild Heaths—The Native Dog—Methods adopted for destroying it—Snakes—Whale Feast—Useful Hint to Aldermen.

THE method of establishing oneself in the woods, or, to use the colonial term, of "sitting down" there, is simple enough. Having fixed upon the site most eligible for a dwelling—and this is generally determined by the facility of access to fresh water—the settler wields the axe, and attacks the ancient lords of the forest. The trees felled are split into lengths, and furnish the materials for the domicile, which is covered with "shingles" or wooden tiles.

Huge ant-hills, nearly six feet in height, and formed of hard, strong, red clay, are found in the woods; and this clay, when well trodden, forms excellent floors. The settler carefully spreads it; and then, taking off his shoes and stockings, dances a hornpipe, until he has

formed a floor to his satisfaction. Thus Virgil, in the first Georgic—

> "Delve of convenient depth your thrashing floor
> With tempered clay, then fill and face it o'er;
> And let the weighty roller [settler] run the round
> To smooth the surface of th' unequal ground."*

Many floors are formed of weatherboards but imperfectly seasoned, and through their chinks the wind whistles most viciously. The settler's hornpipe is probably akin to the Irish process of "welting the flure."

When housed, the next object is to split up posts and rails, and fence in a part of the bush, which is then called "the Bush Paddock," and is devoted to the use of the horses and working bullocks; but those who are wise live in a tent, or even in a hammock slung in the trees, until this necessary inclosure is completed.

In the great work of clearing land for cultivation, a strong team of bullocks and a logging chain are used, to draw together, for the purpose of consuming it, the timber that has been felled; and thus huge fires are formed that would eclipse the Staffordshire coke-heaps, and which, at night, illumine the dark recesses of the forest. When the trees felled have been thus "burnt off," their stumps are attacked. Many of these are grubbed up, and against others is piled a small fire which gradually consumes them. The land is now pronounced fit for the plough; which is, in fact, often put

* "Area cum primis ingenti æquanda cylindro
Et vertenda manu et cretâ solidanda tenaci,
Ne subeant herbæ, neu pulvere victa fatiscat."
Virg. Georg. i. 178.

into the ground before "stumping." The operation of taming the stubborn soil is any thing but pastime—

"They yoke the sturdy steer,
And goad him till he groans beneath the toil,"

and many a bullock dies of heat and exhaustion; whilst his master, on his part, has much to contend against. The plough is continually obstructed by roots and stones; the share or the beam is often broken, while the ploughman receives violent concussions, and is sometimes thrown headforemost amongst the bullocks.

The average cost of clearing heavily-timbered land on the coast, and of putting in a first crop, is, even with the assistance of convict labour, about ten pounds per acre. The first crop is generally wheat; and, next to it in importance, is maize. At Ulladulla the wheat was very excellent, and on the best land averaged thirty bushels to the acre, and maize sixty-five; but the average produce of wheat per acre, throughout the colony, is fourteen bushels. Manure is rarely used, and some think it burns up the land; but the ashes of the wood fires contribute much to the improvement of the soil; and a "stump-hole" is always indicated by the superior luxuriance of the wheat immediately around it. Couch grass spreads on cultivated land in every direction, and is a spontaneous production.

A field of maize is a fine sight. The plant runs up to the height of seven feet; its green stem, which is much like a large reed, has a feathery top; and, from each joint in the stem, spring flag-like leaves, and from the upper ones the "cobs of corn." Between the rows

of maize, pumpkins are planted; and these are not only excellent food for cattle and for pigs, but a good substitute for potatoes. They are also made into a pie, which, when seasoned with lime juice, is a favourite dish. They keep a length of time, and are often used by sea-going ships. Very fine black potatoes are also grown on the coast; but I observed, in the local papers, that the potato disease made its appearance in the colony in August, 1846.

We will now suppose the settler to be fairly established; and we shall find that he has a pretty cottage, a good garden, and numerous wooden outbuildings, erected at little expense; that he has forty or fifty acres of white clover, and the like quantity of land in wheat, maize, and potatoes. In the bush run his breeding mares and his cattle. He has homebred plenty, and consumes his own beef, pork, and poultry; and taxes there are none. The only absolute necessaries that he has to purchase are wearing apparel, and tea, sugar, and other groceries. His "dumb deserving train" of horses and dogs costs him nothing; and, if he be not in debt, he is perfectly independent, and may set the world at defiance. "A long family," which makes good English people groan aloud, is not a matter of anxiety; and if, in addition to his farm, he have a small income arising from other sources, he is a rich man. To him, indeed, belongs the panegyric in the second Georgic; and here I may remark, that the Georgics may be said to form the Settler's Handbook. They are, in many respects, remarkably descriptive of country life in New

South Wales; and this must be my apology for quotations that may savour of school-boy erudition.

It unfortunately happens, in consequence of the large primary disbursement to which new settlers are subjected,—the amount of which, if shown item by item, would surprise many,—and also of the unhappy spirit of speculation which was once rife in the colony, that the property of most of the landowners is deeply mortgaged, and the gains of farming are not sufficient to enable them to pay the large rate of interest to which they are liable; and, though by farming in the bush, one may certainly make a living, to make money is hardly to be hoped. In the majority of instances, the moderate profits each farmer who is so placed might gain, are eaten into by the expenses of the transit of his produce to a market; so that, often, the balance of his trading leaves him nothing to receive.

Numerous properties contain 2560 acres of land in one block. Of these 100 will be cleared, and the present value of the residue is merely that of its herbage. Land cannot now be purchased of government at a less price than twenty shillings an acre; but farms, with all their buildings and improvements, can be bought of mortgagees at five shillings an acre, taking the bush with the cleared land; and, as is too generally the case in new colonies, many of those who toiled to reclaim the wilderness, will give place to new comers. Some are both farmers and squatters, having their farms within the boundaries, and their sheep and cattle stations beyond them; and, since wool and tallow are the exports of

the colony, the settlers who produce these, and not the mere farmers, are the monied men. "The squatters," said the late Sir George Gipps, "are now the most numerous class of our colonists; the squatting interest is becoming the prevailing interest in the country; squatting is superseding settling; and in fact almost every body who has any property (money) at all is a squatter."

Were the word "drought" unknown, I should consider the fertile spots on the coast of New South Wales unrivalled, and admirably adapted to support a rural population in homely comfort. Unfortunately, this is by no means the case. From May, 1842, to May, 1845, nothing could be more smiling than the appearance of the settled part of the coast south of Sydney; but, at the latter period, a dry season commenced; and, when I left the colony, in July, 1846, some of these districts had had no rain for many months, and misery was the portion of the despairing settler. The cattle were dying in great numbers; the waterholes were choked with dead beasts; and the appearance of the country was wretched beyond description. This drought was also felt severely in the northern districts. On the River Hunter—where I shall ultimately conduct the reader on my way to the squatters—the coming down of the Ibis from the interior, gave notice of its approach, and it was accordingly predicted. These birds, with their *reaping-hook* bills, strutted about in flocks of about thirty in number, feeding, probably, on the grasshoppers, with painted wings, that abounded in all directions. These insects were also the prey of a small hawk, whose

motions in pursuit of them, as they flitted about, were very elegant. In the Hunter River district the grasshoppers rise in clouds under one's horse's feet.

The climate of the coast is delicious during the winter months, and strongly reminded me of Rome; and the summer, though hot, is not oppressive. But, when you remove from the sea-board, a very different report must be given; and here I may remark, that all the meteorological registers that are published, are, I believe, kept on or near the coast, and if so, afford no sure guide to a knowledge of the climate of the colony generally.

Hot winds are not unfrequent, even at Ulladulla. They come on suddenly; the first notice of their approach often being the unroofing of the buildings covered with bark, and an unusual clatter in every part of the premises. Nor is noise their only accompaniment; for—as the grass on the coast grows in thick tufts, between which, alone, the herbage is good, and wattles (or mimosa) and other brush spring up to its great detriment—advantage is taken of the prevalence of a hot wind to set the bush on fire. "The flaming storm, driven by the winds," spreads with great rapidity, and if rain succeed it, excellent tender grass then springs up. But these fires often do an infinity of mischief. I witnessed one that approached the settlement at Ulladulla, and caused great consternation, and some loss. On the alarm being given, the wife of the overseer flew to the large bell, used for summoning the men to work, and, stationing herself there, rang it without intermis-

sion for at least an hour; probably thinking, in her fright, that she was in England, tolling a fire-bell and calling her neighbours to her assistance. The fire came on rapidly. The trees became ignited, and burning bark was blown from them into the wheat, which was nearly ripe, and the men ran about in it beating the fire out with boughs. Very soon, the huts took fire. These were pulled down, and the barn and stables were in great danger. The wind blew a gale; and the thermometer, in the sun, was one hundred and fourteen. After this warning, the precaution was taken to burn the brush and grass, on the outskirts of the farm, when there was no wind; and thus a bush-fire would have found no food for its flames, if again driven in the same direction.

By means of these fires, the large hollow trees become thoroughly ignited; and, after burning for days, fall with a tremendous crash, which echoes through the woods, especially on a still night. The unfortunate opossums are sometimes sadly scorched; and great perplexity must prevail amongst the kangaroos and other animals. I have been nearly environed by such a fire; and I experienced any thing but pleasant sensations as I beheld it approach, from different points, and did not exactly know the way of escape. Within twenty miles of Sydney, an instance lately occurred in which travellers were thus burnt to death. Still, it is considered the duty of every stockman to set the bush on fire, when opportunity offers: and thus, in a rough manner, to clear the country of scrub and withered

herbage. It must be confessed that the settlers have ancient authority for a practice, without recourse to which, the whole country would soon become nearly impervious.

"Long practice has a sure improvement found,
With kindled fires to burn the barren ground,
When the light stubble, to the flames resigned,
Is driven along, and crackles in the wind.
Whether from hence the hollow womb of earth
Is warmed with secret strength for better birth,
Or, when the latent vice is cured by fire,
Redundant humours through the pores expire,
Or that the warmth distends the chinks, and makes
New breathings, whence new nourishment she takes,
Or that the heat the gaping ground constrains,
New knits the surface, and new strings the veins,
Lest soaking showers should pierce her secret seat,
Or freezing Boreas chill her genial heat,
Or scorching suns too violently beat."*

Dryden's Virgil.

Again, in the Æneis, this practice is also mentioned:

"As when, in summer, welcome winds arise,
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,
And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,
And catching flames infect the neighb'ring heads;

* "Sæpe etiam steriles incendere profuit agros,
Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis:
Sive inde occultas vires et pabula terræ
Pinguia concipiunt; sive illis omne per ignem
Excoquitur vitium, atque exudat inutilis humor;
Seu plures calor ille vias et cœca relaxat
Spiramenta, novas veniat qua sucus in herbas;
Seu durat magis et venas astringit hiantes,
Ne tenues pluviæ, rapidive potentia solis
Acrior, aut boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat."

Virg. Georg. lib. 1, 84.

Around the forest flies the furious blast,
And all the leafy nation sinks at last,
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste;
The pastor, pleased with his dire victory,
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky;—
So Pallas' troops their scattered strength unite,
And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight."*

The course of life, on the farm I have described, was even and monotonous, but varied by occasional excursions to a distance, and by boating and shooting. A few, and but a few, settlers were dotted about in different spots in the forest; and months often elapsed without our being cheered by the sight of a new face. Our rustic dwelling was literally

"A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood."†

With the exception of the cleared land, the green forest reigned around undisturbed. A fresh-water creek, winding through the woods, emptied itself into a large salt-water lake, distant a mile seaward. The latter part of its course was over a rocky bed, and under high banks, clothed with mimosa, and with thick creepers, commonly called "vines." Under these banks, the

* "Ac velut, optato ventis æstate coortis,
Dispersa immittit silvis incendia pastor;
Correptis subito mediis, extenditur una
Horrida per latos acies Vulcania campos;
Ille sedens victor flammas despectat ovantes:
Non aliter sociûm virtus coit omnis in unum,
Teque juvat, Palla."

Virg. Æn. 10, 405.

† "Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;
Flumina amem silvasque inglorius."

2 *Georg.* 485.

Blacks used to paddle about in their canoes, shading their eyes with their hands, and thus "looking out" eels, which they speared. When I first wandered to the lake with my gun, I encountered a number of these primitive fresh-water sailors,

> "Each balanced in his bubble of a boat,
> A *coal-black* Nautilus upon the tide."

The sight of naked savages was then, of course, new to me; and their presence added, not a little, to the interest of a novel landscape. I was astonished by their vociferation, and their hail in a strange jargon. As usual, they were surrounded by an atmosphere of hilarity; and their merry peals of laughter rang loudly.

A canoe is made of a sheet of bark, tied at each end, and stretched by cross-sticks. On a lump of clay, at the bottom, is carried a small fire. These *barks* are very difficult to manage; and, if a novice enter one, he almost certainly upsets it and gets a ducking; as has happened to many an inexperienced citizen who has wandered from his "store" in Sydney in quest of adventures in the bush. There is nothing that affords a bushman more heartfelt delight than an opportunity of leading any one of the kid-glove gentry into such difficulties. This he calls "breaking him in to the bush," and "taking the gilt off his gingerbread;" and a canoe is a favourite dandy-trap. I find the following anecdote in the "Adventures of a Guardsman" (in New South Wales):—"On one occasion we came to a large river, which barred our course, and could only be crossed by means of a canoe, of which the proprietor

was a big black fellow. The commissioner was determined to pass in this frail and shallow skiff, which was only formed from a large sheet of bark, compressed at both ends. Being a fat and portly personage, his unwieldy weight, added to the black's, brought the light and oscillating structure to the water's edge, and they had much difficulty in keeping her afloat. At length the signal was given to push off, which the black pilot laughingly complied with, and the fragile bark was launched, with its goodly freight, into the current of the stream. I remained on the bank with the horses, intending to follow and swim over with them; but I could not repress my mirth when I perceived the canoe, with gyratory motion, whirled rapidly along the centre of the stream, which happened to be unusually flooded at the time. In vain the black fellow plied his paddles; in vain he strove to guide his unruly charge to the opposite bank. All would not suffice; and they were borne helplessly along, like a huge bubble on the tide. One fearful anxious look was cast by the commissioner at the foaming flood, which boiled like barm around him; another, full of envy, regret, and despair at myself and horses safely and composedly fixed on terra firma, when the slender skiff, impelled more fiercely than before, threw him off his equilibrium; and, striving to recover himself, he pitched headlong into the stream, upsetting with the surge both blackey and his canoe, and shooting, with the velocity of a comet, into the depths below, as if he had been the most expert pearl-fisher imaginable. The black scarce wetted his head,

and seemed like a huge Newfoundland dog disporting in the water. After a while, and many yards below the scene of his capsize, like some gigantic float, up bobbed the commissioner; and, with one mighty gasp, yelled forth a despairing shriek for help; then, as if not satisfied with appearances above, again he bobbed down, seemingly well pleased with the elements below. Again he appeared, when, in an instant, the black dived, with the velocity of an arrow, under the spot, and, intercepting him when sinking, brought him to the surface firmly grasped in one hand. In a few minutes he was safely landed on the same bank from whence he had so unluckily embarked, looking far more like some river-god, or a subject of the sea-king, than a commissioner of crown lands."

There are many salt-water lakes on the coast, separated from the sea by banks of sand, which, occasionally, give way after heavy rain. As the force of the stream, which then rushes from them, is gradually abated, the waves of the sea again throw up the sand, and they are confined to their former limits. There were many romantic nooks on the shores of the lake at Ulladulla, and these I used to explore with exemplary diligence. It was frequented by the common wild-duck and teal, and by the black duck, the wood-duck, by huge pelicans, and by cranes, curlews, waders, and shags; and "*ebon* swans sailed down the watery road." The shags were generally to be found, in dreary conclave, perched in a row on some dead tree which had fallen into the water. The ducks mostly frequented

the margin of the lake, and fed in the shallows. Sometimes a large eagle soared above them, casting his shadow upon the water; but they appeared not to regard his presence; and his philosophic pate was apparently occupied with any thoughts but those of ducks or ducklings. In duck-shooting I used an old French rifle, converted into a smooth-bore, and an excellent gun it proved to be. With it I have shot albatross at sea, and quail on shore. The dog I enlisted in my service as a retriever, was a coarse-bred bull-dog; who, however, was much better than he looked; but he ultimately adopted vagrant habits, and devoted himself to the society of the blacks, of whom dogs are generally very fond, or rather, perhaps, of their wandering life. The black ducks were very large, and excellent eating. They also frequented pools of fresh water, which are very commonly found near the sea; and, I presume, are sometimes formed by the percolation of sea-water. In Moneroo are musk-ducks; and there, by-the-bye, is a bubbling fountain, strongly impregnated with soda, to which settlers resort with large tumblers and bottles of brandy, and enjoy what they call "fizzers." We had also on the lake a gray speckled diver, with a sharp pointed bill, and, at the back of its head, a tuft of feathers like a small cue. He swims with a jerking motion, and his head is constantly moving from side to side, like that of a Sydney policeman, which is said to be fixed on a swivel, and whose eyes are said to box the compass as he strides along, grasping a thick stick. On the borders of the lake was a forest of trees, killed

by the rising of the salt water; and most melancholy was their aspect. On their naked branches was the stand of the dreamy-looking, nodding heron; who, when disturbed, sailed along with heavy flight, uttering a sullen, barking, croak. Here I used also to find a little bird speckled with bright colours; and which, but for the length of its tail, might have been taken for a humming-bird of low cast. The creek was frequented by fly-catchers of eccentric flight, and by the Nankeen-bird. This is of a light cinnamon colour: its head is adorned with a pair of streaming white feathers, and, on the wing, its appearance is as elegant as that of a high bred lady.

On the banks of the lake were immense heaps of cockle-shells, the accumulation of which it is difficult to account for. When burned they make good lime. The lake abounded with snapper, mullet, eels, and small fry; and is said to contain immense flat fish. Sharks sometimes find their way into such lakes, from the sea, and attain a large size. The snapper, when boiled, and smothered in melted butter, is not to be despised. The eels, also, are excellent; but the mullet are too rich; these and large eels are converted into oil to supply the settler's lamp.

A ready method of catching eels is to sink a bag, open at the mouth, and containing straw and the entrails of a sheep. The eels will crawl into the bag, to feed on the entrails; and then, with its contents, it is lifted out of the water. I was never tempted to use the rod and line, although I often remarked the liveliness of the

fish on fine, warm evenings. At such times, the blow, struck as they leapt, and their falling splash, were heard incessantly.

By the sea-side was a belt of heath, about a mile in width, and many miles in length, which afforded our most agreeable rides, as we then escaped from the woods. Here reigned the most perfect solitude, which, one might have imagined, the foot of man had never disturbed. On one side glittered the bright Pacific, whilst sombre mountains formed the background, shutting us off from the distant interior. This open ground produced many specimens of "the beautiful genus *Epacris*, which may be called the Heaths of Australia, being nearly allied to them, and perhaps superior in beauty" (Sir William Hooker); and there were also many rare flowers. Under one's feet sprang up the ground parrot, of a light green colour, and elegant form; and a native dog on the prowl was sometimes seen skulking away. Where a wild dog is found on a plain of any extent, it is easy to ride him down; but here they always made their escape into the dark line of wood that girds the heath, "like fringe upon a petticoat." They are much like jackals, and often contrive to surprise and kill a calf in the absence of its mother. When the calf is too young to follow the cow, she conceals it,—colonially, "plants it,"—when she goes away to feed; and the stockman, who wishes to discover the young thing, rides about bleating like a sheep, and it answers him; and much was I astonished when I first heard a stockman thus calling unto his brother. The foals are gene-

rally safe from the attacks of these dogs, as they are able to follow the mares; but I have seen the dogs crouching and gambolling about them as if very anxious to make an attack. The mongrel dogs, possessed by the blacks, are often a great nuisance to the settler, as they kill the calves and chase the horses. They have been even known to drive a herd of horses to the edge of the cliffs by the sea; but, when the mares thus find themselves in a quandary, they attack, in their turn, with their fore feet. These mongrels are originally acquired from the settlers.

The native dog is the only wild animal destructive to stock. Snakes, however, are often fatal to stock-dogs, and are said to cause the death of horses and cattle.

Black, brown, and diamond snakes are common; and the two first are the most venomous. These reptiles always attempt to gain the water, if disturbed near it; and, in very hot weather, they lie in it; but heavy rain drives them from their holes in the earth. Sometimes, on a dry and hot ridge, they are to be seen twirling and twisting together. My bull-dog was always ready to attack them, although evidently looking upon them with great suspicion. I often had the satisfaction of shooting them; and, if the first shot did not dispose of them, it usually brought them to an anchor by the stern, and effectually prevented their escape. The blacks highly relish roasted snakes of their own killing; but refuse those offered them by the white people. The bite of the black and of the brown snake has occasioned

fatal accidents; and they sometimes attack, "leaping like a live arrow."

Many expedients are resorted to to destroy the native dog; and he is often caught in a large trap with a falling door. This is much like a rat-trap, and the bottom is turfed, and the bait is a piece of meat. When such a trap is set and baited, the cattle are sure to assemble round it, bellowing, and tearing up the turf with their horns; attracted, no doubt, by the smell of the fresh meat. The most certain method of destroying this wild dog (the use of strychnia excepted), is to plant a gun, in a horizontal position, near the ground. A string is fastened to the trigger, and the other end of it, to which is attached a bait, is dropped opposite the muzzle. He is also caught in a trap made on the principle of that commonly used in England for catching moles; a strong sapling supplying the spring. The brain of the native-dog is protected by a ridge of bone running down the centre of the skull, and which long resists the blows of a heavy bludgeon. English dogs readily attack them by day, but few will face them at night. The two, however, breed together. When at bay, and with a tree in their rear, they will defend themselves against many canine assailants; for their bite is very sharp. The blacks used to tame them, and use them in hunting, but I believe they never gave tongue.

Whales were not unfrequently stranded on the coast during the winter. On such an occasion all was commotion, amongst both the blacks and the whites. The

dray was immediately sent off for blubber; and the blacks, who heard the news, hurried down to the shore. Even the elder gins (or native women) turned out, and bustled, grumbling, along; each supporting her steps with a long stick. No doubt they looked upon us very much in the same light in which an English Squire regards a poacher whom he may find amusing himself in his preserves. I have not observed that the blacks overgorge on such occasions; but I have been told—and I believe truly—that some of them will eat whale until each man of unbounded stomach appears to have swallowed a pumpkin of the very largest size; and that, when in this state, and the force of nature can no further go, they lie on their backs, and make their wives knead their viscera with their fists;—a process worthy, perhaps, the attention of aldermen and their guests. During a rough winter, a sick whale became embayed under the cliffs, and died there; and I was told that the poor creature was not as mute as a fish, but bellowed dolefully. The grampus is sometimes found on shore; where, according to the blacks, he is driven by the porpoises.

On the beach, the fishing eagle watches for any fish that may be thrown up; and a small bird, like a manikin crane, follows, with rapid step, the waves as they recede, and picks up shrimps and insects. The lake furnishes most excellent prawns. The blacks watch for the appearance of their feelers through the sand in shallow water, and then scoop them out with their hands, exclaiming, "I bin man him, massa;"

meaning, "I have caught him." The sands of the small tidal rivers are covered with innumerable crabs of a small size. These burrow in the sand, and retreat to their holes with great rapidity when disturbed. The lakes and rivers are also frequented by the sting-ray, which has a long, serrated, tail; and, with it, this fish sometimes severely injures the legs of a horse. Thirty miles to the northward of Ulladulla a stray turtle was lately caught; and they are by no means rare in the Sydney market. Deer are also kept near that town; so that turtle, venison, and, of course, champagne, are the fare of Mr. Thomas Stubbs' eastern princes.—Vide his advertisement before quoted.

CHAPTER III.

Forest Trees and Flowering Shrubs—Shooting by Moonlight—Sounds of the Forest—Its many Inhabitants—Cockatoo Soup—Bush-Riding—Horses and their Habits—Breaking—Scene in a Stockyard.

OUR forest-trees are mostly the different Eucalypti; and they afford an inexhaustible supply of fine timber. Some of them attain a great size, and run up, like solid columns, for sixty feet without a limb; but many of the larger sort are hollow from age, and from the effect of bush-fires which stream up them, as through funnels. Trees, for timber purposes, are usually about twelve feet in circumference, and are much used in ship-building. Several handsome vessels have been built on the beach at Ulladulla, entirely from the produce of our woods, the masts excepted, which were brought from New Zealand; and some ships built in Sydney were lately in the Thames; but I doubt if the Sydney ship-builders always procure the best timber that the colony affords; and I think that, in this respect, they might take lessons at Ulladulla, from Messrs. Warden and Gee. The panelling in the cabins of the vessels built at Ulladulla was of cedar, a wood nearly equal to mahogany. It is

worthy of remark, that moss grows on that side of the trees which faces the north, and so is sheltered from the cold southerly winds. We have, thus, one of the signs which Nature provides for guiding the wanderer in the pathless wilderness.

Many flowering shrubs are to be found in the woods; and a great variety of everlasting flowers. A tree more resembling a blue and white laburnum than any other to which I can compare it (but its form is more elegant) is exceedingly handsome; and some gather its boughs to adorn their huts. A shrub, the size of a hazel, and with a similar leaf, bears a flower much like a yellow fuchsia. Another has a bunch of flowers like those of the fox-glove ; but each pendant half the size, French white, and shaded,—especially in the mouth,—from light blue to maroon. A tree, about twenty feet in height, and with a dark green leaf, bears wax flowers in clusters of five or six, shaped like a jonquille, of a fleshy substance, and the colour of dark maroon. There are the castor-oil plant, the wild indigo, and the native currant and raspberry trees. The mimosa,—although it sadly chokes the country,—when in flower, fills the air with fragrance. Its bark is much used for tanning purposes ; and the gum that exudes from the stem is of some value as an export, and is used by the blacks as food. The New Holland acacias are well known.

In the scrubs is found a tree, commonly called "the nettle tree" (*Urtica gigas*). It is often thirty feet in height, and has a large, broad, green leaf. It is appropriately named; and the pain caused by touching the

leaf is, I think, worse than that occasioned by the sting of a wasp. Many ludicrous stories are told in New South Wales of those who have incautiously handled these leaves, and more might be learnt in Kew Gardens, where this tree is to be seen.

I find both the eucalyptus and the *acacia affinis* flourishing in the open air in Devonshire. In the beautiful gardens of Mr. Veitch, near Exeter, is a specimen of each. His eucalyptus is sixteen feet high, with a large spreading head, and, about two and a half feet from the ground, the stem measures nearly two feet in circumference. It blooms freely every year, flowering in clusters, and is very aromatic. It has been standing in its present situation about eight years without any shelter. Two young plants have been raised from a pod of its seed. Mr. Veitch's Australian parrots were exceedingly delighted when he presented them with its flowers, or buds, or even with the leaves. His acacia is an open standard, about ten feet high, and bushy. The stem, at two and a half feet from the ground, measures ten inches in circumference. It has been planted about eight years. The acacia would have been much higher, had it not been several times headed down to make it bushy. This gentleman has also another Australian plant, which stands, uninjured, without shelter, namely, the *Hakea puginiformis*. Eucalypti are to be seen at Kew. "One," says Sir William Hooker, in his 'Guide to the Gardens,' is distinguished by a summit reaching to the ceiling; and, therefore, unfortunately, but necessarily, despoiled of its crown." The Australian

house at Kew is well worthy of a visit; and I recognise in these gardens many old Ulladulla friends ; especially the *Banksias*, the *Telopea speciosissima*, the *acacias*, and many of the genus *Epacris*. We had also many orchideous plants at Ulladulla; and they are very numerous in the district called Illawarra, to which we presently travel.

The woods were peopled with kangaroo, wallaby, (a smaller species) kangaroo rats, flying squirrels, porcupines, native cats, and with an infinite variety of birds. The opossums live in the hollow trees; and the blacks cut them out of their retreats; and sometimes smoke them out. Hawks occasionally contrive to take them; and I have seen one of those large birds carrying an opossum in its talons, whilst another hawk attended his flight, as if to put in his claim for a share of the booty. They carry off this animal, and also parrots and quails, by the head. I have seen one thus fly away with a parrot; the unfortunate captive uttering the most dismal screams, and appearing to furnish its tormentor with a large painted tail, as it fluttered helplessly, with its wings expanded. The largest hawk I killed measured six feet five inches, from tip to tip of wing. Others, I think, exceed this measure by at least eighteen inches, but are never seen except when carrion is in the woods. The hawks often destroy the pigs that feed in the woods ; perching upon their backs and tearing them to pieces. On moonlight nights I used to shoot both opossums and flying squirrels, which could then be discerned as they clung to the boughs; for they keep

close by day, and feed only at night. I employed my dog to find them, which he did by the scent; and I was also accompanied by a dark shadow, or, in other words, by a black, who greatly enjoyed the sport, and laughed loudly, showing his white teeth, when the creatures fell. Flying squirrels, of all sizes, are to be seen in the moonlight, darting amongst the boughs, like flashes of light. In consequence of the opossum feeding on the leaf of the gum-tree its flesh has a peculiar taint, and our dogs would not eat it unless it were first roasted. It is an an active animal. The emigrant mechanic, whom I more particularly mention in another place, says, referring to a leap that he saw an opossum take,—"I have since found, that the gift of these animals in this way is perfectly wonderful; certainly, if there is in this world an unconquerable dare-devil animal, it is the old man Possum, and, indeed, all his family, mother, sons, and daughters, after their sucking days are over: until then you may tame them."

The forest is never silent. At night is heard the cry of the opossum, the squeal and chirp of the flying-squirrel, the wail of the curlew, the hooting of the night-jar, the chorus of the loquacious green frogs, and the occasional cry of the tree-frog. During the winter nights the woods resound with the deplorable and doleful howling of the native dogs, as of fiends in torment; and once, when my window blew open, I awoke in a fright, thinking that a whole legion of them had burst into the room; so much had I been unconsciously affected by their outcry.

In the morning, one is awakened by the swallows

that build under the shelter of the verandah; and by the rich piping note of the magpie, whose music is mellow and sweet. A very ugly bird, "whom serpents fear," is called the Laughing Jackass, and it *boo-hoos right-out* at sunrise and sunset, with a hoarse, cackling, laugh. The white cockatoo flies about in great flocks, uttering a harsh, screaming note. When at rest, he emits a gurgling, groaning sound, as of a man in pain. This cockatoo is often tamed, and learns to talk well, and to be a great wag. There is also a black cockatoo, with an execrably harsh note. The base of the skulls of both of these birds is very thick, and forms a strong fulcrum for their powerful bills. The bell-bird's tinkling chime is heard near the swamps; and there, also, the coachman cracks his whip; and the cheerful cry of the spur-winged plover is heard; a bird furnished with a spur on the front of each wing, with which, I imagine, he ploughs up soft ground, when searching for insects. The tall native-companion is sometimes seen stalking along in the swamps, or standing, like a statue, looking at his toes; and, by their edges, rises the handsome cabbage-tree palm, waving aloft the green plume that adorns its head.

Captain Grey well describes the manner in which the natives kill the cockatoos with the bommereng. "A native perceives a large flight of cockatoos in a forest which encircles a lagoon; in countless numbers they scream and fly from tree to tree, as they make their arrangements for a night's sound sleep. The native throws aside his cloak, so that he may not even have

this slight covering to impede his motions, draws his bommereng from his belt, and, with a noiseless, elastic step, approaches the lagoon, creeping from tree to tree, from bush to bush, and disturbing the birds as little as possible. Their sentinels, however, take the alarm; the cockatoos furthest from the water fly to the trees near its edge, and thus they keep concentrating their forces as the native advances; they are aware that danger is at hand, but are ignorant of its nature. At length, the pursuer almost reaches the edge of the water, and the scared cockatoos, with wild cries, spring into the air; at the same instant the native raises his right hand high over his shoulder, and, bounding forward with his utmost speed for a few paces, to give impetus to the blow, the bommereng quits his hand as if it would strike the water, but, when it has almost touched the unruffled surface of the lake, it spins upwards with inconceivable velocity, and with the strangest contortions. In vain the terrified cockatoos strive to avoid it; it sweeps wildly and uncertainly through the air; and, so eccentric are its motions, that it requires but a slight stretch of imagination to fancy it endowed with life, and, with fell swoops, in rapid pursuit of the devoted birds, some of whom are almost certain to be brought screaming to the earth." This instrument, called a bommereng, is made of wood, and is much like the blade of a scimitar. I believe it has been introduced into England as a plaything for children.

A great variety of parrots, of splendid plumage, are to be seen at Ulladulla. They are a saucy, mischievous

bird, and commit great havoc among the Indian corn; but are themselves very good eating. They build in holes in the trees; and the blacks climb for the young birds by means of notches cut in the bark, and descend with them on their heads, carefully balancing them. The Ulladulla blacks occasionally drive rather a brisk trade in birds, and travel to Sydney with them for sale; and the noise and chatter of their peripatetic aviaries are great. Some of the birds they carry in cages; but others on their heads, where they sit very contentedly. It is a pretty sight to see a number of parrots flocking round a stream to drink, and pleasant to hear the sweet notes they utter, as they call the one to the other. Large flights of paroquets sweep through the air in flocks, screaming and whistling, and alight on the tops of the high trees. A very good gun is required to reach them there; and, when they fall to the ground, their varied colours (in which green, a light blue, and yellow prevail) are first seen with any distinctness. A large blue-and-white pigeon frequents the bush; as also does the bronze wing pigeon, and a pretty chocolate-coloured dove. All the pigeons are good eating, both in pies and puddings; but, when alive, require very hard hitting in order to bring them down, and, when dead, very hard biting, for they are rather tough.

The white cockatoos make good soup. In the book of adventures before alluded to, we are, thus, again introduced to the Commissioner: "shooting was a favourite pastime of his, when not attended with too much labour, and he, consequently, committed great slaughter among

the wild pigeons and cockatoos. The latter bird makes excellent soup, but, being remarkably wary and sagacious, is difficult to be approached, in consequence of which the Commissioner had recourse to a perfectly novel and original stratagem to get at them. He caused a large and leafy branch of gum-tree to be cut, armed with which and his double Manton, and screened from observation by the foliage, he contrived to get within gun-shot of the enemy, who, being very gregarious, generally left many killed and wounded on the field. The success of this method quite delighted the little Commissioner, who contemplated, in the spoils before him, the attributes of many a good tureen of soup to cheer his inward man. It was perfectly exhilarating to see with what an air of self-importance and satisfaction he collected the fruits of his prowess and invention, and consigned them, with many an injunction, to the safe custody of his convict cook. What a pity it was that such things as bushrangers and blacks should ever interfere with so agreeable a diversion! How quietly and calmly would he have gone on the even tenor of his way!"

Beautiful little lizards run about in the sunshine, and sometimes make their way into the house, and run over the face of one enjoying an after-dinner nap. The Iguana puffs and pouts, and bakes itself on the hot stones that rise above the water in the creeks. When disturbed, at a distance from the water, it waves its tail on high, as a French postillion flourishes his whip, and rushes into the stream. In the Hunter River district, the jew-lizard sometimes attains the length of

five feet, and will maintain a stout battle with a good dog.

The trees, at Ulladulla, are in summer filled with cicadæ, who maintain a noisy din. With them appears a bird whose note is exactly like "cook it up," rapidly repeated; and, at this time, much manna exudes from the gum trees. The noise the cicadæ make is exceeding great, and one would imagine that each individual insect was animated by the soul of Serjeant Buzfuz. It seems to be the same insect that Dr. Shaw describes as follows :—"In the hotter months of summer, especially from mid-day to the middle of the afternoon, the cicada, or grasshopper (as we falsely translate it), is perpetually stunning our ears with its most excessively shrill and ungrateful noise. It is, in this respect, the most troublesome and impertinent of insects, perching upon a twig, and squalling sometimes two or three hours without ceasing, thereby too often disturbing the studies or short repose that is frequently indulged in, in these hot climates, at those hours." I entertained no doubt that this insect was identical with that mentioned in the Georgics; and I find this opinion supported by a passage in "Insect Architecture" (p. 148), where the following line from the 3rd Georgic is quoted:

"Et cantu querulæ rumpent arbusta cicadæ."

In that work, and in "Insect Miscellanies," are collected many very curious particulars with regard to this noisy songster, on which the writers have bestowed the name of the "Treehopper." In the latter work is the following passage:—"It is to the treehopper, and

not to the grasshopper, that these lines of Anacreon apply:

> Happy creature! what below
> Can live more happily than thou?
> Seated on thy leafy throne,
> (Summer weaves thy verdant crown,)
> Sipping o'er the pearly lawn
> The fragrant nectar of the dawn,
> Little tales thou lovest to sing,
> Tales of mirth—an infant king.

In New South Wales this insect is commonly called "a locust," and I observe that Dryden translates "cicadæ," now "locust," and now "grasshopper." The line above quoted is rendered,

> "When creaking grasshoppers on shrubs complain;"

and the following line:

> "Sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta cicadis,"
>
> "The creaking locusts with my voice conspire."

There are also indigenous bees, which form their dwellings in the hollow trees. The natives catch one of them,—they are small, black, and stingless,—and, with gum, attach to its back a downy feather from the white cockatoo. They then let it go, and, springing over every impediment, pursue its flight, in steeple-chase style; but with their eyes, of course, fixed upon it. They are thus guided to the hive; and, as they run, they shout and yell like infuriated Bedlamites. The honey of these bees is black, and anything but tempting. In Sir Thomas Mitchell's "Narrative of three excursions into the Interior" (vol. i. p. 171), he notices the wild bees. "We were now," he says, "in a 'land flowing with

honey,' for the natives, with their new tomahawks, extracted it in abundance from the hollow branches of the trees, and it seemed that, in the season, they could find it almost everywhere. To such inexpert clowns, as they probably thought us, the honey and the bees were inaccessible, and indeed invisible, save when the natives cut it out, and brought it to us in little sheets of bark; thus displaying a degree of ingenuity and skill, in supplying their wants, which we, with all our science, could not hope to attain. They would catch one of the bees, and attach to it, with some resin or gum, the light down of the swan or owl; thus laden, the bee would make for the branch of some lofty tree, and so betray its home of sweets to its keen-eyed pursuers, whose bee-chase presented, indeed, a laughable scene."

Musquitoes abound in the summer months, when cane-bottomed chairs are, decidedly, to be avoided.

It may easily be conceived, that, in ransacking the woods I have described, and in exploring a wide lake, a new comer has much interesting employment. But riding soon becomes his chief resource; and, however much he may have been accustomed to a horse, he has still something to learn. An English whipper-in would, at first, be sorely puzzled to follow a stockman through the bush. If he escaped throwing his horse down over the logs, rocks, and dead timber which encumber the ground, and are concealed by the long grass, he would hardly avoid being bruised by the saplings, or dashed against a tree; for, the movements of a stock-horse are very eccentric. He requires no guiding, but

turns in open ground, or whisks round a tree, as fast as the animal he pursues. The rider is thus sometimes twisted out of the saddle ; and perhaps receives, on the broad of his back, a practical illustration of the power of the centrifugal force.

The stockman is a man *sui generis*. He is constantly out on horseback in the bush, and knows the habits and resorts of the cattle and horses, and where

> "The lowing heifers of their own accord
> At watering time will seek the neighbouring ford."*

He carries a whip with a snake-thong, from eight to twelve feet in length. The handle is a foot long ; and the man throws the lash from right to left, and brings it back, thus making a double report, which is heard at a great distance. The management of this whip is an accomplishment not easily attained. When two stockmen are in the woods, by cracking their whips, they communicate to each other their whereabouts. As the horses run at large in the forest, and have constantly to be brought in for different purposes, one has excellent opportunity of becoming an amateur stockman, and of indulging in pretty severe gallops ; for, as soon as the herd perceive a stranger, they are apt to set off,—tossing their heads and snorting, with their long tails streaming, and displaying altogether the most beautiful action,—and it becomes necessary to keep them in sight ; for, once gone, they are, for the time, gone altogether. Hence, he who pursues, must stick at nothing; go he

* "Huc ipsi potum venient per prata juvenci."
Buc. Ecl. 7, 11.

must; and, indeed, his horse so delights in the chase, that he would carry him on almost against his will. If the horses are found in an open spot, they are sagacious enough to run into the thickest and most difficult places within reach; and these they select with much craftiness. Sometimes, they allow the horseman to come pretty close to them; then stand and watch him, or dodge him without moving far either way; and, at last, set off at full speed, but presently turn like a hare, leaving the rider, if badly mounted, to pass them in full career, vainly tugging at the bridle.

A stallion has usually his quarters in the bush. When a man on horseback approaches "his mob," he trots up shaking his head and pawing, and looking very saucy and very proud. He then "rounds his mares up," threatening to bite them; and having his neck stretched out, his ears laid back, and his nose near the ground. He takes care to keep out of the reach of their heels, as they sometimes kick at him viciously; indeed, he is often sadly scarred. When he has got them together, he drives them away before him, and chases all stragglers. He has his favourites; and some mares he persecutes and drives away, and then gallops back to the herd. Sometimes he defies every effort to drive him and the rest of the herd away. Whilst the horseman is behind, he is in front working against him; and, if a dash is made at him, and he is driven off, he soon returns. Woe betide any intruding hackney! He

pounces upon him as a hawk on its prey. I have also known a stallion to sneak behind a stockman, and pull him off his horse.

The stallion is generally taken up in September, and, for a couple of months, fed on green barley, maize, and bran, as he suffers much in condition during the winter, when the grass is thin and sapless. When the time comes to turn him out again, he well knows the object of leading him away; and, when at liberty, stands and snuffs the air, and neighs anxiously. His old companions soon answer him; and then away he goes, making the woods echo again with his sounding voice, and rejoicing in the sense of newly-acquired freedom.

I have seen a horse follow the scent of others through the bush; tracking them with his nose to the ground. This has been observed by others; and it is well known that cattle detect by scent the track of a black. That mules, like dogs, track their companions by the power of smell, we have the authority of Mr. Charles Darwin's "Journal." In 1845 there were upwards of eighty-two thousand horses in the colony. They generally want the compactness and power of the English horse of the same class. Their feed being chiefly the natural grass, those points are not brought out which would be developed were they better nurtured. They are sure-footed and hardy. In one year one thousand and fifty-nine were exported. The majority of these were sent to India, where they fetched from forty to one hundred and fifty pounds each; some of them, how-

ever, were exported by the agents of the East India Company for remounts. Some stallions of the best English blood have been imported, as also Arab, Clydesdale, and Cleveland horses; but horse-teams are not yet generally used in country parts. Many ewe-necked, goose-rumped mares from Valparaiso, without a single good point, have been brought into the colony, much to the injury of the breed of horses. Timor ponies are common.

The colts run in the bush until it is time to break them in. They are then driven into a stock-yard, and noosed or lazoed, an old horse brought alongside one of the captives, and the breaking tackle put on; and this, sometimes, in the space of four minutes. The colt is then suffered to stand until the evening, when he is forced, and occasionally even carried, into the stable. In three days, a rough-rider mounts him, and he then often commences bucking; thus contracting a habit which he seldom afterwards abandons. I have attempted to out-manœuvre a bucking horse, by cutting a stake shaped like a stable-fork. The fork, from which sprung two prongs, I put into his mouth, and tied the prongs over his ears, and thus the staff, hanging perpendicularly, effectually prevented his putting his head to the ground. Buck he could not; so, arming myself with an instrument of flagellation, I mounted, but soon found that the animal was too cunning to move whilst my patent machine restrained his vicious propensities. I was, therefore, obliged to take it off, and risk the possibility of being shot up into the air, like a rocket, and descend-

ing upon my head. I once attempted to break in a stallion who had been long accustomed to range the woods; but when, after infinite exertion, the tackle was at last put upon him, he, in his turn, attacked me so savagely, that I was glad to beat a retreat. I, however, carried the long rein with me into the stable; and thence, through the joints of the slaps, played him at my leisure, getting a man to attack him in the rear: but when he found, at length, that he was thus vanquished, he threw himself on the ground and refused to rise; and ultimately sulked so seriously, that, apprehensive of the consequences, I restored him to liberty.

The cattle are mustered once a year, and marked with a brand, denoting that they have attended that year's general levee. They are dragged to a post by a rope thrown over the horns; and the scene in a stock-yard, on such an occasion, is not devoid of interest. The animals are much excited and frightened, and bellow lustily in almost deafening chorus. This branding is in addition to that which takes place (when they are young) according to the precept—

> "Distinguish all betimes with branding fire,
> To note the tribe, the lineage, the sire."*

I think I have seen nearly as much activity displayed in a stock-yard as even in a circus; for a beast some-

* "Post partem cura in vitulos traducitur omnis:
Continuoque notas et nomina gentis inurunt,
Et quos aut pecori malint submittere habendo,
Aut aris servare sacros, aut scindere terram,
Et campum horrentem fractis invertere glebis:
Cetera pascuntur virides armenta per herbas."

3 *Georg.*, 157.

times madly rushes at a stockman, and the man leaps to a surprising height in his anxiety to make his escape; but, as a bullock charges with his eyes shut, the stockman, when attacked, sometimes falls down on his back, and thus disappoints the animal's aim. Indeed, this manœuvre is often practised.

Bullocks destined for the plough, or for the dray, are allowed to range at large until they are broken in. One selected is then dragged to a post and yoked to a quiet beast, and the tails of the two animals are generally tied together; but the propriety of this latter measure is a matter of much dispute and learned argument. They are then attached to a heavy log, which acts as a drag; and the recent captive, awkward and enraged, cuts the most uncouth capers as he rushes along with his burden behind him, and dragging his yoke-fellow with him.

CHAPTER IV.

Excursion to the Mountains—A Night in the Woods—The Pigeon House—Romantic Scenery—The Lyre Bird—The Sergeant and his Blunderbuss—An Unpleasant Bedfellow—Novel Investment—A Relic—Reflections.

WITHIN the boundaries of location, it is open to any one who pleases to "put up" a section, or 640 acres, of waste land; that is, to request that it may be let by auction; and he who does this often gives such a description, that no one knows where the land lies, further than that it is near such and such a creek, in such and such a county. Consequently, the aspirant is rarely opposed; but becomes tenant for one year at the lowest rental that can be taken by the government, namely, five pounds. Others may, each year, attempt to oust him, by bidding a higher rent; and, in that case, the longest purse decides the question of tenancy. Some, so situated, build a stock-yard, and fence in a paddock and garden; and, if known to be obstinate men of *metal*, are rarely interfered with; and, for the time being, are in every respect as well off as the purchasers of land; and have the actual command of far more land than they really rent. With a view of affording glimpses of the

country, I propose that the reader should accompany me to such "a station," situate at the foot of the Pigeon-House Mountain, before alluded to.

A rather boisterous settler, known amongst us by the cognomen "Boreas," and whose mouth we used to stop by saying, "cease rude Boreas, blustering railer," having to conduct cattle to their domicile there, persuaded me to accompany him, which I was by no means loth to do. The direct route from Ulladulla to the foot of the Pigeon-House is a distance of eight miles only; but, to avoid a difficult part of the country, we made a détour, and remained, the first night, at a "Heifer-station," high amongst the hills. The aspect of the hut of the stock-man, who lived here in solitude, not being very inviting, we procured some sheets of bark and made a gunyah, or small house, and lighted a fire in front of it; and, although the night was cold and rainy, I found it convenient to sleep without my coat; so warm was the interior of our place of shelter. These gunyahs are derived from those of the natives, and are shaped much like an extinguisher, with a triangular piece, or wedge, cut out of it. Hence, when a fire is lighted before them, they are, like a Dutch-oven, very warm; and, with the aid of an axe, bark is stripped from a tree, and the gunyah erected in a few minutes. The cattle we placed in a stock-yard, but had nearly lost them during the hours of darkness, in consequence of a black boy's showing himself. They immediately rushed violently against the rails and endeavoured to break out.

When a man travels in the bush with cattle, and

there is no yard in which he can secure them at night, he takes care to bring them to the halting-place with full bellies, in order that they may be disposed to rest; and he lights fires round them, and keeps a careful watch. If cattle or horses are lost in a journey through the woods, or even if they are turned into a large paddock, it will always be found that they "make back" for the place from whence they came. Hence, one always knows in what direction to seek them. Sheep always make for high land, and there they will be found. It may easily be imagined that squatters, who sometimes take cattle journeys which last four months, are sadly harassed; and that they need not only great patience and judgment, but an intimate acquaintance with the habits and fancies of their charge. When these bushmen lie out at night, in parts of the country frequented by wild blacks, they place themselves at some distance from a large fire, and apart from each other. If they lay together near a fire, the savages would take an opportunity of spearing them all; but, placed as they are, not only are the blacks in ignorance of their exact whereabouts, but the distant light discovers the skulking savage if he approach.

To return: on the morrow, after crossing much rugged country, on which the Genius of everlasting solitude and desolation seemed to rest, and long climbing a gradual ascent, we arrived at the foot of the cone which crowns the Pigeon-House. Here we passed along; and then, almost literally, tumbled to the bottom of the mountain, by a precipitate descent on the side opposite that

which we had ascended. I well recollect the figure of a person who accompanied us; and who stood on the point of a rock, raving, jumping, gesticulating, and shouting, in order to drive the cattle down a narrow pass, which they did not like to face. His visage was nearly concealed by an immense black beard, that revealed, however, a large scar, occasioned by his horse's carrying him against a tree.

Once at the bottom of the mountain, we crossed several clear and rapid streams, which form the heads of the river Clyde, and found ourselves at a hut, stock-yard, and garden, formed in a valley, and occupied by two stock-men. The herbage was very abundant; and oat-grass, rising to the height of six feet, was the natural produce of the glens.

The Pigeon-House is about 1000 feet in height, and appears to have been thrown up by some convulsion of nature. It is much like a pepper-box: and we have, first, the body of the mountain; then the cone; and, upon this again, are piled square masses of rock, crowned with a few miserable looking trees. The region lying around the mountain has been rent into valleys, ravines, and gullies. The tops of the fissures, thus formed, remain bare naked rock to this day; and present bold fronts, on which the sun strikes, bringing them out into bright relief. Here and there, on any flat surface at the foot of the cone, rocks appear to have been hurled, as if in the wars of the giants; and now rest gray and moss-grown. The ravines are well wooded with evergreen Eucalypti—the foliage

being formed in masses—and through each runs a clear stream; so that we have the romantic features of rocks, hanging-woods, and swift waters. So many are the ravines, that, after five hours heavy rain, the water, pouring down each separate one, and meeting at a common point, forms strong and impetuous floods; and during one of these, the stockmen were imprisoned night and day in a high tree, to which they clung in the utmost alarm.

If, when standing at the foot of the cone, the rambler turn to the north, he looks down upon the broken country, and, over and beyond it, upon barren and inaccessible table-land; whilst, in the distance, he perceives the white line of sand which forms the beach within Jervis Bay, about thirty miles to the northward, and catches also a glimpse of the bright heaving ocean. If he turn to the southward and westward, he surveys a vast sea of undulating wood, extending further than the eye can reach, clothed in everlasting green, and tinted by the reflection of the clouds. In one direction, rises, amongst the woods, a black bare rock, square and massy; and I could not but think that it appeared like some huge animal—lord of these wild domains. The pinnacle of the towering cone, at one time, stands out clearly and boldly under the deep, blue sky—that lofty firmament known only in such a climate; and, at another, it is shrouded by a floating cloud.

"The country between the Shoalhaven River and the sea coast," says Sir Thomas Mitchell, in his Narrative of his three expeditions, "is very wild and moun-

tainous. The higher part, including the Pigeon-House, consists of sandstone, passing from a fine to a coarse grain, occasionally containing pebbles of quartz, and, in some of the varieties, numerous specks of decomposed felspar."

Heartily did I wish, whilst I surveyed the country I have described, that I had been gifted with Aladdin's lamp. Then would I have conjured Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield to my side; and, whilst I pointed in the direction of the fine alluvial, and naturally clear, flats on the banks of the Shoalhaven, to heavily-timbered yet fertile Ulladulla, and to the sea of woods, extending over vast tracts of land, that can never be used for any but pastoral purposes, I would have begged him to explain and exemplify the doctrine of the *uniform* price of land, for which the colonists, I believe, are indebted to him.

On the Pigeon-House dwells the lyre-bird; whose challenge is heard, as he struts round and round the foot of a tree, defying his rivals. It is graphically described by Margaret Catchpole: "The most beautiful attitude that I once saw the male lyre-bird in, beats everything I ever beheld of what men term politeness. I have heard and have read of delicate attentions paid to our sex, by men of noble and generous dispositions, but I scarcely ever heard of such devoted attention as I one day witnessed in this noble bird towards its mate. I saw her sitting in the heat of the meridian sun upon her nest, and the cock-bird sitting near her, with his tail expanded, like a bower overshadowing

her; and, as the sun moved, so did he turn his elegant parasol to guard her from its rays. Now and then he turned his bright eye, to see if she was comfortable; and she answered his inquiry with a gentle note, and rustle of her feathers. Was not this a sight calculated to teach us all gentleness? Dear lady, as I looked upon it, the tears came warmly down my cheek, as I thought of your good husband and yourself." She adds—and truly—"the tail-feathers of this mountain pheasant would form the most graceful ornament for a queen's head dress."

The curious little creature called "a bear" (*phascolarctos fuscus*), but which is much more like a monkey covered with fur, is also found here; and his cry is incessantly heard at night. The sides of the mountain are wooded, and it bears the grass-tree, with its long stem and flowering top, of which the blacks make the handles of some of their spears. A spring rises at the foot of the cone, and disappears in a small swamp, in which grow green flags and rushes. Our track up the mountain had been cleared with the axe, with the assistance of a bush fire, which a favourable wind had driven through it.

I once met a gentleman, who had, twenty years previously, visited the Pigeon-House, being probably the first white visitor; and he had been so much struck by the scenery as to retain a perfect recollection of its every particular, even of the spring. Indeed, being but a neophyte in bush matters when I first visited it, I was

so much bewitched that I thought it would be pleasant to live always in one of those retired valleys, "far from the hum of the populous world." I was ready to exclaim—

> "Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade!"

But I now know that, in such a situation, I should be oppressed as if by a perpetual nightmare, as if saddled with an incubus; and my song would be that of the starling—"I can't get out."

Mr. Boreas narrated to me, during our ride, the following anecdote. Up the country was a store which had been frequently robbed by bush-rangers. At length the owner hired an old sergeant to take charge of it, who declared, with many ferocious asseverations, that no bush-rangers should rob it whilst he was in possession. That he might be enabled to keep his word, he provided himself with a fearful array of fire-arms, which he arranged in convenient positions about the store; so that, in whatever part of it he might chance to be when the enemy appeared, he might be able to lay his hand on a weapon, and be thus always ready for action. But he placed his chief dependence on a large blunderbuss, which he loaded so heavily, that, like a gun charged with grape and canister, it was calculated to scatter destruction amongst a whole army of assailants. Day after day elapsed, and no enemy appeared. The sergeant began to hug himself on the terror his name and mighty preparations had inspired, and to venture

on a few modest wishes that they *would* come, in order that they *might* see what they *should* see. It chanced, one fine day, that a young fellow came to the store, and requested permission to light his pipe at the fire. This the sergeant, who was tolerably amiable when his bristles were stroked the right way, immediately granted, and the young man proceeded towards the fire, but suddenly turned round, and, seizing the sergeant by the throat, put a pistol to his head, saying, "Now, my old man-of-war, speak a word or move a finger, and your hour is come. Deliver up the keys; right about face, double quick, march!" This was a dreadful situation for the old boaster, and he heartily wished that an earthquake, or something very dreadful, would happen, to save him from being the jest of the neighbourhood. Now it chanced that the keys were in an inner room, the door of which would only partly open, in consequence of a heavy box being behind it, and only one man at a time could enter. The bush-ranger foolishly went in first, instead of driving the old man before him, and thus the latter had an opportunity of whipping to the place where his beloved blunderbuss hung. He quickly seized it, and, trembling with anxiety and impatience, waited the re-appearance of his foe. His destined victim soon presented himself, and the sergeant presented, took aim, and fired; and what an explosion took place! Pots, pans, pannikins, sauce-pans, utensils, matters, and things (as a word-stringing lawyer would say) came rattling down. The sergeant

was stunned for a time. When he came to himself, he saw no signs of the bush-ranger, and addressed himself to look for the divers particles into which he doubted not that he was certainly blown. But no signs could he find of human remains ; and, after cudgeling his brains in sore perplexity, he found that his pet blunderbuss had played him false. It was so heavily loaded that it had kicked violently, and the whole charge went off through the roof, whilst the bush-ranger went off through the door, very much frightened, but not at all hurt.

My companion also told me, that, one night, after he (Mr. Boreas) had retired to his bed in his hut, he became conscious that some reptile was his bed-fellow. He fancied he felt it moving, and quickly jumped out, in no little alarm. The embers were still alive on the hearth, but he could find no candle, and was obliged to be content with a spill, formed of a piece of paper, which he twisted up. This he succeeded in lighting, after puffing, on his knees, at the dying embers, and contriving to fill his eyes and mouth with ashes. He then seized a tomahawk, and, on raising his pillow, discovered a black snake under it. He had but time to make one blow at it, when his spill was burned out, and he was left in darkness. He had no means of getting another light, and waited for the morning in great trepidation, having, for safety, perched himself upon a stool, like a crouching homunculus, with his knees carefully drawn up to his

chin. At daylight, he searched for his dangerous bed-fellow, but without success; however, after he had lighted his fire, and it began to blaze up, the snake made its appearance, with a view of enjoying the heat, and he had the satisfaction of destroying it.

The settler whom I have introduced rented a small spot of land, on which he built a house at the expense of ten pounds; and, with the assistance of his brother, and of labour occasionally hired, cultivated a small farm and a little garden. He had, moreover, an interest in the cattle located at the station we visited together; and, altogether, rubbed on very well. When he arrived in the colony, he brought with him, by the advice of his friends, an investment in Morrison's pills; but the speculation did not answer, and the pills are still on sale. His rather boisterous manners, and the tribe of dogs which always attended him, excited the indignation of the housekeeper at Ulladulla; and, when her spleen was particularly excited, and vexation stopped her utterance, she invariably began to dust and rub, with great energy, an old brass warming-pan that had accompanied her from Devonshire, and for which she entertained a peculiar regard, as a precious relic of bygone days. Whatever a female emigrant leaves behind her in the old country, she rarely forgets her warming-pan; which, in some manner, is always associated in her mind with domestic comfort, and social tea-drinkings. This good woman, with her husband and her two children, had been brought into the colony by the friend with

whom I resided. The husband acted as bailiff or overseer, whilst the wife ruled in the kitchen; but she did not relish the change of scene, and lamented the loss of her ancient gossips. The husband—a man of sterling value—was attacked with paralysis, of which several instances occurred on the farm, and ultimately died miserably. In the absence of medical advice, we applied to his scalp blisters spread upon brown paper, and they afforded much temporary relief. To fasten them on, we made him wear, over all, one of his wife's caps. The daughter, who was reckoned a beauty—and she was certainly a handsome girl, though as brown as a berry—was ultimately married very respectably.

I passed some time very happily at Ulladulla; but, when I was acquainted with most of the birds and animals, and had explored much of the country, I felt the want of an occupation, and my existence was a perfect blank. The most trivial circumstance became of importance; and I well recollect the satisfaction with which I hunted a young bull through the woods, and at last flogged him into the stock-yard. On that day I had had *a pursuit*. I began to think on the melancholy acques, and to mark in my Shakspeare such passages as the following:

> "Banished?
> Oh, Friar! the damned use that word in hell;
> Howlings attend it."

Then I turned to Mrs. Hemans and her "Home-call." Let no one carry her poems into the bush. She will

wile him away, as surely as the sweet voice of a bird lures, and charms, its mate. Who, in the midst of gum-trees, can resist the spell of such lines as these?—

"How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Thro' England's primrose meadow-paths, their way,
Toward spire and tower 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day.
The halls, from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a free vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways."

The fact was, I was in danger of becoming very spoony, and of partaking of the disposition of the housekeeper aforesaid, who wept in secret o'er Sunday bonnets lying unproduced in a box, and soon, by dint of moth and mould, to be unproducible.

Of those who formed our party at Ulladulla—and we were once a strong one—all are now dispersed. Only one remains there. Over the head of another the wild waves roll, until that great day when "there shall be no more sea." A third has a more quiet resting-place in the bush in a humble grave, surrounded by a neat fence, erected to keep out the native dogs. His death was caused by lock-jaw and paralysis, brought on by going out in the sun without his hat. I have already mentioned the death of the overseer. He was a sturdy Englishman. On one occasion, a "ticket-of-leave holder" insulted him, upon which he

knocked him down, saying, "I don't come out to this here country to be abused by the like of you," and, when the man got up, he seized one of those tremendous stock-whips already mentioned, and flogged him until the huge animal—for the culprit was as large and as ugly as a Chinese idol—lay down and roared. Alas! poor George Ridd, I commend not the act, but I loved your honest English heart.

CHAPTER V.

Trip to the Southward—Petrifactions—Bateman's Bay—A Bear in a Washing Tub—"Cornstalks"—Small Tenants—A Yorkshire Farmer in the Bush—Price of Wheat—Status of the Farm Labourer—An Aboriginal Duel—A Black Constable and his Prisoner—A Bride and Bridegroom—The Ruined Settler—The Man who takes it Easy—The Red Night-Cap—An Old Country King—The Pleasures of being bewildered in the Forest—Anecdotes.

I MADE an excursion to the southward. For the first twenty miles we passed over barren heaths near the coast, and then toiling over the spur of a mountain, descended upon the beach; having, from the heights over which we had passed, surveyed the same kind of wild country as is discovered from the top of the Pigeon-house. Our path now lay at the foot of high cliffs, which at high water are washed by the sea; and in some places, when the weather is rough, travellers have to wait for the reflux of a wave, and then hasten round a jutting promontory. We passed over a flat bed of rock, and turned off into the country at a place marked by the jaw-bone of a whale that had been cast on the shore. This bed of rock contains very many petrified trees, as perfect as when they were first embedded in it. The knots and the bark are distinct; and

it appeared to my unlearned eyes that the trees must have fallen into some soft substance, mud for instance, and mud and trees must have been hardened together.

At Bateman's Bay we rode in the water, through one of its shallow bends or elbows, piloted by a black; and as we crossed, we were greeted by a number of the Aborigines, who were running about in the shallows, spearing fish, and who carried on their operations amid much noise and laughter. To ride through water disturbed by the wind and fretted by the waves, produces a sensation of giddiness, and one knows not whether one's horse is advancing or standing still. We now reached the mouth of the river Clyde and hailed a boat kept on the other side. My companion got into it, holding his horse by a long rein, and intending to tow him across. I had some difficulty in thrashing his Bucephalus into the water. It was a gigantic creature, worthy of the rider; and, rearing and plunging, he tried to get into the boat; but my own horse, sensible and sagacious, and as tractable as a child, entered the water readily, and swam gallantly across, blowing like a Grampus, and working his tail round and about, as if fully persuaded that his stern was fitted with an oar, or an Archimedian screw. "Dumby" was as sleek and round as an apple. The blacks used to delight in contemplating his proportions; they would feel him all over with the tips of their fingers, probably longing to eat him; and they testified their approval by clucking, or smacking their lips, saying, "Cabon (fine) fellow that Dumby I believe." Some horses refuse to swim, but permit

themselves to be towed along whilst they lie on their sides groaning, and showing the whites of their eyes, as if at the point of death; the best remedy for this is to duck them, when their motions immediately become exceedingly lively. The scenery of the bay is interesting. There are some rocky islands at its mouth; and at the other extremity the river Clyde makes its appearance from the interior, winding through dark, umbrageous, and overhanging woods.

On a subsequent occasion when I reached the Clyde, I in vain hailed the boat on the other side; but spying a dingy on the beach, I tied my horse to a tree, and, dragging the little skiff into the water, shoved off and essayed to make a passage. Unfortunately, my own length exceeded that of the dingy, and although I packed myself as best I might, I found that in the position I was obliged to assume I could not row. The rullocks also were loose, the oars slipped out of them, and I was perfectly helpless. If I exerted myself in the least, I nearly upset the crazy little skiff, and sometimes a wave gave it an awkward cant, and made me grin horribly. I was in a fix, like a bear in a washing tub, or a whale in a butter-boat, and at last I resigned myself to my fate, and began to float out with the tide. But a bright thought struck me. I carefully stretched myself in, or rather *on* the boat at full length, with my head over the bow and my feet over the stern, and I then found that I could row tolerably well, and at last safely achieved the passage. But two days subsequent to my adventure an unfortunate man was drowned in an attempt to cross in the

same little boat. His body floated down the tide in an upright position, the head being out of the water, and the features by the force of the waves alternately facing each shore.

After riding through two small tidal rivers, night brought us to the residence of a settler living in a most excellent brick house, situate on a rising ground and overlooking the river Moruya, which was long, and for some purposes is still, the southern boundary of the colony; for beyond it, there were until lately none but squatters. Our host was surrounded by a little army of "Cornstalks." This is a name bestowed on Whites born in the colony, who are also called "the currency;" and thus the "Currency Lass" is a favourite name for colonial vessels. The term "Native" is also applied to those born in the colony; whilst the Aborigines are always called "the Blacks." The designation "Cornstalk" is given because the young people run up like the stem of the Indian corn. The second generation is said to conform more to the build of their forefathers, but there has hardly been time to judge of this; yet, I well recollect a fat and comely *currency* cook, the daughter of a *Cornstalk*, who, although only eighteen, had all the appearance of an English woman of thirty. There can be no doubt that if the first crop of Cornstalks had been reared in England they would not have reached the altitude they have attained in New South Wales, and the effect of climate is thus curiously illustrated.

All the sons of our settler rode like jockeys, and

swam like ducks. During my visit, little creatures of five or six years of age rode with their father to and from his sheep station, ten miles distant. Their ponies were swimming when they passed the river, and were also off their legs in passing through a lake. One of the boys drove the sheep out of the fold while the other counted them as they rushed by him; and I may observe that counting sheep in this manner is rather a difficult business, and apt to produce dizziness and confusion. When bathing, the boys were under the guardian care of a sly Irish tutor, with a sad twist in his vision. At night we found that the young gentlemen had deposited our spurs in our beds, nicely arranged at the feet, and we could hear them in an adjoining room, enjoying the fun. At breakfast they were supplied with mountains of cold meat, and piles of hot beef-stakes and potatoes. The father, although his head-quarters were within the boundaries, was a squatter, and annually sent overland many fat cattle (from his stations in the district called Maneroo) to Adelaide in South Australia. On his farm here I saw a "comet" bull, and two grandsons of the famous horse "Colonel," who formed part of the stud at Hampton Court, and so admirably united blood and bone. Another Maneroo squatter has introduced into the district camels and Alpaca sheep. The female camels are inclined to be vicious, and sometimes chase the horses; no doubt they would severely injure them, could they contrive to catch them.

There are rich alluvial flats on the banks of the

Moruya, some of which at the period of my visit were let to tenants at the annual rent of thirty shillings an acre. They were planted with potatoes; but some of these small tenants were then absolutely going away, leaving their crops, which were good, in the hands of their landlord. Potatoes brought two pounds per ton in Sydney, where was the only market for them; and freight and other expenses reduced their actual value to less than the amount of the rent of the land that produced them. These small tenants lived in wretched huts, and their condition would have been much better had they been day labourers. Except in the immediate neighbourhood of a market, or with ready access to one by means of steam, a small tenant can do nothing, and, if he have any thing to lose, will assuredly lose it. He might do better were his rent reserved in produce, but this would not suit his landlord. Nothing is more common than for men who have saved money as hired servants to throw it away in an attempt to set up for themselves, to which they are impelled by the desire to be their own masters; and they have ultimately to begin again, after having almost broken their hearts by hard work. Labouring men sometimes "sit down" on waste land in the bush, paying no rent whatever; but even this does not answer, and they soon throw up their clearing in disgust. Hence, to encourage a rural population, markets must be created, and this is, as yet, the work of the flock-masters.

We journeyed on, and visited a settler who lived to the southward of Moruya, in a kind of debateable land,

but on the same footing with a squatter. It cost him twenty pounds to put up his house, which contained three rooms and a kitchen, and was built of slabs, and covered with bark. He had fenced in two or three paddocks; and here he resided with a pleasant wife, one or two children, and a neat and good-tempered Irish servant girl. On his "run" (or his portion of the wild land), which consisted of rich flats naturally clear, fed his cattle and horses. He was a stout and sterling Yorkshire man, a chip of the real good old block, and had been a farmer from his childhood. He told me that he had never seen finer land than that on which he was located, but that he had had enough, and too much, of farming in the bush, and then only raised such produce as his own family consumed. Milk and butter were plentiful with him, as also geese, fowls, ducks, and potatoes. His roast goose was rich and rare; and one of the party who had not seen such a dish for many a day, earnestly begged, as a particular favour, to be allowed the privilege of carving it. His potatoes were very fine, and he said that he could produce them in any quantity; but their sale in Sydney, after deducting freight and such-like expenses, would give him only a few shillings a ton. He also said that, if he grew wheat, it would be at a loss. Whilst I was in the Colony, the price of wheat varied from two shillings and nine-pence, to six shillings a bushel, but was generally about four shillings. I believe that wheat from Valparaiso can be delivered in the harbour at Sydney, at or under five shillings a bushel, duty included; and

that flour can generally be procured from America at a cheap rate. Hence, were labour abundant and cheap, the farmer would still,—to use a colonial expression,—"be put in the hole," so far as money-making goes; though, in some instances, when the crops have failed generally, and no foreign supply has been procured, the price of wheat has been twenty shillings a bushel.

Most of the Colonists are, as a matter of course, advocates for free trade, except in wheat. With regard to this, some urge that the farmers should have efficient protection, or they will be driven to become squatters; whilst others reply, that it would be better for all if they did grow wool instead of wheat.

I am not aware that any wheat has been imported into London from Sydney; but I find that the average freight from Hobart Town and Launceston, to London, is about 1*s.* 6*d.* per bushel, with 5 per cent. primage; and from Adelaide, about 2*s.* Now, if the settler add to the freight so demanded, the expences he incurs in the Colony,—especially if his wheat is grown at a distance from the port where he ships it,—and if he add to it, again, agency charges in London, I fear he will find that growing wheat for exportation will not pay, excepting famine prices should prevail here.*

* Sydney is a free warehousing port. The import duties are—on all Spirits, the produce of the United Kingdom, or of British possessions in the West Indies, or North America, (viâ England) 3*s.* 6*d.* per gallon Imperial; on all other Spirits, 6*s.* per gallon—on all Wine, 15*l.* for every 100*l.* value—on all Tea, Sugar, Flour, Meal, Wheat, Rice, and other Grain, and Pulse, 5*l.* for every 100*l.* value—on manufactured Tobacco, 1*s.* 6*d.* per pound, and on all unmanufac-

When I left the Colony, the day labourer's wages were from eighteen to twenty pounds a-year, in addition to a sufficient ration of flour, beef, or mutton, and tea and sugar. Men going into the interior, where their lives would be in danger, of course received more. In a country where cattle are boiled down for tallow, the expense of feeding a man is very trifling. The account for one man's keep for twelve months, would run thus:—beef,—say the whole of one small beast—two pounds sterling; fifteen bushels of wheat, three pounds; thirteen pounds of tea, thirty-two shillings and sixpence; fifty-two pounds of sugar, thirteen shillings; making together, 7*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*; but many masters give larger rations. On most farms, milk is plentiful, quantities of skimmed milk being given to the pigs; and hence the farm-labourer easily secures a supply. His master furnishes him with a hut; fire-wood abounds all around him; and he may have, gratis, as much garden-ground as he pleases. Many thus contrive to fatten pigs; and some are allowed to keep cows, which their wives milk. If the labourer have a large family, still the prices of beef and flour are such that it is no burthen to him, and he can save the bulk of his wages. But home, sweet home, and their longing for the old country, prevent some men from appreciating these advantages. "What is the good," said one of them to me, "of having plenty to eat and drink, and twenty

tured, and Snuff, 2*s.* per pound—and on all other Goods, Wares, or Merchandise, not being the produce or manufacture of the United Kingdom, 10*l.* for every 100*l.* value.

pounds a-year, if a man's *mind* is not happy?" It is evident at what little expense idle men can live in the bush. The expense of keeping a horse is merely that of the maize he consumes, which may be procured for five pounds a-year. Clothes cost little; for a man in the bush has much the cut of "a swell out of luck;" a beau would not be tolerated, and belles are rare. I recollect however being much astonished at seeing, in the bush, a girl in green garters, stepping over a boggy place, with a parasol over her head. Great must have been the perplexity of the blacks; and probably they solved the new problem by agreeing that the parasol was her house.

On my way to the station I have described, I saw a number of the Aborigines. They were painted with red, yellow, and white streaks, especially on the face; and the appearance of some of them was abundantly ghastly and horrible. They said they were going to have a fight. Their fights are generally but sham battles, there being a great deal of noise and clamour, and very little danger; but their duels are more formidable. Each gathers his hair on the top of his head, and ties it round in a bunch,—as a lady her "back-hair," or a farmer his horse's tail,—so that it acts as a cushion or pad. One then stoops, and receives a blow on the head with a heavy but blunt weapon. Having shaken his ears, and scratched his head, it is now his turn to strike a similar blow; and thus the battle is continued, until it is ascertained which of the two has the thickest skull, and can bear the most blows; when he who first declines

to receive another, is declared vanquished; and thus the matter ends. The blacks appear to be almost insensible to ordinary injuries; and wounds, the mere shock of which would assuredly kill a white man, are borne by them with hardly a complaint, and are sometimes a matter of jest.

From this group of Aborigines, one came running to us, saying that he had "bailed up," or secured, a white fellow in a neigbouring hut, having caught him without a pass. He soon brought out a white man, who looked very much frightened; and, shaking his finger at him, repeated, "mind your business, sar; mind your business." It turned out that this black imagined he was invested with the office of constable; and, meeting this man, demanded his pass, which he, being a convict, was obliged to have with him. The pass happening to be old and dirty, our sable friend said it was a bad one, and laid hold of the man, saying he should go before a magistrate. We asked him to read the paper, and on this he looked at it very knowingly, and said, "I Jagga-Jagga; constable belonging to Bronlee; take up white fellow, 'pose him got no pass; put him along of lock-up; made constable by —— Johnny Hawthorn." This black could use his fists; and, being once struck by a man whom he was assisting in ploughing, he drubbed him heartily, amid the plaudits of the bystanders. Some of the assemblage recognised my companion, and raced after him, shouting, "I say, Woolloomalan!—(the native name of his place)—where you

yan? (go). Where Charley sit down? B'leve you got bacca? Eh?"

During this excursion, I had an opportunity of comparing the appearance of blacks, three parts wild, with those who had "come in," or become partially civilised. Compare that merry fellow who is twanging "Jim Crow" on a Jew's harp, with that savage-looking being who is cowering over a small fire. The latter has a hang-dog look, and will not meet your eye, or even glance at you; but then he knows that he is in disgrace for killing calves; and some of his party, there is too much reason to fear, have carried off and devoured a poor little white boy who has been anxiously sought for, and who disappeared on the same day with one of the cannibals who had been seen lurking about the father's premises.

I fell in with the half-cast Cingalese who found the shipwrecked Mrs. Frazer amongst the wild blacks to the northward. He said that he discovered her, in the midst of native women, picking shell-fish on the coast; and that her husband, and the other white men who were killed, were put to death for unwittingly violating one of the native customs. This man was originally sent to the Colony as a convict, but ran away, and lived for many years amongst the Aborigines, by whom he said he was much respected; "very much respected indeed." He was proud of being the natural son of a lieutenant in the army, and boasted that he had the blood of a gentleman in his veins. In return for saving

Mrs. Frazer, and conducting her into the settled parts of the Colony, he had received a free pardon; but he still lived entirely with the blacks, and, when I saw him, had just returned from an expedition in search of a wife. After conferring in due form with the sable fathers of the tribe, he had been allowed, as a particular friend and ancient ally, to select one of the most captivating of their daughters; and I saw the bride, arrayed in a blanket, squatted on the ground which formed their bed, and very bashful and sheepish she appeared. She had large black eyes, and was rather comely. He said that she was a very good wife; but then, as it happened, he was rather old and she was young, and, moreover, grieved at being compelled to leave her old friends. Thus, ultimately, unhappy domestic differences arose, and she dissolved the connexion by running away, leaving him a disconsolate widower, for, I doubt not, the twentieth time at the least.

I visited a surgeon who resided in a bark hut, on the edge of some dreary woods near the sea. He was evidently a superior man, and had left a fair practice to try farming in the forest; and bitterly did he regret the step he had taken. Farming had ruined him, and he resided with his wife—a second Jeanie Deans—in a place which, in England, would be called a hovel. He was surrounded by a tribe of barefooted children, "clamorous as nestling birds;" lived on salt beef and damper; and thought himself fortunate in being able to secure these and a needful supply of tea and sugar. Still, he and his family appeared cheerful; and I could

not sufficiently admire the placidity of his careful wife, who had to perform all the household duties, through which she shone like pure gold thrice refined in the furnace of affliction. Far different had been her sphere in her native land, before she left her own kith and kin! Some mementos of other days she still retained, and she kindly supplied me with music from her then useless collection. I could not but contrast this instance of cheerful endurance with the querulous repinings of some who possess every needful comfort, and yet are neither grateful nor content; and it occurred to me that, if one eye could take in both pictures at one view, how greatly those must suffer, in the estimation of the beholder, who furnish the latter. This lady has lately lost her husband; who, it was said, and I can readily believe it, died of disease of the heart. To her may be applied, with great propriety, Cowper's lines on the poor deserted Omai:

> "I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart
> And spiritless, as never to regret
> Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known.
> Methinks I see thee straying on the beach
> And asking of the surge that bathes thy foot
> If ever it has washed our distant shore.
> I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears.
> * * * *
> But, comes at last the dull and dusky eve,
> And sends thee to thy cabin, well prepared
> To dream all night of what the day denied.
> Alas! expect it not."

There are many ladies, in the country parts of New South Wales, who hold forth an admirable example;

educating their children with every care, and maintaining in their households the utmost neatness and propriety. Animated by pure affection, they do not hesitate, if need be, to perform domestic duties which a half-witted flirt would hold in proud contempt. Still, I feel assured, their hearts turn homewards; and, if circumstances permitted, they would gladly seek again those scenes of which the image alone is now presented to the mind, but in colours how dearly loved! The elastic spirits of the men generally bear them superior even to the pressure of severe misfortune. The motto of some is "take it easy." "Blessed," says such an one, "is he who has beef and damper; some have only hominy and 'lassus! (molasses)." A settler of this temperament lived in a hut, attended by a convict. Whilst the master reclined in a hammock, smoking his pipe, reading Butler's Analogy, and enjoying, as he said, "real oriental scenery;" the man, not relishing the state of affairs, would pace about in his own quarters, ejaculating "What have I done, what have I done, to be sent out here to be cook to a wild mountaineer?" This servant united, in his own person, the several characters of gardener, groom, cook, shoe-boy, footman, and housemaid. He usually walked in and out of his master's hut with his hat on; and, when spoken to, vouchsafed only the monosyllable "*Yis.*" For instance: "Harry!" Answer: "*Yis.*" "Bring some damper." "There arn't none." "What, none?" "*Hoo*, there's a *croust.*" His only amusement was trapping native dogs. When he had caught one, he took comfort, and would come

in, grinning from ear to ear, and say, "Please, sir, I've *ketched sich* an *ould* warrior!" I may remark that this was almost the only instance in which I saw a convict employed as a domestic servant, for the colony is fast losing the characteristics of a penal settlement; and I never happened to see a female convict in the service of a settler.

A gentleman whom I knew in England has built himself, in a lone part of the bush, a stick and pole hut, and there he is with his wife, who is very sickly. "Fine air! fine air out here!" he says. "What is the use of a doctor? Great expense; do no good, perhaps; fine air for her; capital!"

The hospitalities of all settlers in the bush (and, on the coast south of Sydney, I should say, "the bush" commenced at the Shoalhaven) are gladly extended to all comers; who, indeed, receive them, not as a favour, but as a matter of course. If the settler happen to be out, the traveller takes possession; and makes himself as comfortable as he can. I hear that, on one occasion, when Mr. —— returned home late, he found a stranger, in a red night-cap, in comfortable possession of his bed. The night-cap nodded, and the wearer said, "How d'ye do, Mr. I-don't-know-your-name? I found you *out*, so I turned *in*. Good night." The owner of the house thereupon made his bed on the table. The owner of the night-cap was afterwards transported for fifteen years, for shooting a trespasser on his grounds; and perhaps, but for this circumstance, I might not have recollected the incident.

Another settler, with whom I became acquainted during this excursion, had emigrated in his old age, and, with his matronly wife, resided in a large, unplastered, slab hut, in which wooden shutters supplied the place of windows. His time and attention were entirely devoted to the culture of a garden, which he had formed on a sandy and barren piece of land; and this so occupied him, that he appeared perfectly happy; and he managed to produce some excellent fruit. His water-melons were most admirable. The pulp was of a deep red; he kept them perfectly cool, and they eat, not like a strawberry *ice*, but like a strawberry *snow*. Sometimes the top of a water-melon is cut off; the pulp is then churned up, until it is dissolved into water, and drank off from the green bowl, forming a most delicious draught.

This old gentleman is so exactly described in the fourth Georgic, that I cannot refrain from quoting the passage:—

"I chanced an old Corycian swain to know,
Lord of few acres, and those barren, too,
Unfit for sheep or vines, and more unfit to sow;
Yet, lab'ring well his little spot of ground,
Some scatt'ring pot-herbs here and there he found,
Which, cultivated with his daily care,
And bruised with vervain, were his frugal fare:
For, late returning home, he supp'd at ease,
And wisely deem'd the wealth of monarchs less.
The little of his own, because his own, did please.
He, therefore, first among the swains was found
To reap the product of his labour'd ground,
And squeeze the combs, with golden liquor crowned.
His limes were first in flow'r; his lofty pines,
With friendly shade, secured his tender vines;

For every bloom his ear, and say, "Please, sir, I've
An autumn apple was [illegible]!" I may remark that this
He knew to rank his elms [illegible]
For fruit the grafted pear-tree [illegible] which I saw a convict
And tame to plums the sourness of [illegible] the colony is fast
With spreading planes he made a cool [illegible]ement; and I
To shade good fellows from the summer's [illegible]e service of

My friend's "cool retreat" was an arbo[illegible]
with the runners of pumpkins and gourds; and [illegible] built
sat like Jonah of old. [illegible]hut,

Amongst the dreary woods, before alluded to,—[illegible]ly.
a more doleful wilderness I never saw,—I twice [illegible]e
trived to lose myself. The woods were composed
white gum-trees, which rose, on barren ranges, to son

* "Namque sub Œbaliæ memini me turribus arcis,
Qua niger humectat flaventia culta Galæsus,
Corycium vidisse senem, cui pauca relicti
Jugera ruris erant; nec fertilis illa juvencis,
Nec pecori opportuna seges nec commoda Baccho.
Hic rarum tamen in dumis olus albaque circum
Lilia verbenasque premens vescumque papaver,
Regum æquabat opes animis; serâque revertens
Nocte domum dapibus mensas onerabat inemtis.
Primus vere rosam, atque autumno carpere poma,
Et, quum tristis hiems etiam nunc frigore saxa
Rumperet, et glacie cursus frenaret aquarum,
Ille comam mollis jam tondebat hyacinthi,
Æstatem increpitans seram zephyrosque morantes.
Ergo apibus fetis idem atque examine multo
Primus abundare, et spumantia cogere pressis
Mella favis; illi tiliæ atque uberrima pinus;
Quotque in flore novo pomis se fertilis arbos
Induerat, totidem autumno matura tenebat.
Ille etiam seras in versum distulit ulmos,
Eduramque pirum et spinos jam pruna ferentes
Jamque ministrantem platanum potantibus umbras."

4 *Georg.* 125.

Another settler, with whom appearance of long poles during this excursion, had emi mile for which I am indebted with his matronly wife, "Blackwood" for November 1827, slab hut, in which ney, has been perused with peculiar windows. His t was overtaken by night just as I was to the cultu em; and, although I well knew in what on a sand lay the spot I wished to make, the difficulty pied hi ow to get there, as the nature of the country did manag allow me to make a straight course. The moon melo e, but only added to my embarrassment, by its unred tain light; as each tree cast a shadow having the apa earance of a track. This tended to bewilder me; whilst th the musquitoes, buzzing in myriads about my ears, th sorely tried my equanimity; and, to crown all, my horse d and myself differed about the route. I yielded to him, and soon became inextricably involved in the ranges; no doubt he was attempting to make a straight course. At last, I gave the matter up in despair; and, with one who was my then companion in misfortune, secured the fore-legs of the horses with the stirrup leathers, and lay down on a range. It was the summer-season, and I pulled off my coat, and wrapped it round my head, to defend myself from the musquitoes. My friend, whose clothes were of a thinner texture than my own, suffered inexpressibly from their attacks. They pierced his raiment in every direction; and he was much in the predicament of the bear that robbed the bee-hives. In the morning I found that our horses were gone, and my friend told me that, during the night, he had heard them "thundering down the range as if they

were pounding mill-stones." In fact, some horses, when hobbled, will travel nearly as fast as if perfectly at liberty. They rear up at each step or leap, and throw their fore-legs forward, although these are tied together, and thus do, literally, go *pounding* along. With the sun arose a certain guide, and we ultimately reached the hut of a stockman, and procured the services of a black; who, on being put on the track of the horses, followed them unerringly, over hard stony ground, which was baked, by the heat of the sun, to the consistence of a fire brick. I recollect that, when first leaving the woods at sunrise, my companion, who had been but a short time in the colony, gave me much trouble by perversely wandering from me, to look, as he said, for the horses; for, if he had gone out of earshot, the probabilities were that he would ultimately have been bewildered and lost; and, in addition to the feast he had already furnished the musquitoes, would have supplied another to the native dogs. The following day I proceeded alone through a country I had never visited before, and again lost myself when darkness came on, but my horse brought me safely to a stockman's hut. The animal, as usual, chose the shortest course when I committed myself to his guidance; and, stumbling over rocks and dead timber, made his way along the edge of cliffs overhanging the sea, where I should have been loth to ride by day.

Many lamentable casualties have been the consequence of persons losing themselves in the bush. In such circumstances they usually become excited and

frightened, and wander nearly in a circle. They generally suffer too much from thirst to regard hunger, if indeed its pangs are felt by them at all. A woman has been found, in the last stage of exhaustion, with a crust of bread in her pocket. Another, however, who was lost in company with her favourite dog, had, when she was found, eaten the whole of the animal, with the exception of a leg, which she still carried with her. To those who can keep their composure, the sun is an unerring guide to the sea; and then, by following the line of coast, a settlement is surely arrived at; and many have thus escaped. The course of a stream should, also, be always followed downwards, as there are probably settlements on its banks. It is, of course, the great similitude of one part of the forest to another, and the absence of landmarks, which causes people helplessly to wander. The squatter sometimes travels with a compass; with this he takes the exact bearings of any mountain which marks his course; and he is then in possession of a guide when the woods shut the eminence from his view. It has long been currently reported that a white woman is in captivity amongst the wild blacks in Gipps' Land, for that the figure of a heart has been found cut in the turf, and on this was placed a New Testament. Very lately it has been stated that the name of this unfortunate creature is Ellen M'Pherson, that she has been in the power of the blacks since 1839, and that her name, together with that of the ship in which she was wrecked on the coast, have been found, cut on the bark of a tree. The Colonial Government has taken steps to rescue her; but

the danger is, that the blacks will murder her, on finding that she is the object of pursuit.

As persons lost in the bush become weak from exhaustion; they stagger to and fro, and frequently fall; and thus they may be tracked, as also from the grass that they pluck, and chew for the sake of its moisture.

Much of the country, at a short distance from the coast, consists of ranges, some clothed with natural grass, whilst others are barren and stony; but all "wear the green forest on their hilly head." If we consider a "main-range" to be a back-bone, and its spurs the ribs, it is evident that a knowledge of these affords an unerring guide through the bush, the bushman always keeping on the crest of a ridge. I believe, however, that a man, long accustomed to the bush, knows, as if by instinct, where his home lies. A certain point in a certain direction is present to the eye of his mind, and he can point to this, but cannot explain how he ascertains it. I am convinced that if a black were carried ten miles into the bush, blindfold, he would, when liberated, strike back in the right direction, without the slightest hesitation; but, if by any means he once lost his presence of mind, he would be more helpless than a white man. A facility for finding their way in the bush is very observable in whites born in the colony, amid its forests, and in this faculty they excel; and I cannot but think that man possesses, in a measure, though circumstances and habit are necessary to develope it, an instinct akin to that which guides a bee to its hive, and the wandering albatross to its home.

CHAPTER VI.

The Aborigines—A Lady of Domestic Habits—Mr. Jimmy Woodbury, his Prowess and Accomplishments—Black Labourers—Dowagers and Old Wives—Boys and Children—The Toilet of the Natives—Mimicry—Food—Dances—Superstitions—Funerals—Ceremonies—The Black and the Shark—Black "Humanity Men"—Probable Fate of the Ulladulla Natives—Contests between the two Races—The Untamed Aborigines—Anecdotes—Cannibals—Anecdote—The Abode of Broken Hearts—The last Man.

I AM anxious, before leaving Ulladulla and turning my steps northward, to introduce some of the aborigines; one or two of whom are generally to be found on the premises of every settler in the bush, forming, in fact, a part of his household. I must, of course, give the preference to the sex—I cannot say to the *fair* sex—and I accordingly commence with a lady. That black-looking dame, with a pipe stuck between her protruding lips, and attired in a dirty check gown, gathered up behind like a bag, is Mrs. Paddy, the elder wife of yonder fine-built man, whose costume consists of a shirt and pea-jacket only. Her usual resort is the back kitchen, where she washes dishes, and also employs herself in roasting parrots and magpies for her own particular benefit. Her lord and master, having a decided taste for matrimonial comforts, has taken unto himself

a second and younger wife, of a yellow complexion; but the elder Mrs. Paddy does not object to his taste, nor appear jealous of her juvenile rival. She is of an amiable disposition, and cried when the fat pig was killed, and when the dog was shot. She sleeps "in camp," and walks up to the settlement every morning to perform the duties of kitchen-maid. Yonder lively, active, clever fellow, is called "Charley." He is very fond of riding, and that as fast as his horse can scamper. When the maize is ripe, his duty is to shoot the cockatoos, parrots, and magpies that infest it; and in this employment he delights. He patronises Paddy's elder wife aforesaid, and presents his feathered spoils to her. It is to be observed, that he has a very fine, bright eye.

That symmetrical, manly fellow, with broad shoulders and a deep chest, is "Jimmy Woodbury," and a great personage in his own tribe; for, though the aborigines recognise no chiefs, such a man as Jimmy acquires much influence amongst them. He is a good bruiser, and once thrashed three white men who combined to molest him. If you show him your shoulder-of-mutton fist, adorned with large knuckles, saying, "What do you think of this, Jimmy?" he will immediately reply, "You see *this*, massa," and exhibit his skill in fighting; hitting out straight from the shoulder, and leaping from the ground at every blow, thus throwing the whole weight of his body into it. As well might one grapple with a catamountain; and it is to be recollected that, however much he might hurt you, to hurt him, with your fists, is quite out of the question. He allows no suspicious characters to lurk about the camp when he

is "at home," and has been known to take a stick and give a white interloper a good thrashing.

This man was often employed, as a stockman, in taking cattle and horses up the coast, and was a great favourite wherever he went. Before starting, he required a rig-out, as a necessary preliminary, that he might appear a "cabon swell," and some "white money" (silver), that he might be able "to take his grog like a gentleman;" but I never heard of his becoming intoxicated. If he wore boots, he rode with his feet chock-up in the stirrups; but, if without them, he had the stirrup-iron between the great toe and its neighbour. If it were remarked to him, when attired in his travelling dress, that he was quite the gentleman, he would answer, with an air of great complaisance, "*I believe so*, Massa." He was a great man at corrobbories, and was as well satisfied, when daubed from head to foot with white clay, having his hair powdered with the downy feathers of the white cockatoo, and a reed stuck through the cartilage of his nose, as when representing a Sunday buck; and I know that he has walked fifty miles, in one day, in order to join in a dance at night. I have travelled with him up the coast, and found him an excellent companion. He has waited on me as a servant, made the tea, boiled the eggs, and shown every wish to promote my comfort; having previously assisted me in a burglarious entry through the window into the dwelling of a settler who was absent. At night, he took up his quarters by the fire; and there I saw him in all his naked, sable beauty, sprawling on his back, fast asleep; with one foot, which was

"budgel," propped on the kettle. He had previously spit all over this foot, blowing and sputtering, as a groom does when dressing a horse. Spitting on a diseased part is a favourite remedy amongst the blacks. They pretend thus to drive out the disease, and to catch it in their hands; and they then affect to carry it away, and bury it in a hole previously dug. When I saw Jimmy thus sleeping, it occurred to me—where were his thoughts straying, and what fancies, what strange visions, were depicted in his imagination? What would one peep into his mind have revealed?

About Ulladulla were many smart, active, young black men, who occasionally made themselves useful, especially in reaping, and in felling timber; and in the former employment they were very expert. In order to make them work, it was essential to keep them in good humour; and the occasional discharge of a broadside of jokes produced great vigour and activity in their operations. Their reward generally consisted of beef and flour, with the occasional gift of a shirt; but, their greatest treat, and most favourite dish, was boiled rice, with abundance of sugar sprinkled over it. Round a huge dish of this they would sit luxuriating, and carefully licking their spoons after each mouthful. At night, they made a gunyah, and lined it with straw, over which they spread their blankets, if they had any. A fire was lighted in front, and the dogs curled up at their backs. There they would long sit singing; but I cannot say much for their musical taste. To borrow from Mr. Ford,

> "When they joined in doleful chorus,
> How these *happy blacks* did bore us."

AN

ABORIGINAL CHANT.

The key is frequently changed; and the measure is sometimes slow, sometimes very quick.

There were many old wives or "gins," lean and cross. Their withered features were perfectly ghastly, and their legs exactly like broomsticks. Their apparel was not choice; it was borrowed from the whites, and consisted mostly of old gowns or frocks. They were a rag-tag and bob-tail congregation, and "fickle, coy, and hard to please." They would sometimes quarrel violently, and abuse one another at the top of their voice, forming a very Babel of sounds; for, like a whirligig newly wound-up, and set spinning, so vibrates the tongue of an enraged gin. When they could be induced to agree together, they were useful in picking potatoes, and husking maize; but, as they were accomplished in petit larceny, they helped themselves bountifully both to maize and potatoes, by sneaking into the fields at night.

When in their own quarters, in their camp, they laid aside their dresses, and squatted under their gunyahs, unadorned, with their chins on their knees, fondling mangy, half-starved dogs; and, if a white man passed, they stretched out their hands, drawling, "Baccy;" for they all smoked. They always kept a small fire burning at their feet. Some of the younger women were proud of their children, and reared them with kindness and attention. The little black wretches used to run about naked, as merry as grigs, and they usually rejoiced in fine names, bestowed by the whites. "Prince Leeboo" was a happy boy, with white teeth, a merry face, and abdominal proportions worthy of a Lilliputian alderman. For some time he was quite the show child. The mother and the other women simpered and smirked, like so many affected old dowagers, when the young

gentleman was noticed and admired; and he, on his part, appeared not a little pleased. The elder boys, some of whom were as ugly as imps of darkness, whilst others were much the reverse, used to amuse themselves with plaything spears, made of sticks. One of their favourite amusements was to stand on a log, that had fallen across the creek, and, throwing pieces of wood into the water above them, spear them as they floated by. They would also throw sticks and bommerengs at each others' legs; he that was thrown at receiving notice, that he might jump out of the way, if he could. One or two of them struck up an acquaintance with the overseer's son, and the boys were prime friends. The Devonshire lad herded the milking cows in the bush; "Terence" was always with him, and succeeded in convincing him that there was no sufficient reason why he should be encumbered with such useless articles as clothes. Accordingly, Master Sam, one fine day, made his appearance minus a very essential article of a young gentleman's attire, and great was the indignation of his father on witnessing the metamorphosis. "What maxims are these?" exclaimed the enraged parent, as he pursued the flying cupid with a stock-whip; but Sam was fleeter than he, and made his escape.

Although the gins cherish some of their children, they certainly kill many, and, almost invariably, the male half-breeds; and when children, born during the residence of the mothers with the stockmen, are put to death, there can be no doubt that these men are parties consenting to the deed. The old villanous gins assemble at the birth, and carry away the child, and

destroy it. Those black women who live with stockmen are fair housewives, and wash and cook very well. The half-castes are generally of a dirty, yellowish white; but I have seen a girl very good-looking, and with eyes large, black, sparkling, full of life, and not easily to be matched.

None of the black men about Ulladulla were ever known to wash or to bathe; but they were fond of greasing and combing out their fine black hair, which was by no means woolly. The younger women sometimes sported in the lake, like ebon Nereids, but that rarely; and, perhaps, they were afraid of spoiling their complexions by too frequent ablutions. The men were fond of dress; and, when they had "white money," would sometimes contrive to procure a stray garment of unusual splendour. Once they got hold of a dressing-gown, and in this they strutted about à la Monsieur Mantilini, the robe passing from one to the other; for the original owner was soon tired of it. Some of them possessed cloaks, made of the skins of the opossum. These were about six feet in length, but not so much in breadth. Mr. Eyre well describes their manner of wearing them. "The cloak," says he, "is worn with the fur outwards, and is thrown over the back and left shoulder, and pinned on, in front, with a little wooden peg; the open part is opposite the right side, so as to leave the right arm and shoulder quite unconfined in the male; the female throws it over the back and left shoulder, and brings it round under the right arm-pit; and, when tied in front, by a string passing round the cloak and back, a pouch is formed behind in which a child is

always carried. In either, if the skin be a handsome one, the dress is very pretty and becoming." Our Ulladulla ladies, however, were not possessed of the cloak; but their lords might sometimes be seen strutting along in them, with their spears in their hands, and their dogs at their heels; whilst the wives hopped along, in the rear, carrying the baggage. Beards were commonly worn; and the long white beards of the old men had a singular appearance, when contrasted with their black faces and glimmering eyes. These old gentlemen acquire an ascendency over the young men, who hold them in some degree of dread; and it is *suspected* that, when they threaten evil, they sometimes contrive to support their reputation, as true prophets, by the use of poison.

All the blacks were excellent mimics, and greatly enjoyed a joke at the expense of a white man; but could not endure being themselves made a butt. Nothing made them so angry as derision. They would then work themselves into a rage, and walk off, swelling with indignation, and bawling defiance. "Fisherman Tommy," who was the ugliest specimen of human nature that I ever beheld, having an immense mouth, heavy lips, huge yellow teeth, and a nose exactly like the mouth of a trumpet, was troubled with the *cacöethes ridendi*. When the fit was strong upon him, with his back bent, his mouth wide open, and his finger pointed, he sometimes greatly astonished a stranger by his stentorian shoutings, and infinitely amused the bystanders. Though very ugly, he was not the less gay. His gin had a remarkably gentle and subdued expres-

sion of countenance, and appeared to be well treated by her husband; indeed, I have no reason to think that any of the women were ill-used by the males, who were, in a certain degree, influenced in such matters by the opinion of the whites, whom they looked upon as the fountain of honour; always taking care, however, to distinguish between master and man.

Those of the aborigines who would make themselves useful (but there was employment for a few only) gained, in the course of the year, no small portion of food and clothing from the settlers; but all could at any time supply themselves with opossums, bandicoots, kangaroos, fish, and wild fowl. They were divided into two classes, the fishermen and the hunters. They cooked their food by roasting it before a fire; and I have seen two of them thus cooking a bandicoot, with the skin and entrails. A more perfect picture of happiness and content than they exhibited when watching and turning their roast, and inhaling the rich odour it diffused around, could not easily be conceived. But when a bullock was killed on the farm, then was their jubilee; and they flocked round the stock-yard, grinning through the rails, and waiting for the head and entrails, which they carried off to their camp. Occasionally, in the peach season, a row of black faces was to be seen peeping over the garden fence, or peering through the branches of the spreading geraniums which, in some places, hid the paling. The anxious expectants did not ask for the fruit; but their wishes were well understood, and generally attended to; and the younger members of the black family

were frequently turned into the garden to pick up the peaches which had fallen from the trees,—for, with us, peaches were as abundant as blackberries in England; and the trees were all standards.

Those of the blacks, who had guns, shot the kangaroo. Others would sneak up to the animal with a spear, the point of which would remain in its body, whilst the handle broke off, and they then traced it by the blood. Others, again, when they found a kangaroo, formed a circle round it, and drove it from place to place by shouting—thus puzzling it greatly—and waited for an opportunity of knocking it down by throwing a tomahawk. Their dogs, though useful in finding the animal, were not strong enough to pull it down.

Some of the aborigines feed on a large bat, popularly called "the flying fox;" but our black people disdained such food. I recollect going with Charley to see what is called a "fox-ground." He was dressed in his best, and in high glee, and sped along as fast as his horse could carry him, raising a vortex of mud and water as he galloped across the wet flats on which the water lay; for we had had much rain. We found these filthy creatures hanging by the heels, in thousands, from the higher branches of the trees; and, occasionally, one would lazily stretch out a leg, but we could not disturb them by shouting, and they were out of the reach of a stick. At night, they leave the woods, and resort to the seashore; and we have often seen them passing over head in large flocks. They are said to carry their young on their backs. They are fond of fruit; but, if they bite

a peach, the whole of it is tainted by their defiling touch.

During the fine summer nights, the blacks held frequent corrobbories, dancing, by the light of the moon, to the chant of the gins, which was accompanied by the clapping together of sticks.

> "He treads the dance, through all its rapturous rounds,
> To the wild music of barbarian sounds."

In these dances they often imitate the motions of animals, the kangaroo for instance. A shout, in the stronger voices of the men, formed an occasional period in the chant. By the bye, it has happened that certain settlers, inspired by rum and water, have adopted the kangaroo dance; springing round the table, after dinner, hand in hand, as if practising a new variation of the game of leap-frog; but such indications of a convivial spirit are considered to belong only to those who have gone irremediably to the dogs.

Sir Thomas Mitchell graphically describes the corrobbory:—"This amusement always takes place at night, and by the light of blazing boughs. They dance to beaten time, accompanied by a song. The dancers paint themselves white, in such remarkably varied ways that no two individuals are alike. The surrounding darkness seems necessary to the effect of the whole. All these dances being more or less dramatic, the painted figures, coming forwards in mystic order from the obscurity of the background, while the singers and beaters of time are invisible, have a highly theatrical effect.

Each dance seems most tastefully progressive; the movement being at first slow, and introduced by two persons, displaying the most graceful motions both of arms and legs, whilst others, one by one, drop in, until each, imperceptibly falling into the truly savage attitude of the corrobbory, jump—the legs striding to the utmost, the head turned over one shoulder, the eyes glaring and fixed with savage energy in one direction, the arms raised and inclined towards the head, the hands usually grasping waddies, bommerengs, or other warlike weapons. The jump now keeps time with each beat; and at each leap the dancer takes six inches to one side, all being in a connected line, led by the first dancer. The line is doubled or tripled according to the space and numbers, and this gives great effect; for when the first line jumps to the left the second jumps to the right, the third to the left again, and so on until the action acquires due intensity, when all simultaneously and suddenly stop."—*Three Expeditions*, &c., vol. ii. p. 5.

In "Savage Life and Scenes in Australia and New Zealand," by Mr. Angas, we have also an account of the corrobbory:—"The dance of the frogs consisted of a number of men painted and armed with 'wirries,' which they beat together, singing all the time; then, squatting on the ground, they leaped along one after the other, in circles, imitating the actions and movements of a frog. In another dance they go through the performance of hunting the emu, one man imitating the voice of the bird. Their last amusement was that of sitting cross-legged round a fire, singing and beating time with

spears and wirries. Suddenly they all stretched their right arms as if pointing to some unseen object, displayed their teeth, and rolled their eyes in a dreadful manner, and then jumped on their feet with a shout that echoed for miles through the stillness of the night."

When our blacks visited Sydney, and saw the military paraded, and heard the bands, they said that was "white fellows' corrobbory." On such occasions, they were always delighted if they met a settler whom they had known in the bush, and their greetings were not a little uproarious, but always concluded with the modest enquiry, "B'lieve you got white money, massa?" In the bush they used often to sing, in chorus, the famous song, "Jim Crow," saying, "Jim Crow tister went to de ball," and so forth. Their own songs are monotonous, and consist of the frequent repetition of a few words, such as, "Water, water, where is water? There is water, welling out of the ground;" but this, of course, is sung in their own dialect. They have their bards or rhymers, who compose their songs; and, when a new song is produced, it passes quickly from tribe to tribe. The lingo used by them, when talking to Europeans, consists of broken English, interlarded with a jargon generally believed to be composed of words of their dialects, but being, in fact, a collection of barbarisms invented by the whites, and acquired from them. A favourite expression is "gammon." When anything is narrated to them which they do not credit, they grin and shake the forefinger in the manner of reproof, and

Each deulate, "Too much gammon belonging to you, mentassa; too much altogether."

sor I should imagine that the number of aborigines on r the coast-line between Jervis Bay and the River Moruya, a distance of one hundred miles, is about four hundred. They sometimes assembled to hold corrobories, and to play at foot-ball. They are now peaceable and well conducted—in fact, polite and gracious in their manners; and the only instance of ill-treatment that I ever knew them to experience at the hands of the settlers, was, in the case of one who was illegally imprisoned for an undue period, for the misdemeanor of picking up some potatoes as he passed through a field. One of the settlers appeared at the police court as the black's advocate, but without success; and the magistrate who imprisoned the black, being an Irishman, might perhaps be excused, on the ground that he had a patriotic love for potatoes. It was, however, proposed that the defendant should bring an action, and, if defeated and condemned in costs, should file his schedule as an insolvent, and give in an inventory of his property, which would have been found to consist of one bommereng, a few spears, and an old blanket.

Since the aborigines have no idea of a supreme being, or of retributive judgment, their evidence cannot be received in courts of justice; and, indeed, I cannot conceive that it would be worth anything if it were received. They have a notion of a being whom they by no means worship, but, on the contrary, attempt to outwit, called the Devil-Devil, and he, they think, will

do them a mischief, if he have an opportunity; and, indeed, Charley told me that he had twice seen him, and that he was like a very large white horse, with an immense head; but, probably, when Charley saw this vision, he had been dining sumptuously on some native delicacy, and his digestion was a little disordered. I recollect telling one of the blacks that I had seen the Devil-Devil in such and such a place. He immediately started, in evident alarm, and inquired particulars; but, finding I was hoaxing him, said, "Get out, you gammoning beggar." The blacks appear capable of comprehending that white men have a "great Massa," whose dwelling is in the heavens; but further they do not go. And they cannot conceive how we are to get there; and one of them, after brooding upon the subject, exclaimed—"Yan (go) up along of wheelbarrow (dray) and bullock, I b'lieve,"—meaning, by means of a dray. Some of them will tell long stories relative to a future state of existence, in which they are to be the actors; but these they evidently derive from the whites, and, when they narrate them, are romancing not a little. Thus, Charley has told me that, when he was dead, he should find himself in a very wide forest; that, presently, Devil-Devil, who would be "walking all about," would come up to him, and, if he had been a good fellow, and had not "crammered (stolen) corn," Devil-Devil would tell him to sit down there, and would give him plenty of tobacco, flour, and tea and sugar; but, if he had been a bad fellow, and had crammered corn, the Devil-Devil would make him walk about a

long time, and would give him nothing. Missionaries have for years laboured amongst them; but no instance has been known of their receiving the tenets of Christianity; and the influence of this great agent of civilisation is, as yet, excluded. The Mission, I believe, receives no longer any pecuniary support from the Government, but still lingers on. Some aboriginal children have been taught to read, and some of the men have been trained to act as policemen, and are very efficient.

The Aborigines very generally believe that the whites are deceased blacks come to life again; and they had long entertained an idea somewhat allied to this, as they fancied that the porpoises, which, as before observed, drive large fish on shore, were animated by the spirits of their fathers. The notion they at present have is, evidently, the result of their reasoning on the probable derivation of the whites, and not an idea adopted without consideration. Where they fancy that they detect a likeness in a white person, to one of their deceased comrades, they are firmly convinced that the truth of their theory is proved, and that the person in question is certainly their former acquaintance in another guise; often have they pertinaciously claimed relationship on these grounds; and many a white man, who has fallen into their power, has owed his life to their forming this idea with regard to him. Near Ulladulla, they sometimes carry a body about with them for months, secured between two sheets of bark, in order—so Charley told me,—that the spirit of the deceased might not be able to

track them and bring the Devil-Devil in its train. They ultimately bury the body in a deep grave; the gins wailing around, and repeating, with rapid utterance, a doleful chant, whilst the tears stream down their cheeks. On one occasion, fisherman Tommy acted as sexton, and his wife lamented; for it was the funeral of their daughter. He stripped himself naked, with the exception of the maro, and, with his hands, scraped into the grave the earth that had been thrown out in forming it, and carefully trod it in. The grave was dug east and west, and ultimately covered with green boughs. The maro is a belt worn round the abdomen; and, before and behind, depend from it, tails formed of the fur of the kangaroo. I do not think it is worn as a covering, but as an ornament and a support, and as affording a convenient means of carrying a tomahawk; the handle of which is thrust between it and the body. On the subject of decency, the blacks are as innocent as infants; although they so far conform to our habits as to put on some kind of clothing when mingling with the whites.

I had once an opportunity of seeing a place which the aborigines had prepared, for the purposes of the ceremony of knocking out a front tooth from lads arrived at puberty. They had formed an avenue, or alley, about a quarter of a mile in length, and eight yards across, and terminating at each end in a semicircle. The trees on the sides of the avenue were curiously marked or carved, and strips of bark were suspended the whole of the distance, from tree to tree. In the

interior of the avenue, they had formed of earth and turf, representations of men and women, of canoes, sharks, whales, kangaroos, and so-forth. In one place, they represented a shark following a canoe. All the explanation I could get from them on the spot, was, that this was "all belonging to play-about;" but Jimmy Woodbury afterwards told me that a fire is made in the centre of the alley, and the youths sit before it in a semicircle, whilst the gins form another semicircle behind them; "then gins yan away along of bush," and the men take the lads in another direction, and knock out the tooth with a tomahawk. The aborigines on the Peel and the Gwydyr do not knock out the front tooth; but in the place of this ceremony, substitute others abundantly ludicrous, but altogether indescribable in this place. Each has for its object the admission of the youths into the rank of men, with the privilege of taking a wife. The ceremonies attending the knocking out of the front tooth are minutely described in Colonel Collins' account of New South Wales.

I thought it probable, that the representation of a shark following a canoe had reference to a circumstance that had lately occurred in a neighbouring harbour; for the blacks sometimes creep about, near the shore in their canoes. A shark followed a black who was thus out fishing, and appeared determined to have him for dinner. The black had caught nineteen fish, called salmon, and as the shark followed him, he threw him, ever and anon, a fish; and paddled lustily for the shore. The shark stopped to pick up each fish; and, when the

whole were gone, the fugitive thought his fate was sealed, and called lustily for assistance. A whale-boa came to the rescue, at the very nick of time, and the black leapt into it, and had the satisfaction of putting two spears into his enemy, who pursued him to the boat, and with such violence, that, chancing to strike one of the oars, a man in the boat was precipitated into the sea. The shark was afterwards found dead. The blacks say that these hungry monsters will take them out of their canoes; and they, probably, dash against the frail vessel and upset it.

Some of the tribe to which this black belonged greatly distinguished themselves, three or four years since, by saving the crew of a schooner which was wrecked in the surf. The white by-standers stood aghast, and could not contrive means to render any assistance; but fifteen of the aborigines formed a line, hand in hand, and went into the surf and saved all on board. A benevolent individual residing near, a captain in the navy, made earnest application to the Governor, for a reward for these daring fellows; but the reply received was, that there were no funds at the disposal of the Government for such a purpose. This seems a hard case, when such immense sums have been realised by the sale of waste lands! But Captain —— did all he could to reward these men, by making them frequent presents of little comforts, and he presented to each "humanity man" a brass plate, having attached to it a chain, by which to hang it round the neck. On each plate he caused to be engraved the name of the wearer,

and a record of the good deed he and his comrades had done. This was the more generous, as the trading vessel that was cast away contained goods and stores belonging to himself, which were all irrecoverably lost. The same gentleman is before alluded to as having, at a police office, pleaded the cause of a black held in captivity. He is an old and gallant officer, who has seen a great deal of hard service, and been more than once desperately wounded, and his noble nature ever prompted him to befriend the aborigines.

Such are now these sons of the forest; who, for centuries, have roamed over them uncontrolled.

> "From age to age, as waves upon the tide
> Of stormless time, they calmly lived and died."

Soon they will altogether fade away; their favourite haunts will be deserted, and their land will know them no more. Some of the most obvious causes of this sad catastrophe are change of habit, which will undermine their constitutions; vices which they will acquire from the whites, and which will destroy many; and the abstraction of their women by stockmen; though, indeed, the gins are always ready to elope from their natural lords, who appear to care little or nothing about the matter. As their fate is sealed, and the lands they once called theirs are sold, or offered for sale, it would be but reasonable that what can be done to smooth their course to cold oblivion should not be omitted. Supplies of blankets would contribute very much to their comfort; the simple luxuries that delight them are by no means costly; and flour might sometimes be given.

Blankets used to be supplied by the Government to the aborigines of the district in which Ulladulla is situate; but these supplies have been discontinued; and, since the acquisition of blankets induced them to neglect the manufacture of opossum cloaks, they suffer much in consequence. I heard one of them say to the gallant officer before alluded to, "Captain —— yan along of England, speak along of Queen, tell um Queen, blackfellow him got no blanket, him merry cold." The same black enquired why they were not paid for their land, since "blackfellow belonging to New Zealand" was paid for his. I believe that blankets are still given to the blacks in the squatting districts. In those districts the aborigines will longest survive; for where, as in many places within the boundaries, the country is closely occupied by farmers, they are thrust out altogether; thus, in their happy valley Illawarra, hereafter described, they have nearly disappeared. So must they, also, when Ulladulla is fully occupied, and the game destroyed; but when they shall be thrust out thence, they must perish; for if they intrude into the districts of strange tribes they will be slaughtered by them. Thus, this is their actual sentence, although as yet deferred: remain, and you shall assuredly be starved; go away, and you shall be killed and eaten. If it be asked, why should not these aborigines maintain themselves as labourers? I reply that there is not work for a quarter of them. If, why do they not till the ground? that their patrimony has been wrested from them. And, I would enquire in return, whether, if they had land, it could be expected

that they should learn the art of husbandry by intuition; and how far they are capable of altogether abandoning habits implanted in their very nature.

I have thus endeavoured to pourtray a tribe of comparatively civilized aborigines; but, if we turn to the untamed savage, we shall view a different picture. "The wild blacks" are generally exceedingly hostile to all white intruders; and this feeling may, in some measure, be traced to the fact, that themselves are divided into tribes, and to each tribe is allotted the dominion of a certain district; for, as they punish with death all trespassers of their own colour, so they attempt to repel the white man. So, at Ulladulla, about twenty years since, there was a war between the two races; and on the part of the blacks, it was waged as a war of extermination. They destroyed the cattle, and lay in wait for the owners of them; and, being as dangerous as wild beasts, met the same fate. At length, they found it their interest to be on good terms with the white strangers, and, as the colonial term is, "came in." The same events happen, more or less, in every part of the country that is newly taken up, until the aborigines find that they are engaged in a fatal war; then, in like manner, they give up the contest, and as far as their dealings with the whites are concerned, throw off the savage altogether.

The untamed savage holds the life of a man very cheap, and will take it to obtain but the buttons on his coat; on the other hand, many of the persons brought into contact with the wild aborigines, are

stockmen and shepherds, who, if injured or provoked, are not the most forbearing and indulgent men in the world; and, often with very good reason, look upon their black neighbours with great suspicion. Indeed, the genuine savage does not, and cannot, understand forbearance; and, if he meet with it, his aggressions only increase. He naturally judges of the motives of the white man from those which he knows would, in similar circumstances, induce himself to pursue a like course. Hence, forbearance is supposed by him to arise from fear. In like manner—though it must always be remembered that some tribes are less barbarous than others—presents only whet the appetite of the wild man. All the whites possess he thinks is lawful prey. A squatter, to the southward of us, was vainly warned of these traits. He could not be persuaded that those to whom he had pursued an unvaried course of kindness, and who appeared perfectly friendly, would become his assassins; but from them he met his fate. He was, probably, a vicarious sacrifice; for, if the aborigines are unable to take the life of him who originally gave them offence, they take that of the first white they can contrive to lay hands upon.

Sir Thomas Mitchell, speaking of the tribe he fell in with on the Murray, says, "to attempt to conciliate these people had last year proved hopeless. Our gifts had only excited their cupidity; and our uncommon forbearance had only inspired them with a poor opinion of our courage;" and again, "those they treacherously attacked, had they been sent from heaven, could

not have done more to administer to their wants than they did, nor endured more for the sake of good will." —*Three Expeditions*, vol. ii., p. 96, 103. Sir Thomas elsewhere compares them to fiends, and to wild beasts thirsting for blood.

The blacks invariably attack by stealth, and often lurk in the tops of trees, and thence hurl the spear. The huts, in the districts where they are "dangerous," are perforated with loop-holes; and four men, armed with muskets, can defend themselves against a tribe. Their assailants, however, often have recourse to fire; and, if they succeed in firing the hut, the men are certainly massacred. Those who have fallen into their hands have, we are told, often been tortured to death; either by being held extended on a bed of venomous ants, or by having the mouth and nose stopped, whilst one of the savages would press or jump on the chest until life became extinct. This was the fate of one white man, in consequence of two parties amongst the aborigines quarrelling with whom he should reside. The savages who were ultimately disappointed, seized an opportunity, and destroyed him; just as a child, in its passion, breaks a toy that is denied him. And what was the fate of the passengers and crew of the *Maria*, which was cast away on the coast of South Australia? "Those who escaped the dangers of the reef, after subsisting on roots and shells, toiled along the shore for ninety miles, men, women, and children, in the burning sun, hungry, thirsty, and barefoot, till they arrived at the Milmendura tribe. Two more days'

march, they trusted, would bring them to the sea mouth of the Murray, where the Encounter Bay natives had communication with the whalers, and they there looked to an end to their sufferings. But these terminated only in death. The savages stripped them of their few remaining garments, and deliberately murdered them, as they came up in straggling parties, knocking out their brains with wirries, or chasing them with the spear. Many of the bodies were found buried in the sand, some pushed into wombat burrows, and others were never found at all. The fingers of some of the ladies had been cut of with shells to obtain their rings, and one of the saddest sights was to see the linen of the children, all stained with blood, lying about in the huts of these cruel wretches."* Some of the savage practices mentioned by Mr. Angas are really almost too horrible to be detailed. Cutting a steak from a living beast is nothing in comparison.

When the squatter has become on good terms with the blacks immediately around him, their presence is in some respects an advantage. They become not only willing and useful in the performance of small services, but form his body-guard, and give notice of, and repel, intruders from a distance. These strangers often make incursions for the sake of feeding on his cattle and sheep. They kill a beast, quarter it, and run off with the quarters into a thick scrub, and there eat and sleep until all be consumed; and from such, their natural fortress, they cannot be expelled. But these

* Savage Life, &c. By G. F. Angas. Vol. i., p. 66.

wild men, not content with killing and eating, appear to be possessed with the spirit of mischief. They "rush" or disperse the cattle, drive them into swamps, and murder those who attend them. Under these circumstances, many stations have been abandoned in despair, after much loss of life on both sides. "Humiliating proofs that the white man had been driven away," says Sir Thomas Mitchell, in his account of his late important expedition into Tropical Australia, "were visible in the remains of dairies burnt down, stock-yards in ruins, untrodden roads. The incursions of the savage, who is learning to 'bide his time,' on the Darling, are greatly encouraged by the hardships of the colonists, where water is scarce; and I was shown where no less than eight hundred head of fat bullocks had been run together by them when water is too abundant. Then, horses cannot travel, and cattle stick fast in the soft earth, and are thus at the mercy of the natives. The stone ovens, such as they prepare for cooking kangaroos, had been used for the consumption of about twenty head of cattle a day, by the wild tribes who had assembled from the Darling and Lower Bogan on that occasion. The tribes from the Darling are extremely hostile even to the more peaceably disposed hill-tribes near the colony, and several stations have already been abandoned in consequence of the outrages of the aborigines from the Darling and Lachlan."*

* "Journal of an Expedition into the Interior of Tropical Australia." By Lieut.-Colonel Sir T. L. Mitchell, D.C,L., &c., p. 25.

When a man is making his way into a new country, with his flocks and herds, the blacks, though unseen, hang upon his skirts for weeks together, waiting for an opportunity "to make a rush;" and they have often succeeded. A settler, whom I knew well, thus lost, in a few minutes, all he had in the world, and, from comparative wealth, was reduced to ruin. Since cattle cannot endure the presence of the blacks, it may easily be conceived with what facility they are dispersed. When the yelling savages mingle amongst them, they are off in all directions; and, if they are often thus disturbed, they are lost altogether.

Dreadful, demoniacal, is the rage of the infuriated savage. I have been told by one who was an eye-witness to the scene, that, when they have been baulked of their destined victim, so full have they been of the fiend, and so athirst for blood, that they have destroyed one of their own tribe. They managed the matter thus. Two of them went towards the black whom they had determined to sacrifice, and, whilst one of them attracted his attention by offering him a piece of tobacco, the other threw him, when he was immediately transfixed, and fastened to the ground with spears. They then cut up and roasted their victim; and afterwards marched down to a flat, which I knew well, in single file, bearing the limbs in their hands. There they danced a wild, cannibal dance, accompanied with howlings and imprecations, and dashed their spears into the ground, and gnawed and tore the limbs with their teeth. They were all frightfully painted. So dreadful

an instance of the power of evil passions I should not venture to relate, but on authority on which I feel sure I can rely. An anecdote, related by a New Zealand missionary, strongly illustrates the dark state of the mind of the savage. A dying chief, his soul oppressed with horror, exclaims, "I shall go to the evil spirit; I shall dwell with him for ever. My eyes will never be made stars, like those of a great chief; for I die young, *and have not killed men enough.*"

But, if we prefer a bill of indictment against the wild aborigines of Australia, have they no counter charge to make? Assuredly they have, and especially against the manner in which the new country is occupied. One would imagine that it were the duty of Government to establish posts in the interior, and to ensure efficient protection, both to its untamed black subjects, and to the hardy squatter. From the one it exacts a large revenue, from the other it claims allegiance; occasionally taking the liberty of hanging him. But it allows the squatter to depend on his own strong arm and stout heart for protection; and thus permits, in every direction, petty wars and a system of murderous reprisals. In the largest squatting district in the colony,—having, indeed, no boundary to the westward, —was only a quasi force of about a dozen mounted convicts, commanded by a commissioner of crown lands, and I believe even this was withdrawn in 1846.

The aborigines contend not merely for their domains, but even for existence. "The intrusion of cattle is, by itself, sufficient to produce the extirpation of the native

race by limiting their means of existence. Cattle find the water-holes, and come from stations often many miles distant, attracted by the rich verdure usually growing about them; and by treading the water into mud, or by drinking it up, they literally destroy the whole country for the aborigines, and thereby also banish from it the kangaroos, emus, and other animals on which they live. I felt much more disgusted than the poor natives, while they were thus exploring in vain every hollow in search of water for our use, that our 'cloven foot should appear everywhere.'" I quote Sir Thomas Mitchell's late work, who adds (page 305) "We traversed fine open grassy plains. The air was fragrant from the many flowers then springing up, especially where the natives had burnt the grass. The extensive burning by them, a work of considerable labour, and performed in dry warm weather, left tracts in the open forest which had become as green as an emerald, with the young crop of grass. These plains were thickly imprinted with the feet of kangaroos, and the work is undertaken by the natives to attract these animals to such places. How natural must be the aversion of the natives to the intrusion of another race of men with cattle: people who recognise no right in the aborigines to either the grass they have worked from infancy, nor to the kangaroos they have thus hunted with their fathers. No, nor yet to the emus they kill for their fathers *only;* these birds being reserved and held sacred, for the sole use of the old men and women!" Lamentable as this state of things is, however, it cannot, I apprehend, be for a

moment contended, that the magnificent interior is the sole right of the aborigines, to the exclusion of the rest of the family of man, and is to be entirely abandoned to the wild man, too often, "fierce as his clime, uncultured as his plains."* Still, as before hinted, the interposition of government would tend greatly to mitigate the contest between the two races, and would be an act of justice to each alike. Then the *Kaffir* war, so to speak, would be terminated; and if the whites have contingent rights in respect of the vast territories, still peopled only by the blacks, these have at least the present right of possession of their forests and chaces, and have even enacted their own game laws.

I have alluded to the cannibal practices of the aborigines. Those at Ulladulla were free from this reproach; but they all said that the blacks to the southward of the Moruya river continued such habits; and I have no doubt they spoke the truth. Still exists:—

> "The horrid feast, where human flesh is food;
> The burning thirst, whose dreadful draught is blood!"

During a visit to the southward, and whilst conversing with the very comely grand-daughters of a surgeon whom I had known in England, but which fair young ladies were then keeping a retail store, there marched in a huge, frightful black, who looked more dusky than ever by the side of these dainty damsels, who were neither freckled nor sun-burnt although living in the

* If any would maintain the contrary, let them first contend with the clergy, in respect of church and school lands, glebe, and so forth.

bush. One of them inquired of their visitor if he had caught such and such a native; and I then learnt that, whilst two blacks were playing at cards, behind a log, by the light of their fire, one of them had been speared, the murderer immediately making his escape and taking his gin with him; and that, since this event, there had been a great commotion amongst the aborigines, who were determined on revenge.

The black now told us that they had not yet found either the murderer or his gin, but that they should "by-and-bye;" for they should "gammon" that he was only to be "punished,"—(by going through the ordeal I explain in a note;*) and when the punishment was over, and the culprit thought he was safe, they should knock him on the head at night, and cut the gin's throat, and roast and eat them both. I inquired why the gin was to die, but obtained no reason. He repeated his previous assertion, and went through a pantomime of the whole process of cannibalism. He showed me how they should kill the gin, crack her bones, and divide the joints: and then laughed outrageously, displaying strong teeth, and a huge cavernous throat. He added, "Baal (not) patta (eat) old woman gin; patta young woman gin; good meat, good fat, like bullock." It appeared pretty clear that the culprit and his wife were to be devoured, to prevent their "jumping-up again,"

* The natives "punish" one of their number who has infringed their laws, by compelling him to stand apart (his only defence being a shield) whilst a certain number of spears are hurled at him. So great is the agility and quickness of the eye of this people, that the ordeal is often undergone without injury.

but that they had still a chance, for the heads were to be placed in a tree, and if Devil-Devil, when "walking all about," should see the heads, and willed that it should be so, the defunct might jump-up again. The son of the murderer ran away, when he heard what his father had done, but I learnt that he was not to be killed. I heard the same account of the murder, and of its consequences, from other blacks. I do not, however, give this anecdote as proving the cannibalism of the aborigines; that, I apprehend, is now a fact beyond dispute.

The aborigines seen in the streets of Sydney, generally present a wretched appearance. It is painful to witness the abject and degraded state of some who wander about, it can hardly be said in human shape.

In the harbour there are figures cut in the rocks, representing men, whales, and canoes. There is also found the "mano colorado." Of these sculptures the natives can give no explanation, except that their fathers made them "long time ago."

Of the natives of Tasmania few remain. All that the "Van-Demonians" could catch were sent to Flinder's Island, in Bass' Straits. Their removal from their native country was a necessary and a humane measure; but it appears cruel to continue to confine these now harmless beings to an island within sight of their own coast, with the certainty that, placed where they are, they must soon cease to exist, for they do not increase. I know that the feelings of this people are quick. A shipmate of mine fell in with one of their women, who

had been carried by sealers to the westward of Port Phillip. On hearing that he came from Van Dieman's Land, she eagerly inquired, "you know Ben Lomond?" and on finding that he did, exclaimed, "that my country!" and burst into tears, and lamented bitterly. Some of these natives are supposed still to exist amongst the mountains on the west coast of Van Dieman's Land; but excepting these, (if any) the handful confined to Flinder's Island, "the abode of broken hearts," are all that remain of the ancient lords of the forests of Tasmania.

> "There dwell the most forlorn of human kind,
> Cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape."*

In New South Wales there is one, and one only, of the Botany Bay tribe remaining. He is very fond of the Bay, very intelligent, and has a ten-acre piece of ground and some "white-fellow" tenants. "Well Mitter," (Mr.) said he to a friend of mine, in a half-musing tone, "all black-fellow gone! all this my country! pretty place Botany! Little pickaninny, I run about here. Plenty black-fellow then; corrobbory; great fight; all canoe about. Only me left now, Mitter—. Poor gin mine tumble down, (die.) All gone! Bury her like a lady, Mitter—; all put in coffin, English fashion. I feel lump in throat when I talk about her; but,—I buried her all very genteel, Mitter—."

* Count Strzelecki states that "at the epoch of their deportation in 1835 the number of natives amounted to 210. In 1842 they mustered only 54 individuals; and, during eight years, they had an accession of only 14 children!" They are believed to die of disease of the stomach, produced by mental distress.

A rumour existed in the Colony, that some blacks had been poisoned by the squatters. The first edition of this rumour was to the effect, that they had been poisoned by the gift to them of sheep that had been dipped for the scab, or dressed with arsenic; then we heard that this was not the accusation, but the reply; then again we were told that arsenic had been administered in maize-meal. It is impossible to say that a diabolical wretch might not have poisoned blacks, of whom he lived in dread; but we have the satisfaction of knowing that these rumours attracted the attention of the late Sir George Gipps; and I will venture to say, that two men could not be found in the colony, who would doubt, that if Sir George could have detected any tangible foundation for such reports, he would, if possible, have brought the guilty parties to condign punishment. Still, the existence of such a rumour, and the recollection of the great difficulty Captain Cook had to prevent even British sailors from wantonly slaughtering aborigines, of a superior class to these, makes every friend of humanity naturally anxious that the government should afford protection to both races.

CHAPTER VII.

Difficulties of the Traveller on the Coast—An Oasis—Magnificent Farm—Beautiful District called Illawarra—Tropical Scenery—Gigantic Fig Tree—A New South Wales Garden—An Epicure—Silicified Wood—"Clearing-Lease-Men"—Bees—Churches—Bell Ringing—A Natural Fountain—Land Sharks and Aërial Townships—An Illawarra Farmer and his Ideas—A Dominie—An Australian Buck—"The Mud-Lark."

THE traveller on the coast has some difficulty in finding his way, for there are no roads on the coast-line south of the Shoalhaven. He is also much inconvenienced by the necessity of crossing rivers, the heads of lakes, and innumerable boggy places; and it is essential that his horse should not only be hardy and much enduring, but also a good *water-dog*, and an experienced *bog-trotter*. On leaving Ulladulla for the north, it is usual to consult the state of the tide, with the view of crossing, without inconvenience, a small tidal river. During my apprenticeship to the bush, I spent many a weary hour on its banks, waiting for the ebb, and that often in darkness at the close of a long day's journey; but I learnt, at length, to swim my horse across; first, however, taking the precaution to hang my

long boots, &c., round my neck, having been taught by frequent experience, that however pleasant a warm *slipper* bath may be, a bootful of water is anything but agreeable, although, doubtless, hydropathic and healthy.

By day a man does not so much feel the spell of the wild country through which he is travelling. Perhaps he may hear dogs barking, whips cracking, men shouting; but at night, when the silent stars look down upon him, as he sits solitary near the sea shore, when the whispering winds breathe softly upon his cheek, and he hears the ceaseless murmur and flow of the ocean, as its waves fall with a gentle, sleepy splash upon the sands; and whilst, again, the voice of strange creatures echoes sullenly around,—then indeed he feels, pretty sensibly, that he is far away from Fleet-street. But, even by day, when wandering alone in the woods, a solemn feeling sometimes steals over one, as he reflects that "here the seed has fallen, the sapling has arisen, has attained maturity, has become a mighty monarch of the woods, then sunk into decay and crumbled into dust, and others have in like manner supplied its place, and this process has been repeated again and again through the lapse of dim mysterious ages; and no eye has seen it save that of the roaming savage; and now, at length, this new world has been revealed, and he treads its secret haunts."

When we have turned our backs on Ulladulla, *en route* for Sydney and the north, and crossed the aforesaid river, we have dull heaths for many miles, and woods that would be dreary indeed were it not for the

bright sunshine; and the whole country is the picture of barrenness. It is evident, in many places, that the land has encroached on the sea, and that this process is still going on. The sand of the shore is, at low water, carried inland by the winds, forming huge mounds that reach, in some places, nearly to the coast range; but, independent of this cause of barrenness on the coast, we learn from Sir Thomas Mitchell, that "the soil of New South Wales is good only where trap, limestone, or granite occurs, and that sandstone predominates so much more than all these as to cover about six-sevenths of the whole surface comprised within the boundaries of nineteen *counties*, and that wherever this happens to be the surface rock, little besides barren sand is found in the place of soil."—(*Three Expeditions*, vol. ii., p. 324.) On the sandy soil, near the sea, springs the honey-suckle—*Banksia Integrifolia.*

When we have travelled about twenty-five miles, we find, in the midst of the waste, a fine flat, and, in the centre of it, a pool of clear, fresh water. Some handsome trees are dotted about the flat, and a green belt of Mimosa surrounds it; so that it is by no means to be despised as a halting place, in the absence of all inns, posting-houses, and ostlers. At this place we used to unsaddle, and allow the horses to roll, and drink and feed, whilst we rested on the grass. We invariably permitted them, however much heated, to drink to their heart's content in every stream, or pool, that was open to the sun, and no ill consequences ever occurred; and their hearty draughts were, no doubt, enjoyed by

them as much as we can conceive hock and soda water to have been relished by a certain noble poet on thirsty mornings. Another twenty-five miles brings us to the banks of the Shoalhaven, on which are rich alluvial flats, and a farm that cannot be equalled in the colony, nor yet excelled in England. The owners of this noble property hold, as freehold, eighty thousand acres of fine land, of which twenty thousand are naturally clear and fit for the plough; and I speak within bounds when I say, that on the estate are five thousand acres of white clover. This, indeed, spreads so fast that, in a few years, the greater part of the property will be covered with it; but a mixture of clover and rye-grass is preferred. On this estate, and on the adjoining waste lands, are maintained upwards of three thousand head of cattle, and several herds of horses. Wheat and maize are grown in great quantities; and the fields, when waving with these luxuriant crops, present a noble appearance, which is most striking when one enters the farm from the southward, after a wearisome journey through a barren country. Large sums of money have been expended in draining the flats; but the surface of the swamps which now produce luxuriant clover, has actually been *puddled* by the tread of cattle, until, thus, a crust has been formed over them. A bullock will scramble in safety through a swamp which would prove fatal to a horse; and the often repeated passage of cattle does, in the course of time, render the face of a swamp safe even for him. Thus, I have known a safe crossing place to be formed in the soft bottom of a small tidal

river by frequently driving cattle through it; but, if a horseman deviated either to the right or to the left of the crossing place, he would probably lose his steed.

Great pains have been taken to improve the breed of cattle on this estate; and bulls have been imported from England at great expence. "Ella," a short-horned Durham, is a splendid creature, and cost 500*l.*; and there are also some beautiful Ayrshire bulls. Choice animals of this description are kept for sale, in an extensive clover paddock devoted to them alone; and to this place they become so attached that there is a difficulty in removing them, even in the company of cows. Some of the bullocks, reared and fed on the swamps, attain a great size, and a few weigh fifteen hundred weight; and the rolls of fat on their backs form hollows something like a saucer. From the woods that skirt the swamps they come out to feed; and, during the heat of the day, retire into them to rest and enjoy the shade. One beast yielded 250 lbs. of caul and kidney fat; and 5 cwt. of tallow were obtained by boiling down two of them. I have never seen, in England, cattle equal in size and weight to those on this princely property (and none of them are stall-fed); and the overseer at Ulladulla, an experienced farming man, confessed that he had never seen finer animals than the general run of cattle here, excepting on the estate of the late Sir Charles Morgan, in Monmouthshire. Drafts of fat cattle are constantly sent from this farm to Sydney for sale (a distance of one hundred miles), and many dairy cows are sold to other settlers. A large

dairy is kept on foot, where often two hundred cows are milked, but only once a-day; for, after the morning's milk is taken from them, the calves are allowed to run with them until night. These cows yield about two gallons of milk each per day; and, under another system, would doubtless give more. The skim-milk feeds a little army of pigs. Many beautiful mares are to be found amongst the herds of horses; and when I last visited the property, a stallion from the English turf was in the stalls. The horses bred on this property attain a good size; their points are well developed, and many have been sent to India.

The owners of this estate reside in an excellent brick house, which crowns a rising ground. Their hospitality is unbounded; and "the travellers' room," with its neat and clean beds, has been the place of rest of many a weary pilgrim. Well-built cottages have been erected in convenient situations for the accommodation of the different superintendents. The garden is large, and exceedingly productive; indeed, with such a soil, with moisture and a hot sun, what may not be expected? The prolific nature of the soil and climate is evidenced by the fact, that a peach-tree bears in the second year after the stone from which it sprung has been sown; and to the climate, as well as to the abundance of fine feed, the large size of the cattle is no doubt to be attributed. The Shoalhaven, being navigable, adds much to the value of the property; and the produce of the farm is sent up to Sydney, in vessels built on the river. This estate would maintain some thousands of people;

but the owners of it can never become rich by farming it. To give an idea of the value of farming produce in this colony, I may mention that one of these gentlemen told me that he once grew two thousand bushels of barley, but could only find purchasers for half the quantity, and did not know what to do with the remainder. This estate did not suffer by the late drought, and, when I left the colony, the dairy returned 70*l.* sterling per week, in butter alone, many other dairies having been brought to a stand-still, and, amongst them, that at Ulladulla, where, indeed, the cattle were then dying for lack of food, at a distance of only fifty miles.

In the swamps is occasionally found a bird of which I did not succeed in obtaining a good view, but which is probably a small species of bittern. It produces a sound exactly like the low, muttered, bellow of a bull; and the effect of this, on a still night, is remarkable. The blacks, strangely enough, did not appear to be acquainted with this bird, and thought its boom was ominous of the presence of the Devil-Devil, whence I presume it is a rare visitor. Two smart black boys, well mounted, are here employed as stockmen; but they generally indulge, in the course of each year, in a few weeks holiday in the bush. Caterpillars, apparently bred in the ground, sometimes suddenly make their appearance, and hang in great numbers on each stalk of wheat; if the wheat is well advanced in ear, they do not do it much injury, but they are very destructive to the young leaf of the clover. The native dog no longer makes this estate his head-quarters, but contents

himself with occasional incursions, in packs of six or seven, a number which is not usually seen together. These are soon destroyed by stout kangaroo-dogs; but there is honour amongst the thieves, and, when one is attacked, the others often come to the rescue.

Leaving the hospitable mansion of Messrs. Berry, our path, for nine miles, lies on a hard beach. The horses now stretch themselves to their full speed, and rejoice at their emancipation from the bush. In the surf, porpoises are often seen at play. When the traveller quits the beach, he climbs an ascent, and is suddenly in the midst of country differing essentially from any to which I have as yet introduced the reader; and when his progress has been continued for a short time, he is astonished by finding himself in the midst of tropical scenery. The cabbage-tree palm is found on every side; the feathery-leaved fern-tree abounds; and one is surrounded by foliage of the most vivid green. Luxuriant creepers ascend lofty trees, and depend from them in matted and interlaced festoons, whilst some of the stems of the climbing plants are like cordage "fantastically tangled." The aspect of the country is very rich; the soil is a red loam; and vistas, in the thick woods, offer occasionally a beautiful perspective, with here and there a glimpse of the bright sea, on whose restless waves the sunbeams dance.

The district we have entered is called Illawarra, the native name bestowed by the aborigines; and, I have been told, that it means "happy valley."* It consists,

* The following are such native names as I chance to recollect:

principally, of a belt of rich, brushy country, forty miles in length, backed, at no great distance from the sea, by mountains. These are clothed with brush; but, above the dark undergrowth, rise different species of the eucalypti; and, when the mountains are viewed from a distance, they have certainly much the appearance of the olive-clad hills of Italy. Their crests, no doubt, collect and condense the fleecy clouds which roll up, and are scattered abroad over them, when the wind is to the southward. If one climb the heights, a magnificent panorama is presented to the eye. In front, in the distance, lies the sea; and, immediately beneath you, a richly-wooded country, dotted with farms and clearings, in the midst of which is spread a broad lake. Amongst the inhabitants of the mountains are the brush turkey, which forms a huge nest common to a community, and wild cattle. These last are savage and dangerous, and much degenerated from the parent stock, being heavy in front and light in the hind quarters. In the streams is found the platypus; indeed, this nondescript is common in many parts of the colony, and is to be seen in the evenings swimming on the surface of the water, in quest of flies and other insects.

Amongst the trees that, in this district, arrest the traveller's attention, is the gigantic fig-tree. It is produced by a seed deposited by birds, in an undigested

"Illawarra, Ulladulla, Coolangatta, Bengalla, Kiama, Woollongong, Bongbong, Jerringong, Woolloomaloo, Woolloomalan, Mooroo, Currabobbila." I have been told, more than once, that there is an affinity between the language of the aborigines and that of Eastern nations.

himself in the cleft of a gum or of a wild plum-tree. Its seed germinates, and produces a parasite, which sends its tendrils to the ground. Here these, taking root, gradually envelop their foster parent and destroy it; and, becoming united, usurp its place, and form a large forest tree, which rises to the height of sixty feet and upwards. This bears a fruit sought out by the beautiful crested pigeon. Another tree is a species of myrtle, *eugenia myrtifolia*. It is often six feet in girth, is covered with myrtle flowers, and bears a wax-like fruit, the size and shape of a bullace, but pink on one side, and of a sub-acid flavour.

An emigrant mechanic gives a description of the recesses of the Illawarra mountains:—"The spot where we had pitched our tent was a small grassy forest on the hill side; and everywhere around it—down below in the endless ravines, and up above towards the insurmountable heights of the range—was thick tangled brush, growing amidst lofty trees, so thick that beneath them was perpetual shadow, or, rather, something more gloomy still. The ground was covered with decaying leaves, and old, waterlogged, windfall trees, so rotten that the foot could break its way deep into the substance of that gnarled wood which at one time would have stopped a cannon-ball. Wherever you went, creeks of crystal ice-like water, plunging down the mountain side, each in its stony bed, kept up a murmur day and night; never changing, except when increased by rains into the roar of a torrent. This mountain, or, more properly, heap of mountains, ran down where we were at work nearly into the sea,

and, for many miles, every way, the character of the vegetation is as I have described. Here and there, certainly, a little patch of grassy forest would assert a place for itself on the shoulder of a hill, and partly down the side; but, generally, the entire surface of the mountain, for many miles up and down the coast, every way, was clothed with this thick brush; besides which, so irregular, and broken, and confused was the surface of the range itself, that even the best bushmen felt timid of committing themselves to it. Some of the [cedar] trees were noble looking objects, with their great spurs running out at the butt like the buttresses of a castle; and when one of them fell before the axe, what a body of timber it crushed down before it, and what an opening it made in the brush!"*

At another page our emigrant says:—"The soil is excellent; I have heard some of the settlers say that they could dig down forty feet through the soil of their farms on this seaside tract without finding a stone as large as a pea. It was, therefore, one of the most amiable features of the policy of the best Governor this colony ever had, to give out in this district farms to a number of little settlers, for a poor man's use of land is, of course, agricultural, and a fertile soil must be an immense advantage."

Numerous settlers are located at the foot of the mountains; and some in nooks perfectly out of sight; so that one might often pass through Illawarra without being aware of their existence. There are, however,

* "Settlers and Convicts." By an Emigrant Mechanic.—P. 57, 83.

to be detected, as one passes along the high road, abundant symptoms of a busy and thriving community; and, whenever I renewed my visits, I observed the progress of improvement. The port of the district is within a reasonable distance (fifty miles) of Sydney: and a steamer and numerous sailing vessels ply for the convenience of the settlers. Hence, they are on a far better footing than the farmer in the bush; and are able to send to market regular supplies of fresh butter and fresh fruit. Much of their attention is given to dairy-farms, on which the white clover flourishes; and it even spreads so as to cover the sides of the roads. Their dairy-cows are beautifully bred. They have also reason to be proud of their gardens; and I propose to introduce the reader to the show-garden of the district, which is the property of an enterprising man, who was long the master of a trading vessel. Sailors always make good settlers. This garden is situate in a warm hollow; and the approach to it is by means of a rustic bridge, thrown over a clear and rapid stream, into which droop the branches of a fine weeping-willow. Passing the bridge, we enter an arbour covered with fuschias, the double white moss rose, and the bignonia. The garden hedge is of lemon; laid, and trimmed like a holly hedge. On each side the middle walk, and fronting the visitor as he enters, is a mass of plantain stems (here called the banana) full thirty feet in circumference, and, in the season, laden with fruit. The stems are about twelve feet in height; and from them depend the beautiful purple sheaths of the younger

fruit. There are many plots of them about the garden; and a bunch of the fruit sells in Sydney for half-a-crown. On the sides of some of the walks are orange, lemon, and shaddock trees, the citron, and the flowering almond; and, on the sides of others, standard peaches and apricots, and weeping nectarines, with occasionally mulberries, and the finest varieties of pears. The squares are filled with plum, apple, cherry, and medlar trees. There are two very fine walnut-trees, being amongst the first that have borne in the colony. Other squares between the walks, to the extent of three acres, are filled with vines in full bearing. Some of the orange, lemon, and citron trees are from eighteen to twenty feet in height, and have always two crops hanging on them, and often three. At eight or ten years of age, each of these trees produces in the course of the year from one hundred to three hundred dozen. The pomegranates are in high perfection; and the hops are said to vie with the finest from Farnham. The ground is covered with melons in every variety; whilst the asparagus-beds would bear a comparison with those of Battersea, Fulham, or Putney. I must not forget to mention the loquat, raspberries, cape-gooseberries, and filberts. In one corner of the garden, in a damp spot, grow the osiers, of which they make baskets for packing the fruit. Every fruit is superior of its kind; and it appears that in this district can be grown in the open air all the fruits of England, with all those of a tropical climate, the pine-apple excepted; but this succeeds in the open air, at Moreton

Bay. I must also except currants and gooseberries, which do not generally succeed in the colony, except on high table-land. In the stream is English watercress; and the hawthorn is grown in the garden as a memento of old England and her green lanes. The walnut here bears in the tenth year, and the mulberry in the third. Another settler has the following succession of peaches, bearing from January to June, both inclusive:—"The early Newington"—"the Noblesse"—"the Roman," and "the late June," which corresponds with the October peach in England, and is here a delicious table-fruit, being highly improved in flavour by the effects of climate. He has "the Moor Park" apricot, and "the blood nectarine" (a colonial variety), "the weeping nectarine," and "the double-flowering Chinese nectarine," which perfects it fruits here.*

In this climate one can eat with safety almost any quantity of fruit.

> "Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
> With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries."

I have often been amused by the picture afforded by a huge settler devouring peaches. He plants himself under a standard tree, loaded with large and delicious fruit, and there sucks in the refreshing food, stooping all the time, in order that the juice, instead of mean-

* A gardener advertises, in a Sydney paper, that he has for sale of vine cuttings 41 different sorts; of apples, 36; of pears, 10; of plums, 10; of apricots, 4; of cherries, 5; of peaches and nectarines, 14; of figs, 5; of mulberries, 2; of oranges, 11; of camellias, 15; of magnolias, 6; of laurel roses, 10; of other roses, 40; of passion flowers, 10; besides a multitude of other things.

dering down the corners of his mouth, may fall on the ground. He is at length reluctantly compelled to desist, and walks off disconsolate, in the mood of the midshipman who cried because he could eat no more pudding. But, in fact, peaches cannot be considered as food, but as drink. They are a great luxury; as also is a glass of cold and clear water, which descends the dry throat like a liquid avalanche, and is said—so the story goes—literally to hiss and fiz when it comes in contact with the parched interior; the patient, meanwhile, gaping again like a fish upon dry land.

At a short distance from the garden I have described, is to be seen the silicified stump of a tree. The roots are plainly to be seen; and it has exactly the appearance of the stump of a tree turned into stone as it stood. On the river Hunter many of these specimens are to be seen. At Carrington Park, some of them exist in a gully, opposite the house, and appear to have been washed out of the soil. I recollect showing one of these to a friend, who was at first persuaded it was a bonâ fide stump, but on attempting to lift it, he soon discovered his error.

In this district is to be found a numerous class of small settlers called "clearing-lease men." They take a small piece of uncleared land (each about thirty acres), on condition of having it rent-free for six years, and form on it a kind of shanty, much in the style of a gipsy's tent; being often nothing more than a bark roof placed on the ground. Under this they live whilst they clear and improve their little holding;

though ultimately they run up very decent huts. By the time their original tenancy expires, they have generally got on pretty well in the world, and can afford to pay about ten pounds a-year for their now reclaimed land. Most of these men have a dairy cow and a mare, which get their own living under the mountains; and the sale of their butter and of their crops, and the money they occasionally earn from the other settlers as labourers, keep the pot boiling. I have seen one of them give six guineas for a dairy cow; which is a large price in a country so abounding with cattle. Butcher's meat is generally very cheap ; and I have known rounds of fresh beef to be carted from a boiling-down establishment in this district, and delivered at a distance of fifteen miles at one penny a pound. These men are fully aware of the advantage of being near a market. "What," said one of them, "do you think I'd consent to be banished down to Holy Dollar ? What could I do there, I wonder ?" A clearing-lease man must have some experience in the colony before he can with prudence commence operations, and he must have capital enough to support himself and family for one year. In fact, he must lay in supplies as if he were bound on a voyage of discovery, and twelve months were to elapse before he could hope joyfully to exclaim, "Land! Ho!"

I believe that most of the settlers in Illawarra, of whatever grade, are comfortable and happy.

The English bee has been introduced into Illawarra within the last few years, and with much success. The power this insect has of producing its own species,

appears to be much increased in this climate, where there is no pinching winter. The produce of one hive gave, in three years, three hundred hives; besides those that had escaped into the bush, and become wild. This statement may appear extraordinary at first sight, but a reference to figures will attest its truth; and it must be recollected that the parent hive, and each of its swarms, with their produce again, and so on, are all continually increasing. So, in the fourth Georgic,—

"Thus through the race of life they quickly run,
Which in the space of seven short years is done;
Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,
And *grandsires' grandsires* the long list contains."*

The birds are great foes to the bees. With extended wing, they hover before the hives for a length of time, waiting for the return of the industrious insect, which they catch and carry off; and the bee has many other enemies.

"The painted lizard and the birds of prey,
Foes of the frugal kind be far away—
The titmouse, and the pecker's hungry brood,
And Procné with her bosom stained in blood:
These rob the trading citizens, and bear
The trembling captives through the liquid air,
And for their callow young a cruel feast prepare." †

* "Ergo ipsas quamvis angusti terminus ævi
Excipiat (neque enim plus septima ducitur æstas),
At genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum."
4 *Georg.* 206.

† "Absint et picti squalentia terga lacerti
Pinguibus a stabulis, meropesque, aliæque volucres,
Et manibus Procné pectus signata cruentis.
Omnia nam late vastant, ipsasque volantes
Ore ferunt dulcem nidis immitibus escam."
4 *Georg.* 14.

Some of the housewives manufacture from honey a most excellent wine, which, the longer it is kept, the better it is; and much honey is sent to Sydney for sale and export. By referring to a local paper, I am enabled to give some particulars of the honey trade. One settler sent to England the produce of forty hives, which yielded about 1000 lbs. of rough comb, and in taking the honey, not a single hive of the bees was lost. The net produce was 7 cwt. and 10 lbs. of honey, and 34 lbs. of wax. This was sold in England for 20 guineas; but brokerages, duty, &c., had to be deducted, leaving only 16*l.* 9s. 5d. I learn from the same source, that another settler sent to England a ton of honey and 4 cwt. of wax; and, of course, the larger the export, the less, in proportion, will be the expenses.

I believe Illawarra to be, so far as nature is concerned, one of the most charming places in the world. Sir Thomas Mitchell calls it an earthly paradise.* The fine streams that gush from the hills afford ample means of artificial irrigation; and, when this shall be adopted, it will be, indeed, "a land of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil-olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it."—(*Deuteronomy* viii., 8, 9.)

At the pretty town of Woollongong is the port of the district, and an artificial harbour has been cut in the rock. A neat church has been erected at "Dunlop-Vale," but is, as some think, disfigured by a cross,

* "Three Expeditions," vol, ii. p. 322.

which is stuck over the entrance, and certainly looks rather forlorn. Some of the settlers are as much scandalised by its presence as if it were a crucifix, and, thinking it savours of Popery, refuse to subscribe to the building. A wooden church is at progress at Kiama, twenty-five miles south of Woollongong, and is also adorned, or disfigured, as people may think, by the same emblem. This is the last church on the coast south of Sydney. In the year 1836 there were only thirteen churches in the colony, but now there are upwards of seventy, and thirty-seven parsonage-houses. During the four years that Ulladulla was my head-quarters, we were once visited by a clergyman of the Church of England, once by a Presbyterian minister, and once by a Roman Catholic priest. The Presbyterian minister came to solemnize a wedding, and was conducted up and down the coast by a regular cavalcade, as also was the Roman Catholic priest when he made his progress, which he did carrying a very suspicious-looking black book in one hand. If the settlers can and will suscribe half the expense of building a place of worship and maintaining a minister (of whatever denomination), the Government supply the residue; but farmers in the bush cannot pay down money, and, therefore, within the so-called nineteen counties (to say nothing of the districts beyond the boundaries), men live and die, and children are reared, without any degree of religious instruction. At one place, the settlers offered to pay in kind, one subscribing a pig, and another a bullock; but tithes in kind were not

acceptable to the clergy. Indeed, it was not to be expected that the wishes of the settlers could be gratified on such terms, as the clergyman might have been thus left destitute of some absolute necessaries. I have known a medical man receive a *cow-fee;* and *cow-points*, at whist, were once not uncommon in the bush. *Cheese-hits*, at backgammon, I have myself played. Having been led to mention the clergy, I may add, that the colony acknowledges no state church, but all denominations are on an equal footing. The Roman Catholics have, however, this advantage; they have the only ring of bells in the colony; and these used to strike up, in Sydney, just as the Protestant bishop began to preach. The congregation fancied this was done to annoy them. "The tinkling, the jingling, and the clangour," excited their indignation, and, for a time, "their only conversation was ding-dong." But the fact was, the bells were new; the Roman Catholics were glad to be let out of chapel, and flew to the belfry as a child to its new toy. Ultimately, the practice was discontinued.*

At Kiama is a cavern running horizontally into the cliffs on the sea-side, and open to the sea. At right

* "Unhappy mortals, ever blind to fate!
Unhappy monks, you see no danger nigh!
Exulting in their sound, and size, and weight,
From morn till noon the merry peal you ply;
The belfry rocks, your bosoms are elate,
Your spirits with the ropes and pulleys fly;
Tired, but *transported*, panting, pulling, hauling,
Ramping and stamping, overjoyed and bawling."

WHISTLECRAFT.

angles to it, and communicating with it from above, is a perpendicular shaft, or opening, like a huge well. Hence, during heavy gales of wind, the waves dash into the cavern, and a gigantic fountain spouts through the opening, or "blow-hole," to the height of sixty feet. Kiama is rather famous in colonial annals for the immense prices obtained by the Government for plots of land in the town that *ought* to have sprung up there. This embryo town consists of a few scattered cottages; and land, that once fetched 400*l.* an acre, might now be had for an old song. When the Government could sell no more land there at a high price, it offered to sell at a tenth of what had been its highest reserved bid, and at a fiftieth part of what it had once sold at, thus depreciating the value of all former purchases; just as cheap Jack in the fair, when he has sold a knife for a shilling, immediately announces that he has another just as good, if not much better, which he will sell for one penny, and so raises a laugh against his dupe.*

* A committee of the Legislative Council made the following statement:—"The localities on which the upset price has been raised and subsequently reduced between the years 1833 and 1844. comprehend nearly the whole of the colony. As remarkable instances your committee select the localities of Alexandria, Old South Head Road, where the upset price was 10*l.* in 1839, and 100*l.* in 1840, and 5*l.* to 10*l.* per acre in 1844; St. Leonard's, 100*l.* in 1840, 150*l.* in 1842, and 50*l.* in 1844; Kiama, 8*l.*, 50*l.*, and 80*l.* in 1842, and the last were sold in 1843 at 8*l.* per acre." The Governor made the following reply:—"Of the three places mentioned (Alexandria and the Old South Head Road), two are in the neighbourhood of Sydney! the third, Kiama, is a place at which during the height of the land mania, the most absurd prices were given for land. The course pursued by the Government in respect

At Jervis Bay, which is not far from the Shoalhaven, are five *towns;* but amongst them all, are but two inhabited houses. The temptation here was the fine bay, and it was supposed that it would be the outlet of the country in the interior. The architects of these aerial towns were often greedy "land-sharks," who richly deserved the pillory; but the originators of others were sometimes themselves as much deceived as those they gulled, and really believed that, if a place had natural advantages, it would and must go a-head, by some strange means or other. They seem not to have considered the means by which it could be peopled, or *paying* employment (and this is the rub) secured either to its inhabitants, or to an outlying rural population. But in which category are we to place the Government? It was surely its duty to discourage in the young colony, which it had at nurse, a mania for speculation in land, which reduced it to a state of syncope. Its policy was the reverse of this. It carried on the auctioneering business to the utmost of its power, gave the settlers waste land for their money, with this brought in emigrants, and then coolly kicked them out again (in two years, ten thousand left the colony, many for Valparaiso); for when it had got these emigrants, it

to the upset price of these lands, all of which were either town, suburban, or special allotments, was precisely that which any private proprietor would have followed, who had lands which he desired to sell. The upset price (or what *an ordinary auctioneer* would call the reserved price) was a little below what it was supposed the land would sell for." I may remark that "the reserved price" is announced before the sale.

would neither give them land to settle upon, nor sell it them at a reasonable price, nor grant them long leases. The minimum price of land is, as before observed, 20s. an acre, which is more than any one, having an eye to a proportionate return on his capital, can afford to give; but the establishment of this price has been an excellent thing for the squatter, as it has secured him from intrusion. The idea of applying any uniform price to the waste lands of this kaleidoscope colony appears to the practical settler very absurd; but he is not allowed to form any opinion of the value of the land which lies under his nose, and on which rains the sweat of his brow; but strangers in another hemisphere, squinting at him through an inverted telescope, kindly send him word what it is—not; and, if he remonstrate, as I do now, are apt to think him both stupid and pert. So convinced are the settlers of the mischief arising from the present uniform minimum price, that they, I am sure, would be glad if it were reduced to five shillings, although many of them hold land for which they gave the Government a pound sterling.

It certainly appears to me, that the mere fact that the price of waste land in Australia far exceeds its price in other British colonies, must tend to turn the tide of emigration from its shores; and if so, this is a conclusive argument. Let any one cast his eye over the following table extracted from the "Colonisation Circular," issued by her Majesty's Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, on July 29, 1848, and say

what chance he thinks there is of intending emigrants resorting to New South Wales to buy land:

"SUMMARY OF MODES OF SALE, AND PRICES, IN THE PRINCIPAL LAND-SELLING COLONIES.

COLONY.	MODE OF SALE.	PRICE PER ACRE.
North American Colonies:—		
Canada (West)	Fixed Price	8*s.* currency.
Canada (East)	Ditto	6*s.* and 4*s.* ditto, according to situation.
Nova Scotia	Ditto	1*s.* 9*d.* sterling.
New Brunswick	Auction	3*s.* currency upset price.
Prince Edward's Island	Ditto	10*s.* to 20*s.* ditto.
Australian Colonies:—	By Auction. Country Lands not sold at the public sales may afterwards be bought at the upset price as a fixed price.	
Sydney		Lowest upset price, 1*l.* sterling.
Port Phillip		
Western Australia		
South Australia		
New Zealand		
Falklands	Auction. Ditto Ditto.	Lowest upset price, 8*s.* sterling.
Bahamas	Auction. Ditto Ditto.	Ditto 6*s.*
Other West India Colonies	Auction	Ditto 1*l.*
Cape of Good Hope	Ditto	Lowest upset price, 2*s.* sterling.
Ceylon	Ditto	Ditto 1*l.* sterling.
Hong Kong	Ditto. Only leases granted.	Rent to be ascertained by auction."

The same publication also shows how few labourers have been of late imported into the colony:

"EMIGRATION FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM.

YEARS.	North American Colonies.	United States.	Australian Colonies and New Zealand.	All other Places.	TOTAL.
1843	23,518	28,335	3,478	1,881	57,212
1844	22,924	43,660	2,229	1,873	70,686
1845	31,803	58,538	830	2,330	93,501
1846	43,439	82,239	2,347	1,826	129,851
1847	109,680	142,154	4,949	1,487	258,270

Average Annual Emigration from the United Kingdom for the last twenty-three years ..... 75,547"

This table should be read in connection with the former; and thus we find that where labour is the most scarce, the price of land is the highest. Could we *compel* people to buy at this price, we might import labour with the proceeds, but we can't do this. Capitalists are shut out, except as squatters.

In this colonisation circular,—which is published at the low price of twopence, and which I think ought to be forwarded to the minister of every parish in the kingdom, in order that he might give information to his parishioners,—will be found an account of the amount of emigration as above, from the year 1825. I have commenced with the year 1843, because in that year the minimum price was raised to 1*l.* per acre. In twelve years, the price of land has been varied no less than five times! In the Port Phillip district, the price was fixed at 1*l.* an acre in 1841. "The land mania" may be said to have commenced in 1839: and no doubt the knowledge that it was in contemplation to raise the price, contributed to make people buy largely at the then price. As we learn from an official document published in the colony, "in 1839, the minimum price was raised from 5s. to 12s., but did not extend to lands previously advertised at the former rate, of which there was a very large quantity at the time."

Now, the necessity for selling land being so great, is it *because* the North American colonies and the United States are, compared with New South Wales, but our next door neighbours, *because* their lands are better, *because* the cost of transit to them is less than the cost

of transit to New South Wales, *because* labour is there to be had at a cheaper rate than in New South Wales, and *because* the Cape is halfway between England and New South Wales, that it is thought expedient to make the price of land at the last so (comparatively) excessive?—because,—in fact,—elsewhere, people can buy, at a shop much nearer home, a better article, at a far less price, and have cheaper labour to turn it to account, and a nearer market at which to dispose of the results of such labour? What should we think of a tradesman, in an out of the way street, who, because he was in great distress for means to hire workmen to carry on his business, should refuse to sell his goods except at an extravagant price, whilst all the rest of the world were selling at a moderate price the same description of goods, yet of a better quality?

I will only add, that the effects of land-jobbing are duly recorded in the Insolvent Court at Sydney; for from the 1st of February 1842, to the 1st of February 1844, 1168 insolvents figured there. It is idle to attribute this bankruptcy to "extravagance and champagne," as has been done; indeed, it will be found that most of the champagne drunk in the colony is tossed off by shepherds and stockmen, who come down the country to spend their wages. The masters get very little of it indeed.*

* Compare "extravagance and champagne" with the sum of one million, seventy-one thousand, six hundred and eighty-eight pounds, which was, in ten years, expended in the purchase of waste lands in this colony; and, if the reader is further curious in such questions, then he may inquire, what annual return now represents this

I was accustomed, when passing through Illawarra, to stop at the house of a farmer, who had been set up in the world under the system that once prevailed in the colony. On his arrival in the country, the government had given him land, supplied him with convict labour, with rations for the support of the convicts for a time, and with seed wheat. He was subsequently called upon to pay the value of the wheat, and of some milch cows which were also furnished him. He married a young person who had been educated in the orphan asylum, and to whom the government gave, as her dowry, a hundred acres of land. When I knew him he had feathered his nest very satisfactorily. He had a good house and extensive outbuildings, which were surrounded by an apple orchard, and by fine orange-trees in full bearing. He had a good deal of very rich land in cultivation, and his maize was most magnificent. His wife—a most respectable person—was then an excellent and diligent mistress; and round his board were a number of stout boys, who were very useful to their father, and also very well behaved: although when I first knew them, they used to laugh at me as being "a new chum." On fine summer evenings, this settler used to sit in his verandah, which overlooks his farm, and, gravely smoking his pipe, discuss what the government formerly did for settlers, to make it worth their while to come into the colony, and what it does now. He did not think that it acts wisely in

capital? and when he has solved this query, he will have a pretty clear idea of the actual value of waste land.

taking from a settler a pound sterling for every acre of land he acquires, and in laying out this money, or the greater part of it, in importing men, women, and children, not one of whom, in such a wide country, he may ever chance to set his eyes upon. This, he thought, crippled the settler in the outset; and that it was absurd to attempt to establish people in the colony by emptying their pockets, and making it difficult for them to obtain land at all. He did not think that capitalists would be tempted to come into the country by shutting its door in their faces, nor yet that strangers can manage colonial matters with more exquisite cunning than practical settlers, who, if left to themselves, would devise the best means of supplying themselves with labour. Finally, he was of opinion, that the regulations now in force, whilst they aim at the introduction of labour, tend practically to shut out those who should employ it as landowners.*

* William Penn sold lands in Pennsylvania at the rate of a hundred acres for forty shillings, and a quit rent for ever of one shilling for that quantity; and he let land at one shilling an acre. The emigrants supplied themselves with servants; and, when their servitude expired, whether men or women, they had each fifty acres of land, that quantity being allowed their masters for that purpose. (Vide Clarkson's Memoirs of William Penn, vol. i., pp. 281, 351.) The Americans at this day, as well as ourselves, undersell the Australian colonies. If the Government would promise to each emigrant labourer a certain quantity of land, he might, perhaps, agree to repay by instalments the expense of his passage out (which he would very shortly be able to do), and thus there might be annually a sum applicable to the purposes of emigration; and this would be in fact selling the land but deferring the payment of its price, and giving the purchaser a free passage into the bargain. The late Lord Sydenham said, in reference to Canada, "Wake-

He appeared inclined to regret the cessation of transportation; and I doubt not that, in his heart, he was sometimes ready to exclaim with Sir John Falstaff, "O for a fine thief of two-and-twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided."

It was to such a settler as this that a member of the swell mob was assigned. He made his appearance dressed up to the pink of perfection—"to the nines," as the convict slang has it—as when pursuing his original vocation in the lobby of the Opera House. He strutted into the house, filled with an idea of his own importance, and calculating on the overpowering impression he should produce on a New South Wales farmer. The settler glanced at him, and disregarding the volubility with

field's doctrine won't do. To force concentration here is the greatest of absurdities. There is no fear of people spreading too much. No man will go far into the woods if he can help it. So far from a high price being essential, as Wakefield has it, I would willingly give land to settlers who come *bonâ fide* to establish themselves, and would engage to make roads, &c." In New South Wales the attempt at concentration has produced dispersion, by driving some emigrants into the bush as squatters, and driving many out of the colony altogether. By William Penn lands were sold "subject to certain conditions relating to the building, forming, and settling of towns, roads, and lands, and to the treatment of the natives; and, amongst other things, it was stipulated that no purchaser of ten thousand acres or more should have above a thousand acres lying together, unless in three years he planted a family upon every thousand of the same; that every man should be bound to plant or man so much as should be surveyed and set out to him, within three years after such survey, or else a new comer should be settled thereon, who should pay him his survey money, and he himself should go up higher for his share." In a short time he sold, on these conditions, a million acres of land, the whole produce of which sale he expended upon the province.

which he made his own introduction, and recounted his own merits, desired a man to bring a pair of sheep-shears. When these were brought, the order was given to "cut off the tails of that man's coat, for it is impossible that he can work in such a thing as that; give him 'a four-pound hoe,' and make him earth up the maize; and, if he does not do his duty, let me know, and we'll see what the magistrates have to say to him." So much for *breaking-in* thieves and pickpockets.

To return to our Illawarra farmer. He retained a tutor to educate his children, giving him thirty pounds a-year, besides board and lodging. I always felt for those who held this office. Amongst the working colonists—"men of all weathers, fit for every toil,"—the tutor, in a long dressing-gown and yellow slippers, seems quite out of his element. I recollect meeting a *dominie* on horseback in the bush, when I was accompanied by a stockman, and I had some difficulty in compelling the man to hold his tongue until the unfortunate preceptor, who rode in pumps and white stockings, was out of hearing. He then exclaimed, "that's either a tailor, or a chap in hiding; her can't ride, but her can *clung!*" I found afterwards that the object of his mirth was a tutor in the family of a man who was once a convict, and even then by no means ashamed of having "been in trouble." He used to refer to his former predicament, saying, "When I was in government they *gaved* me hominy, and I *growed* quite portentous!"

New South Wales abounds with singular characters, and would present a fine field for the pen of Dickens, and the pencil of Cruickshank; indeed the local papers actually more than once announced "Boz is coming." Take that young cornstalk who comes pacing along on a coarse-bred, tramping filly, with a rough coat and a long tail. He is bound for the "Woollongong Races," otherwise the Court of Requests, which bears this name by reason of the numbers who hurry to it from all quarters. You observe that he has a very long pair of spurs, fixed in sockets in the heels of his boots. He wears a broad-brimmed cabbage-tree hat (manufactured from the leaves of the palm of that name); a check shirt, open at the neck, and presenting *a bold front;* a blue jacket, and a gay waistcoat. His trowsers are made, as those of many others, of the ticken generally used for the cases of beds, and are cut so much to the quick that your dread of their bursting keeps you in a state of uncomfortable nervous apprehension. He wears an immense moustache, and Vandyck beard, and a red scarf or comforter is tied round his waist. I sketch strictly from life; and I well recollect the astonishment I felt when I beheld this apparition moving along in solemn state, "witching the world with noble horsemanship." Yet, such a phenomenon would be an admirable bushman, would endure hunger and fatigue, and travel (as this person has done) many hundred miles to a distant station, sleeping out every night, and exhibiting great perseverance and foresight; and such a life he would

greatly prefer to that of a salaried official in Sydney, upon whom he would look down with no small degree of contempt, as effeminate and helpless.

One of the little vessels that traffics up and down the coast is commanded by the son of a clergyman in Surrey, whilst his brother, a fine young man, who, amongst his familiars, rejoices in the name of "the Mudlark," superintends an extensive dairy; and thus both these young men maintain a manful fight with Fortune in the battle for bread. The Mudlark derives his nickname from the quantity of that article he becomes acquainted with in the course of his operations in the dairy, and the kindly manner in which he takes to it. He is a splendid horseman, and an inveterate enemy to the native dog, which he pursues with great ardour; and sometimes he, his kangaroo-dogs, and the native dog, are to be seen rolling together in a ditch, in dire confusion, whilst he endeavours to put an end to the thief with his knife. Another of these little vessels has for its master an old boatswain, formerly in the navy; he sails up and down the coast in his cutter, twelve feet in length, and with a crew of one man and a black boy; displaying as much dignity as if he were the captain of a man-of-war. He is usually called "'Bout Ship," from the tone of solemnity and grandeur in which he gives the word of command when he manœuvres his vessel.

It is a common remark, that a youth, coming into the colony without any capital, would, if properly placed, ultimately succeed better than if he had been

furnished with money; and I believe this is very often the case. From inexperience, he would probably lose his cattle, if he brought any out with him (Morison's pills excepted, and those he would retain for an indefinite period, unless he took them himself), and become heartsick and reckless; whereas, if without money, he would, whilst gleaning knowledge, gradually acquire stock as the reward of his exertions, and, when possessed of cash, know how to apply it. One of the members of the Legislative Council stated that there were many young men in the colony, of good education, more especially surveyors, who, having lost all, were then bullock-drivers.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Journey from Illawarra to Sydney—Colonial Roads—Inns and Lodging Houses—Steamers—Voyage up the Hunter River—An Inland Town—Bushrangers—Emu—"An Accommodation House" beyond the Boundaries—Agreeable Evening—Tamworth—A Squatter's Hut—Bush Fare—Morning's Levee—"Boiling-down"—Wholesale Destruction of Cattle and Sheep—Offers of Plenty to the English Poor—Strange Notions of England entertained by Young Colonists—Currency Lasses.

On leaving Illawarra for Sydney there is a choice of a road, and of what can only be called a track. If the traveller choose the former, he winds up the face of a mountain, having, at every turn, a view that fills him with admiration, and soon gains what was once a splendid macadamized road. Here, far on his left, rise the hills called the *blue* mountains, of an intensity and yet delicacy of colouring that is exceedingly beautiful. Mr. Darwin visited these mountains, and thus describes their wild and extraordinary recesses:—"In the middle of the day, we baited our horses at a little inn called the Weatherboard. The country here is elevated 2800 feet above the sea. About a mile and a half from this place there is a view exceedingly well worth visiting. Follow-

ing down a little valley and its tiny rill of water, an immense gulf unexpectedly opens through the trees which border the pathway, at the depth of perhaps 1500 feet. Walking on a few yards, one stands on the brink of a vast precipice, and below, one sees a grand bay or gulf, for I know not what other name to give it, thickly covered with forest. The point of view is situated as if at the head of a bay, the line of cliff diverging on one side, and shewing headland behind headland, as on a bold sea coast. These cliffs are composed of horizontal strata of whitish sandstone, and are so absolutely vertical, that, in many places, a person standing on the edge and throwing down a stone, can see it strike the trees in the abyss below. So unbroken is the line of cliff, that in order to reach the foot of the waterfall, formed by this little stream, it is necessary to go sixteen miles round. About five miles distant, in front, another line of cliff extends, which thus appears completely to encircle the valley; and hence the name of bay is justified, as applied to this grand amphitheatrical depression. If we imagine a winding harbour, with its deep water surrounded by bold cliff-like shores, to be laid dry, and a forest to spring up on its sandy bottom, we should then have the appearance and structure here exhibited. This kind of view was to me quite novel, and extremely magnificent."—(*Journal of Researches*, p. 437.) The blue mountains were long a barrier, defying the efforts of the colonists to penetrate into the interior; they are now crossed by noble roads, or, more properly, by what were once such.

To return: the high-road from Illawarra to Sydney has been suffered to fall into utter disrepair. The bridges that were laid over streams or boggy places are entirely denuded of the soil that once covered the planks that form their floor. Between the joints of these planks, poles have been laid by travellers in order to preserve their horses' legs from getting into chancery, and yet the passage is dangerous; and, if one ride through the streams, the chances are that his horse will get bogged; or, at any rate, that the rider will be so splashed that he will cut no better figure than if he had stood in the pillory, and been pelted with mud. Hence, we choose the track, and passing the pretty residence of Captain Westmacott, a son of the sculptor, climb an ascent cut on the edge of a range,—in fact, a kind of ledge, with woods above and woods below,—and soon wide barren heaths lie before us.

As we journey on, we reach the scene of the bush-fire before alluded to, in which some travellers lost their lives. I well recollect, before the accident, observing the signs of a former fire, and thinking how much danger in this respect the wayfarer runs.

In the course of the ride, we pass through a rocky ravine, which would furnish an admirable bandit scene, and from the rocks springs the gigantic lily—*doryanthes excelsa*. Crossing George's river in a punt, and Cook's river by a dam, we are soon in the midst of the dust and bustle of Sydney, having ridden fifty miles.

Sydney cannot boast of many good inns. A huge building, in which one might readily lose oneself, and

faced with verandahs from the ground to the upper stories, is styled "the Royal Hotel." The best inn in the place is called "the Adelphi," and is kept by an honest and attentive landlord, one Thomas Murphy, who states in his advertisements, that he is "under the distinguished patronage of the squatters." There are many good livery stables, and it is the custom with some travellers to leave their horses there, and congregate in lodging-houses, where the usual charge for board and lodging is thirty shillings a week; but some settlers consider themselves too great men—altogether too large —to go into lodgings. The expense of keeping a horse at livery varies from fifteen shillings a week to one pound and upwards, according to the price of fodder.

I do not wish to detain the reader in Sydney, but to hasten on board a steamer on an excursion to the northward, and into the squatting districts. I never spent any time in this town without feeling a degree of exultation on leaving it, and getting into the country again, although I had some very kind friends there. The domain—the Sydney Regent's Park—is rather pretty when it is not burnt to a cinder, nor looking like a red-hot frying-pan; the Botanical Gardens are more than pretty, and there may be found plants from every part of the world, all healthy and flourishing;* but the town itself, where hot and dusty cits enjoy high life hard by the great Botanic Bay, had no charms for me. But the worst feature about Sydney is that dishonest men, who have committed, by means of breach

* See the "Gardener's Magazine," vol. v., p. 280.

of trust in public situations, the most grievous robberies, and reduced to destitution unfortunate and helpless people, many of them females, and all of them far from the reach of friendly assistance,—that these rogues should, because the law does not reach them, be allowed to mix with the rest of the community on equal terms, and unreproved and unabashed. One of the local papers attempts to account for this, on the ground that the community is so small, that if one were to give a rogue the cut direct, yet the process must be repeated at least six times a day, for so often you would probably meet the same man in the street; an explanation more ingenious than satisfactory. Let the emigrant, however, beware of sharpers, who will lay wait for him, just as a grisly old shark watches an opportunity for taking a good bite out of a young whale.

"Grant he may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond."

Timon of Athens.

Three iron steamers, of about one hundred tons each, ply between Sydney and Morpeth on the river Hunter. They are very excellent boats, and behave well in the heavy sea that sometimes rolls up from the southward, making the passengers very sick, and causing the moustache of bearded men to droop. In their internal arrangements they are very neat, clean, and comfortable; and, in these respects, far excel some of the Marseilles boats. Other steamers, however, run in opposition to them; and carry cabin passengers from Sydney to Morpeth—a run of nine hours in fine weather—at two

shillings a head. The lowness of the fares induced a pieman to become a constant cabin passenger, and he voyaged up and down the coast, enjoying the dignity of his new position, and driving a fair trade in tarts and lollipops. The iron boats start at ten at night. At that hour one hears the clanging of the bell, and, hastening on board, finds his horse on deck with a cloth over his loins, who, being an experienced traveller both by land and water, and, like most of the other passengers, used to *ups and downs* in the world, is quite unconcerned; indeed, positively happy when he hears your voice and perceives a bundle of hay which you proceed to hang on a peg exactly opposite his nose. At dawn the steamer is abreast of Newcastle, a free port, and the head quarters of the coal district. Having landed passengers there, we enter the river Hunter; and, passing many pretty farms on its banks, land at Morpeth at seven in the morning. On the banks of this river and of its tributaries are many thriving settlers, who send their produce to Sydney by the steamers, and these vessels also take down the wool and tallow of the "Liverpool Plains" and "New England" squatting districts. Disembarking at Morpeth, the traveller rides on to "Yeoman's Inn," West Maitland. East and West Maitland form a long straggling town, containing about four thousand inhabitants, which owes its prosperity chiefly to the traffic carried on through it between the squatting districts and Sydney.

"Mine inn" is a large and substantial brick-built house, and boasts a lofty coffee-room, a dignified waiter,

and a blooming barmaid, with long corkscrew ringlets, and instinct with a lively sense of being dangerously charming. Here, eggs, fried ham, and every thing that is savoury and delicious, are paraded on the breakfast-table in an almost wasteful extravagance, which speaks the cheapness and plenty of the good things of this life. Having strengthened and refreshed ourself and our horse, we wend on our way, premising that those who delight in beer may put the coping-stone on their felicity by indulging in a refreshing draught of Maitland ale. The road along which we travel is supposed to be traversed, in the course of the year, by 28,000 passengers. A few miles from Maitland it crosses a height, where it is usual for the "mail-man" to pull up his vehicle, in order that strangers may enjoy a fine prospect. Through the low-country, spread out beneath, the Hunter winds its way as a stream of silver; and on its banks feed many exceedingly good cattle.

Three days' journey brings the traveller to Murrurundi, the last of the northern towns within the boundaries, and situate at the foot of a high and difficult pass called "Liverpool Range." The country he has passed through has, after the first day's stage, a bare, barren, and burnt-up aspect; at least, this has been the case whenever I have seen it, and that has been frequently. To an English eye, its fee-simple appears to be worth exactly nothing; but it will nevertheless, in ordinary seasons, support a great many cattle, horses, and sheep. The two last will thrive where an inexperienced person would suppose they must certainly

perish, so excellent is the character of the grass where any is to be picked up. This part of the country is often visited by thunder-storms; indeed, they are the settler's chief hope in the summer season. After their occurrence, a magical, but not a lasting, change takes place. Farming operations are carried on at great risk, and more crops fail altogether, or are cut down for fodder, than are gathered into barns. Again, the roads are execrable. The traveller in a wheel-carriage is put to exquisite pain by the dreadful jolting, the shaking, and the concussions to which he is subjected. The iron rail of the box-seat is driven into his back, and, holding by both hands to avoid being thrown off, he suffers a cruel martyrdom.

As Murrurundi affords a fair specimen of an inland town, I will endeavour to sketch it. In the first place, we are here greeted with the sight of something green; for the rain, probably attracted by the hills, often drives through the deep valleys as through so many open tunnels. We have two inns, both well built; and one is kept by a widow of real, homely, English aspect, and as kind and attentive as neat and respectable. Her nicely plaited widow's cap and her fine countenance tell a long and touching tale. There is a slab-built Roman Catholic chapel, with broken windows, and otherwise much out of repair; and, behind it, is an open grave-yard, with some neat monuments and head-stones. There are two or three brick cottages, and a tolerable sprinkling of bark-huts; and, at a little distance in the bush, is the court-house. Here divine service is per-

formed once a month by a clergyman of the Church of England, who travels twenty-five miles for the purpose; and the magistrate's clerk gives the responses. A Roman Catholic priest comes from Maitland four times a-year to shrive his flock at the slab-built chapel. He also catches every stray drunkard, of whatever denomination, on whom he can lay his hands, and insists on his becoming a tee-totaller. There is a large store, where every thing that can possibly be required in the bush is to be bought. In one of the bark-huts you would find a good-natured, intelligent, and comfortable-looking medical man, who came out in charge of emigrants, and has not exactly made up his mind when he shall return, but will probably think about it some day or other. In the meantime, he turns his skill to account, and is gradually accumulating cattle and horses; and, for the love he bears them, may perhaps become a fixture. He reads "Blackwood," and is fond of talking of "that fine old fellow, Christopher North," whom he follows through all his fishing excursions. In the climate of New South Wales a bark-hut is as substantial a dwelling as a man needs; and, as I shall presently show, such abodes are often very comfortable; but they do not, unless double-roofed, afford sufficient protection from the sun. The river Page runs, or rather lingers, in the rear of the town. The people seem happy and contented; and as all of them have cattle running on the waste land, they are at no loss either for meat, or a matter of constant interest.

Here is to be found a black who witnessed the arrival

of the first white man in this neighbourhood. He says that he felt sure that he had encountered the devil-devil, and ran up a tree in great alarm. When he saw the devil-devil dismount he was still more astonished, as he had imagined that horse and man formed one being; but, ultimately, he came to the usual conclusion, that the horseman was some black, long deceased, who had risen from the dead with a new skin. In Dr. Leichhardt's Journal are many interesting notices of the behaviour of the aborigines when they first witnessed the apparition of an European. On one occasion he came in sight of three black women, two of whom were busily engaged in digging for roots, whilst the other, perched on the top of a high flooded gum-tree, was chopping out either an opossum, or a bee's nest. They no sooner perceived the travellers than they began to scream most dreadfully, swinging their sticks and beating the trees, as if the party of whites were wild beasts, which they wished to frighten away. On the other hand, there is no doubt that some white men have an especial horror of the aborigines. When Captain Grey was suddenly attacked by them, one of his men was so paralysed by fear that he could do nothing but cry out, "Look at them! look at them!" and when the natives had disappeared, and Captain Grey, going up to him, gave him two balls to hold, they rolled upon the earth;—"he could not hold them, for he was completely paralysed with terror, and they fell through his fingers; the perspiration streamed from every pore; he was ghastly pale, and trembled from head to foot; his limbs refused their

functions; his eyes were so fixed in the direction in which the natives had disappeared, that his attention could be drawn to nothing else; and he still continued repeating, 'Look at them! look at them!' Two or three days afterwards, the man came to request that he might be allowed to leave the party and return to the vessel. He stated, very fairly, that his horror and dread of the natives were so great, he should never be able to face them; that he had never been before placed in circumstances of danger, and felt himself quite unable to cope with them; that if his own father had been with him, when they made the attack, he could not have helped him; and that he was sure he should die of fright, if ever he saw them again."—(See Captain Grey's Journals of two Expeditions of Discovery, vol. i., p. 151.)

On leaving Murrurundi, the traveller climbs a very long and stiff hill, and, dropping down on the other side, enters "Doughboy Hollow," a spot famous for a regular engagement between the police and a body of bushrangers, in which the latter were defeated, and either slain or captured. These gentry carried on their operations in regular bandit style, and dressed themselves up gaily, and wore ribbons in their hats. About six years since they invaded a town not far from Murrurundi, and plundered, and committed a murder, in broad daylight. Very lately, this neighbourhood was infested by a bushranger named Wilson, who, strange to say, had been a tailor. Having possessed himself of

a horse and of fire-arms, he was the terror of the district, and, by his admirable knowledge of the bush, long escaped capture, but, in 1846, was at length hunted down and shot. His method of attack was to conceal himself behind a tree, and, when a traveller was about to pass his ambush, he ran from his concealment, and presenting a double-barrelled gun, compelled him to dismount, to empty his pockets, and sometimes to strip. When the traveller had thrown on the ground all he chose to demand, he allowed him to pass on, and then gathered up his plunder and disappeared. If the person attacked attempted to gallop away, he fired at him, and he has thus inflicted desperate wounds.

As we proceed, we again climb an eminence, and see Liverpool Plains extended beneath us, on the left, like a brown sea. Excepting this glimpse of level country, nothing is to be seen on any side but abrupt and rocky ranges, clothed with gum-trees, and succeeding each other like the waves of the sea. Here we realise the description of Captain ——, of the Bombay Marine, who said that a country he had visited consisted of "*ravenous* gullies, interminably intermingling with each other." But, even amongst these gullies, cattle thrive; and we may observe that the herbage is now new to us, and is intermixed with wild carrots, of which cattle are very fond, not only feeding on the fine green top, but grubbing up the root. The brown sea before mentioned is about thirty miles across. There are many emus on it, and I have known this bird to

stalk through Murrurundi in the daytime. A common method of killing it is to ride after it with the end of the thong of the stock-whip wound round the hand. Thus one whirls the handle round and round one's head, and, when within distance, catches the bird's neck, the rotatory motion of the heavy handle coiling the thick end of the thong round it; and thus the bird is brought to the ground. Glorious gallops these for dyspeptic patients!

We at last reach "an accommodation-house," a term applied to places that are to all intents and purposes grog-shops, although professing to sell nothing of the kind. I was alone when I first crossed the northern boundary, and, having put my horse up at this place, went to forage for myself. The steam of stinking boiled beef, issuing in clouds from an open door, directed me to the kitchen; and, on asking for something to eat, some drunken stockmen roared out, "Why don't you come and dine with we?" I ultimately got something to eat in a separate department of the building—which was but a bark-hut—and succeeded in expelling some of the gentry last mentioned, who staggered in to see what I was about. At night, I lay on a rickety sofa; but during the hours of darkness was startled by loud exclamations from some person that he was robbed, which complaint was the immediate signal for kicking him out of the house. The language I heard throughout the evening exceeded in blackguardism and blasphemy any thing of which I had before the most distant conception. Whilst passing

a long evening at this place, Cowper's lines occurred to me—

> "Here much I ruminate, *as much I may*,
> With other views of men and manners now
> Than once;"—

and I was inclined to canvass the grounds that had induced me to seek the colony. Convicts often address an emigrant thus—"Oh, you great fool! *we* came out here because we could not help it; but you, you long-tailed donkey, were *lagged* with your own consent!" The phrase "long-tailed" is in allusion to the emigrant's carefully-kept church-going coat, which is here considered the badge of a novice. Certain it is that many, both gentle and simple, come to the colony without any sufficient reason, impelled by restlessness, and, as they conceive, by the spirit of romance! Again, many officers in the army have sold out, and become settlers; and too many of them have ultimately lost all, and become utterly destitute. One of these, Major ——, being penniless, went into the bush, and lay down and died. He could not dig; to beg he was ashamed. On the peak of his cap was found scrawled with a pin, "S. H——, died of hunger." Let the warning of the melancholy Jacques be borne in mind by enthusiastic youngsters—

> "If it do come to pass
> That any man turn ass,
> Leaving his wealth and ease
> A stubborn will to please,
> *Here* shall he see
> Gross fools as he."

As we continue our journey, we pass over a country covered with fine grass, but often quite destitute of water. Some grey rocks rise on the left, and before them stand forth some straggling gum-trees, like outlying pickets guarding an ancient fortress. There is something indescribably wild in the scenery, and you feel very forcibly that you are in a new world.

A multitude of tracks lead in every direction, and you are sorely puzzled as to which to choose, but soon spy a black gin tending a flock of sheep, and inquire your route by shouting "Currabobbila." She points out its direction and nods her head.

Towards evening, the traveller reaches the river Peel, and crossing a beautiful flat, on which is the neat white cottage of a squatter, arrives at Tamworth. This is a (nominal) township of the Australian Agricultural Company; and, adjoining it, is an inn as excellently provided as any in the colony, although it is merely a bark-hut, and the landlord, in fact, a squatter. On the place where the town of Tamworth *ought* to be, the Company has erected a court-house and lock-up as its nucleus. Near this building their medical officer resides in a hut. He rejoices in the title of M.D., but is also a veterinary surgeon. You may see his pretty little wife walking about in a cabbage-tree hat. At the distance of ten miles resides the Company's Superintendent, Mr. Denne, who has charge of the cattle, horses, and sheep, which run on a magnificent property, consisting of grazing land not to be surpassed in the colony. This gentleman has

an excellent dwelling; and I can vouch for his kindness and hospitality.

But on the morrow we still jog on; and, pulling up at a squatter's, have an opportunity of ascertaining his style of housekeeping. *By mere accident*, we find him sitting down to dinner in a cool, cheerful room, lined and ceiled with sail-cloth, and opening upon a verandah. In front of this, again, is a garden, but, unfortunately, nothing will grow in it but peach trees. His table-cloth is spotless white, and his plate as bright as silver ought to be. His roast mutton is sweet and good, and his light pudding unexceptionable. We learn from him that the squatter, to whose station we are ultimately bound, is hard at work "boiling down," and that we have only to follow our nose, and—*there we are*. Accordingly, when, as we ride on, it begins to grow dark, and we think it possible that we may have got on the wrong track, we hail the odour of the boilers with real satisfaction. The night is cold and frosty; the fires burn brightly, their glare soon becomes apparent, and our goal is reached. After making interest with the servant for a feed of maize for our wearied horse, that he, knowing there is corn in the chest, may not stray, we enter the hut, and find a merry party assembled round the tea-table. A large, bright back-log, red-hot and glowing, is in the chimney, for grate there is none. A rubber is soon talked of; and, when the cards are thrown up, we all adjourn to the boiling-down fires, whilst six or seven beds are being made up in the room we have left. On returning, we find that we shall

all be littered down very comfortably, and each is soon coiled up in his lair, and snoring melodiously, as if there were a "wee, fairy, musical snuff-box in the nose of him."

Daylight is ushered in by the opening of the wooden shutters, for glass there is none, and a stream of fresh, frosty air, pours in. "Steevy," the black boy, who on the previous evening had his tea on the floor, and who spread his 'possum cloak near you during the night, is roused out, and commanded to fetch wood; and the order has to be frequently repeated before he will move. At last he obeys, and crawls away, and comes dawdling back with his load, grumbling, "too much parley (say) bring um wood, bring um wood; too much altogether." Breakfast is ready soon after sunrise, and consists of tea and damper, and good store of beef-steaks cut from the spot called "the mouse," a locality in the carcase of a bullock well worthy the attention of those who like tender steaks. The damper is an unleavened cake baked in the ashes. It is very sweet, and when made with soda, light and wholesome. After dusting this cake, you turn it edgeways, pressing it, with the left hand, against the chest, and with the right cut off "a whang," or long slice, drawing the knife towards you. The damper is the shape of a large dish. Where boiling-down is going on, all the men can obtain as much fine meat as they please at a penny a pound. I have frequently seen a man sauntering to his hut with a leg of mutton on each shoulder, or with his hands full of beef-steaks, on which he cast strong looks of affection as he carried them along.

I never saw a more thorough bush hut than the one on this station. Its walls, as well as the roof, were of bark, but it was a cheerful residence, and its owner was a kindhearted and straightforward man of great industry; in fact, one of those who, in a new country, are beyond price, and worthy of public honours; which, however, they neither obtain nor regret. By the bye, it is rather odd that the late Sir George Gipps, when describing to Lord Stanley the status of the squatters, should say, "*they* (the squatters) live in huts made of the bark of trees;" whereas there are more bark-huts within the boundaries than beyond them.

The squatter I have just alluded to allowed each of his men, whether at his "boiling-down" station or elsewhere, ten pounds of meat weekly, ten pounds of flour, a quarter of a pound of tea, and two pounds of sugar, in addition to their wages, and, of course, to a hut; and many other masters gave the same. He employed about sixty men, about the same number of horses, and working bullocks without number; but all his cash returns were from tallow and wool. The wages of his butchers were thirty shillings per week; of coopers about two guineas; of shepherds about twenty pounds a year; of stockmen from twenty-five to thirty pounds yearly. It may be imagined, therefore, what a constant drain there was upon his purse, the more especially as all his supplies of flour, tea, sugar, &c., had to be brought from Sydney. Now, this was one of the men whom, as mentioned in the next chapter, Sir George Gipps intended to compel to buy—if

the chances of an auction allowed them to do so—useless patches of land at each of their stations, or to submit to be turned out. But this squatter, as many others, could not have bought, whatever the alternative. I will not, however, anticipate.

One great part of his business seemed to be to draw cheques. Constantly was one man or another coming to him for money. "Money, money," was the daily cry; and, knowing as one did the small profit he made in tallow, and the uncertain price of wool, one was amazed that he could always answer the demands upon him. But his unflinching industry carried him through; there was nothing which he could require any one of his men to do that he could not do himself, and was not ready to do, if necessary; and this was a great point, as it made his men work with spirit. And here I may remark, that no one need take the trouble of resorting to New South Wales who is afraid of *a little clean dirt*. Let him rather remain at home and apprentice himself to some delicate trade.

I learnt to esteem this gentleman highly; and with joy should I greet the sight of *that* old white hat which distinguished him. It had seen much hard service, and was destined to see more.

On the flat before the hut we shall find a number of blacks. You may observe amongst them a gin, netting. She sits on the ground, and holds her work by a loop, in which she places her great toe; and she nets without a needle or a stick, and makes the fisherman's knot. Her twine she has made of the bark of the corrijong.

Her manner is rather reserved, but she smiles and nods as she talks. You may also notice a black striking a light. He has a board of soft wood, with a hole in the centre; but this does not pierce the board through. In it he places the fine fibres of bark; and, putting his board on the ground, takes a sharp-pointed stick of hard wood, and twirls it about in the hole, just as an English servant uses the instrument with which she makes chocolate. A spark is soon seen amongst the bark, and he then waves the board round his head, as a boy his sling, and the bark bursts out into a flame. "Mr. Brown," Steevy's father, also makes his appearance. He looks very facetious, and moves with a loose gait, as if there were no bones in his body, and, addressing himself to one of the party with a patronising nod, says, "Well, Allman, how's Mitchell? Where Mitchell sit down? eh?" "Mitchell" was a Commissioner of Crown Lands, and a son of Sir Thomas. "Allman" his brother Commissioner.

If we take a peep at the stockyards, we shall find there a number of fat cattle. These are shot by a dozen at a time, and then flayed and hung up. The next day they are quartered, and carted to the boiling-down place. Here the quarters are chopped up with axes, and the meat is thrown into large boilers, which will contain each about twenty bullocks. In these, their fat is boiled out, skimmed off into buckets, and poured into casks made on the station. The inside fat, which has been rendered down, is mixed with it, and both are stirred in the casks until they "fix" or settle. The

casks are then headed up, branded with the squatter's initials, the tare (or the weight of each cask) marked upon them, and they are then ready for exportation. The tallow thus produced is of very excellent quality, and commands a high price in the London market. Such is one of the *romantic* employments of bushmen in New South Wales!

To " stir um fat" was master Steevy's daily work. Being inveterately idle, he used to stand on a stool by the cask, slowly moving a stick round and round, and blubbering out, " I'll tell daddy Brown, my *fader*, and Nelly Brown, my *moder*; boo-hoo-hoo." Once, when he bolted, I pursued him, and brought him back in my arms. He kicked vigorously, and yelled like a young hyæna, which soon brought his daddy to the rescue; and ultimately he walked off in triumph.

The flocks of sheep are culled, and broken-toothed ewes and fat wethers are boiled down in great numbers; thus converting into a profitable export those sheep that would otherwise, when old, fill the bellies of the native dogs. The debris of the boilers is carted away, and feeds numerous huge swine, which, in their turn, are salted down. The skins of the sheep are soaked in a running stream, and the wool afterwards taken off, and, when dry, packed in bales. The skin itself is thrown away. The hides of the cattle are sent home raw, in bundles. They are placed in the hold of the ship, where they ferment and stink. The fumes arising from them turn the paint of the cabin yellow, choke the passengers with noisome gases, and breed myriads of flies. The unhappy

inmates of the cabin eat flies, drink flies, breathe flies, and when they turn into bed, roll in flies. These pests pop down one's throat with wonderful agility, the moment they perceive the mouth to be open; and they have also a peculiar predilection for the interior membrane of the nose, which they tickle in a very remarkable manner. The squatters, also, are losers in consequence of the manner in which they send these hides home. Were they packed in cases, four or five feet square, they would not be cut and rubbed as at present; nor would it happen, as it now sometimes does, that out of one thousand hides sent to London, seventy only should, on arrival, prove sound.

In the year 1845, *besides* the cattle salted down, exported, and slaughtered for consumption in the colony, there were boiled down 39,145, and the number of sheep boiled down was 96,327; yet there remained 1,348,022 head of horned cattle, and 6,859,031 sheep. To English eyes this destruction of cattle and sheep seems almost wicked; yet, what are the colonists to do with them? I fear that cattle fed on natural grass cannot, generally, be salted down with success in the climate of New South Wales, though in some instances the attempt has succeeded admirably, and given the utmost satisfaction to nautical men. I took some pains to ascertain the average English value of the fat cattle I saw slaughtered for their tallow, and I believe I may, with correctness, state it to have been about 15*l.* each. What a prospect is here opened to the starving poor of Great Britain, and how sad it is that they cannot reach the land of plenty!

Were the regulations for the sale of land, that I have alluded to in the last chapter, abolished, the colonists could say to intending emigrants possessed of capital, "come out, and we will give you land; and bring labourers with you, and they also shall have land, when they have fulfilled their engagements with you." On such terms, population would doubtless flow into the country, and yet the sale of land be, at the same time, greatly increased by the further acquisitions of the *customers* thus introduced. What the native-born colonists think of the policy that, by demanding an exorbitant price, forbids them or any one else to reclaim the wilds in which they were born, is worth a moment's consideration. It certainly does not tend to produce attachment to the country of their fathers. But, indeed, "the natives" (to use the colonial expression) know little about old England, and care less. They generally suppose that it is the head quarters of a large convict-population, judging from the number of those gentry whom it annually casts forth. "Are ticket-of-leave holders good servants in England?" was the inquiry actually made of me by a young currency lass, who was probably aware that the Governor's coachman and groom were convicts. I also heard her say to her intended, "Of course, my dear, when we go to England we shall attend the Queen's 'at homes' at Buckingham Palace." Probably, her notions were derived from the fact, that all respectable people are usually admitted to Government House; and her ideas of a levee would be derived from those she had seen at the same place,

where men sometimes walk about in shooting-jackets, and with umbrellas under their arms. I have talked with "native youths," but never elicited from them that they entertained any wish to visit England. Those I happened to see desired nothing that they did not know, and it was in vain to endeavour to impress upon them that the acquisition of new ideas, by visiting new scenes, would give them sources of pleasure hitherto untouched by them. Yet, the education of youth is by no means neglected; at least, it is carefully attended to in Sydney. In the country, boys are too often allowed to run wild.

But, having incidentally introduced the currency lasses, where shall I stop? Many of them are undoubtedly very pretty, and some possess a delicacy of feminine loveliness that is very uncommon. The writer of a "Letter from Sydney," (a book, however, rather apocryphal), is eloquent on this interesting subject. He says, "You remember that Genoese girl before whom you trembled, and I became faint, though she only handed us some grapes. Do you remember that, having recovered ourselves, we measured her eye-lashes? Do you remember how long they were, and how she laughed? Do you remember that bright laugh, and how I patted her cheek, and told her that it was softer than her country's velvet? and how she blushed—do you remember that?—to the tips of her fingers and the roots of her hair? And then, how — do you remember how, peasant as she was, and but just fifteen, she tossed her head, and stamped her little foot, with the

air of a queen? And then, how, on a sudden, her large eyes were filled with tears, and the grace with which she folded her arms across that charming bosom; and the tone—I hear it now—the deep, grave, penetrating tone in which, half angry, half afraid, she at once threatened us with her 'Berto,' and implored our respect? We did not care much for Mr. Berto, certainly; but did we not swear both together that not a hair of her head should be hurt? And when flattered by our involuntary devotion, she departed with a healthy, lively step, showing her small, smooth ancles, and now and then turning her profile to us, and laughing as before—did we not, dashing blades as we thought ourselves, snuffle and blow our noses, and shake hands, without the least motive, like two fools? And afterwards, notwithstanding that gratuitous fit of friendship, did we not feel jealous of each other for three days, though neither of us could hope to see the little angel again? Yes, you remember it all. Well, just such another girl as that brings fruit to my door every morning." So far so good,—but when the writer, in a subsequent page, returns again to this currency lass, he says, "she has sound, strong, white, separate teeth, like those of a *young dog* fed upon oatmeal; and her breath is sweet as that of a sucking *donkey!*" I only recollect two currency lasses who struck me particularly. One was a delicate blonde; the other had soft, large, black eyes, long silky eye-lashes, and finely-penciled eyebrows; her features were well chiseled, and the expression of her countenance was as tender and modest as the

look of a "*sucking-dove;*" and it was impossible to doubt that there was a treasure of warm affection lurking in her little heart. English girls who visit the colony look very blooming whilst their roses last. Their figures are more round than those of the colonial beauties; and have they not the advantage of the assistance and art of London milliners? And do they not come out with the full determination to astonish "the natives," and succeed to admiration, as they parade the High-street with all sail set, and streamers flying?

But the strangest female figure I ever beheld was during the journey I have described in this chapter. When passing through Scone I saw a girl on horseback, stockwhip in hand, driving cattle. She sat her horse in manly fashion. Both feet were in the stirrups; her bonnet, with its gay ribbons, hung at the back of her head, whilst her flimsy garments flapped and fluttered behind her in the breeze. White pantaloons, adorned with large frills, completed her costume. Often had I seen country girls in Italy trotting along on horseback, without side saddles, and flicking their horses with the end of a long rein; but never had I witnessed anything so *outré* as this.

CHAPTER IX.

The Economy of a Squatter's Station—His Difficulties and Discouragements—Characteristics of the Squatter—His threatened Extermination—Relief afforded by the present Government—Climate and its Miseries—A Fiery Ordeal—Anecdote—Count Strzelecki's Remarks on the Climate—Intense Heat of the Interior—Sir Thomas Mitchell's Sufferings from Heat and Ophthalmia.

As before explained, the location of a squatter is called his "Station" or his "Run." That to which I have introduced the reader contained one hundred square miles, and consisted of successive open flats of fine grazing land, divided by belts of trees commonly called dwarf-box and apple-tree. The landscape, in some places, was very pretty. The feed was entirely natural grass, intermixed with herbs; but on some stations in the district it is composed of barley grass, wild carrots, and wild melons. Of the long runners of the last the cattle are very fond; and, beginning at the end, eat up to the root. The grass on this run, as indeed is the case generally excepting immediately after heavy rain, had exactly the appearance of hay; but, on breaking a blade of it, the interior of the stem would be found green and sappy, and it is of a very nutritious quality.

The station was bounded on one side by a fine stream, and there were dispersed over it, at convenient distances, thirteen flocks of sheep, each numbering upwards of one thousand. Several herds of horses frequented the flats. No sheep can be folded at a greater distance from water than they can conveniently travel, at least every second day, in a hot climate; and as there was no surface water at or near the boundary opposite the steam, the practical utility of the run was much limited. Wells might have been sunk, but the squatter was a mere tenant-at-will, and the Government proposed to put all the runs in the Colony up to auction. Hence improvement was forbidden, and vast tracts of country rendered useless for any purpose.

The squatter has need of many stations distinct from each other. He has first his "sheep station;" then his "breeding station" for cattle; then his "heifer station," where young heifers are kept until they are old enough to be transferred into the breeding herd; and he has his "bullock station," where he fattens bullocks; for these animals must be kept apart to secure their thriving. Again, the climate is uncertain, or rather so certainly subject to drought, that every squatter ought to have other runs in reserve, to which he can remove his stock on an emergency; and it is often necessary to remove sheep for the purpose only of keeping them in health. Droughts are generally partial in their effects, and timely removal to a distance often saves stock that must otherwise certainly perish. The value, therefore, of any particular location is far less

than it would appear to one who is not well acquainted with the difficulties and discouragements with which the practical man has to contend, and which sometimes drive him almost to his wit's end. In some instances he grows his own wheat; but, generally speaking, the climate does not allow this. Indeed, when you except table-land, it may be taken as a rule that wheat, potatoes, and vegetables cannot be grown, with certainty, at a distance from the coast; and artificial irrigation has not yet been attempted. Hence the supplies of the squatter have usually to be brought into the far interior by long and wearisome journeys, in which drays drawn by bullocks furnish the means of transit. His wool and tallow are transported to Sydney, or to the nearest port, in the same manner; and a most material reduction is thus made in the amount of his profits. He has also to bear the expense of shipping in Sydney, of freight more than half round the globe, and of agency charges in England. I fully believe that in the years 1842, 1843, and 1844, the returns derived from wool, and from the increase of the flocks, barely paid the expense of producing it. In the former year sheep were almost literally given away, and are said to have been sold at one shilling a dozen; but when the boiling-down system was adopted, a minimum value was given both to sheep and cattle; and, when fat, they will now always be worth, at the least, two pounds sterling and five shillings respectively.

Though the squatter does not cry out for labour as the farmer does, and though sheeps' backs produce

wealth almost without hands,—and his vocation is therefore admirably adapted to a young country that has, as yet, hardly broken the egg-shell,—he cannot, of course, carry on his operations without assistance; and, if the supply of emigrants falls short, the rate of wages increases so much as seriously to affect his profits. He has a difficulty, at all times, in persuading newly-arrived emigrants to go into the bush,—which they are apt to consider tantamount to devoting themselves to be killed and eaten by the blacks,—and he has also to contend with the demands of the farmer, with whom they are more ready to engage. In this respect, therefore, as in many others, he stands on treacherous ground, and plays an uncertain game; yet it must always be recollected that, in return for his exports, he receives far the greater part of the money that finds its way into the colony.

The squatter became originally possessed of any particular station by discovery or occupancy; or he gave to the discoverer or first occupant, to induce him to give way, a sum of money which represents the costs of forming the station, and the advantage of becoming a tenant thereof under the government. For, when a man has established himself in the wilds, then, immediately, begin payments to the Government, collected through the instrumentality of Commissioners of Crown-lands. In the year 1845, the squatters in New South Wales (exclusive of Port Philip) paid to the Government 37,000*l*.

The late Governor, Sir George Gipps, proposed to

compel the squatter to buy patches of land at each station, or submit to be expelled. To this useless freehold was to be attached, for a time only, the right of grazing, to a certain extent, the adjacent wastes; and this process was to be repeated, ad infinitum. But as, by law, no waste land can be sold in the colony by the Government but by auction, the effect of these regulations would have been to let loose on the squatter a tribe of land-sharks and speculators with whom he might in vain have contended. He would have lost his runs; and without his runs, he could not, of course, have retained his stock, but must have sold it at any sacrifice.* I well recollect reading this extraordinary proposition in the Government Gazette; and, I certainly was never more astonished except once; on which latter occasion, having climbed a lofty tree, the bough broke, and I was suddenly submerged in a pleasant stream. I am still at a loss to account for this scheme, except on the ground that, since the Governor could sell very little land within the boundaries, he was determined to force a sale by some means or other. I doubt, also, whether he was really well acquainted with

* O Lycida, vivi pervenimus, advena nostri
(Quod nunquam veriti sumus) ut possessor agelli
Diceret: "Hæc mea sunt; veteres migrate coloni."
Buc. Ecl. 9.

"O Lycidas! at last,
The time is come I never thought to see,
(Strange revolution for my farm and me!)
When the grim captain, in a surly tone,
Cries out, "Pack up, ye rascals, and be gone."

the status of the squatter; for, I believe, he was never beyond the boundaries. The ultimate effect of his proposal, besides sweeping away the squatter, would have been to produce another land-mania, and another general bankruptcy.

The squatters had been led to believe, that they might peaceably occupy their runs until sold at the 1*l.* an acre price, which would give them a very long day. This was the tacit understanding. The home Government has now stepped in as arbitrator between them and the local executive, and has granted them leases of their runs; a measure, as I conceive, most wise and liberal. Thus, the squatter will no longer be subject to sudden expulsion, or be liable to the innumerable petty annoyances which vexed him when he was merely a tenant at will; again, when the lands he occupies shall be wanted for other purposes, the determination of his lease will permit them to be resumed by the Government; and when railways shall be established, some squatting districts will doubtless become agricultural districts. But this change will be very gradual; and it must always be remembered, that if an impossible price be demanded for the lands the squatters occupy, their leases will, in point of fact, be renewable for ever. Some Sydney folk will have it that they have now so firm a hold of their runs, that they can never be compelled to relinquish them; but the truth is, that on none other of the colonists has the Government the power of exercising so strong a check; for it can at any time stop their necessary supplies, and lay an

embargo on their exports; and the latter by means of a single frigate. It appears to me, however, but a wanton insult to assume that the squatters would resist the Queen's authority, and foolish indeed to imagine that they could do so successfully. When Sir George Gipps' regulations were promulgated, they used much the language of Wood the Gloucester banker, when there was a run upon his bank. As he exclaimed to his customers, pushing them out by the shoulders, "Go away, foolish people, or I'll break;" so said the squatters, "recal your unjust regulations, or we will break,—that is, we will boil down our stock and leave the colony."

The management of the Crown-lands of the Colony is, in fact, the business of a *land-agent*, who ought thoroughly to understand the pursuits of the occupants of such lands. If, therefore, we find that, on a late occasion, Lord Campbell admitted he did not understand farming, and Lord Brougham said, or it was said for him, that he did not know a field of wheat from a field of lavender, we cannot be surprised if a Governor, residing in Sydney, sometimes mistakes, and introduces sad confusion in districts with which he is *practically* altogether unacquainted. A professor of squatting might lecture before him,—he might receive much hearsay evidence, more, perhaps, than even Downing-street could offer,—but an apprenticeship to the bush is really required; and I am happy to be able to say that the present Governor, Sir Charles Fitzroy, has been making extensive tours in the squatting dis-

tricts. This is *something;* it is one step in the right direction.

I have alluded, in another place, to the almost universal insolvency of the colony, consequent on the land-mania. The moveable property of the insolvents consisted, in great part, of stock, and this was thrust into the market; and the sellers being many and the buyers few, cattle and horses were sold for a mere song. Levies for quit-rents that had been suffered to accumulate, and were suddenly demanded in the height of the distress,* also tended to reduce the price of stock to a nominal sum; and the money-value of flocks and herds (independently of the low price of wool) was little more than that of the gum-trees under which they fed; for boiling down had not then been thought of. It was this severe pressure that set the wits of the colonists at

* Considerable distress is even now caused in the colony by levies or executions for quit-rents. It may be just thus to levy them, but it is not merciful; neither, I think, is it wise thus to ruin and disperse whole families. It is stated that, from drought, the settlers having no crops have no money, and executions are constantly issued. When the French colonised parts of America and the West Indies, they considered the emigrant as one venturing his life, enduring a species of banishment, and undergoing great hardships for the benefit of his country, and he had great indulgence shown him. Whenever he suffered by bad seasons, a stop was put to the rigour of exacting creditors; taxes were remitted, and even money advanced to repay losses. To those who were poor, but showed a disposition to industry, necessaries and small sums were lent to make a beginning; and, in every case, when debts were levied, they were levied by instalments only, so that the emigrant might not be sacrificed.—See "European Settlements in America," vol. ii.

work, and suggested to them this mode of turning fat cattle and sheep to account.

The operations of the squatters have extended over a line fifteen hundred miles in length; and they have, in some cases, penetrated four hundred miles inland. Though themselves dispersed, they are the fathers of concentration, inasmuch as they contribute to create and maintain not only ports but inland towns. As they spread, so will towns spring up on the coast as their entrepôts, wherever there is a good harbour; and others, again, between these and their stations.

Most absurd stories are both told and written of their habits and manners; but on this head it may suffice to quote the late Sir George Gipps, who admitted that they were, as a body, gentlemen, and many of them scions of the best English families. Dr. Leichhardt speaks of them as follows:—"My friends, the squatters, a class principally composed of young men of good education, gentlemanly habits, and high principles." That a gentleman in the woods of Australia differs from a gentleman in Bond-street, is very certain; and that the squatter sometimes wears a beard like a grenadier's cap is also true; but the stories about them often in circulation are as true as that the aborigines make love to black ladies by knocking them down with a club. Even in Sydney, however, a squatter is sometimes nearly as much a subject of curiosity as one of the aborigines would be in London; for, some persons resident there for years, are still as ignorant of the interior of the colony, and of its inhabitants, as if they had never left

the sound of Bow bells. I was amused, when going on board a ship to engage a berth for my voyage home, by the manner in which the steward answered my inquiry as to who were to be the passengers. "Sir," said he, in a mysterious whisper, first looking carefully round the cabin, and then under the table (like poor Power, in the "Irish Ambassador"), "there is to be a *squatter*, sir! a *squatter* from Geelong!" and then he stared me in the face to see how I bore the intelligence. The squatter, however, did not favour us with his company.

A large squatter is a great traveller, and is continually moving from one station to another, to inspect the state of his flocks and herds, and to attend to numerous operations going on amongst them; but fully to describe his operations, would be to write a treatise on sheep, horses, cattle, and climate. Many perform long journeys in tandems; and those who are particularly hilarious adorn their horses with bells, and make the woods echo with the sound of the bugle as they rattle along.* Some of them, in spite of the uncertainty of their tenure, had, when I was in the colony, as excellent cottages on their runs as settlers within the boundaries, and lived in all respects as well. Not a few of these were married, and to most estimable and well-educated women, who lightened the home and cheered the heart of the wanderer. The change of the tenure on which their runs are held, will tend to convert *squatting* into *settling;* and to make the state of things beyond the

* If one were to present a key bugle at a black's head, he would be very much frightened, as he would think each key was a trigger.

boundaries, in districts where the blacks are becoming civilised, much as it is within them. The present Governor has put many of the squatters into the commission of the peace, and is establishing police stations beyond the boundaries. I am not aware, however, that anything has been done to mitigate the contest between the races in districts where the *wild* blacks are to be found.

I here, then, dismiss these frank-hearted, hospitable, and energetic men, who, "without pausing on the borders, have penetrated at once, in defiance of difficulties and dangers, to the heart of savage countries; laying open the secrets of the wilderness, leading the way into remote regions that might have remained unexplored for ages, and beckoning after them the slow and pausing steps of civilisation."—("Astoria," page 1.)

I have already alluded, both in this chapter and in another place, to drought. It appears that a severe visitation of this kind occurs once in every nine years, but there is always more or less drought somewhere or other. The blacks say, "where white fellow come, water go away." I was inclined to think that the immense consumption of water by stock, the fact of their treading in the springs and water-courses, and their consumption of the herbage that would otherwise shelter the earth from the fierce rays of the sun, might account for the disappearance of the streams. I knew also that the aspect of a district before it is occupied differs essentially from its appearance after it has been stocked, when the high grass, that formerly waved in

the wind, gives place to short and dry herbage. However, many experienced settlers think that the colony is annually becoming hotter and drier, and Dr. Ludwig Leichhardt, who is eminently qualified to form a judgment on the matter, is of opinion that part of the vast continent of New Holland has been remarkably dry for a succession of years, but that it is impossible to account for this. His observations on the uninhabited parts of the country, show that the dryness is not dependent on colonisation; and he thinks that we must look for the cause in some change of the atmosphere that may be periodical. In his journey into the interior, he found large channels of rivers and creeks either entirely dry or containing only tiny streams, not at all proportionate to their width. Dead crabs and fresh water turtle were found on the flats at the east side of the Gulf of Carpentaria, the skeletons of which did not appear to have been carried there by the natives. He found muscles that must have lived and grown for a number of years in hollows then entirely dry. On the banks of the salt-water creeks, lines of drooping tea-trees were seen dead, in consequence of the want of the usual freshes.*

I passed the summer of 1845, and the early part of 1846, on the river Hunter, at the distance of forty-five miles from the coast; and nothing would induce me again to go through such a fiery ordeal. "Parched were the plains, and frying was the field." Gales of wind, hot as the breath of the bull of Phalaris, raged for days—

* See his Lectures delivered in Sydney.

I may say weeks—together; and one was in a continual state of dissolution and thaw, day and night. The signs of what the settler endured were first collected by his eyebrows, and then streamed from the point of his nose. An old servant on the farm used to lament his fate, saying, "by day a man's eyes are burnt out of his head; and at night he can't rest, but is hunted to death by musquitoes; the sun this morning, when *she* popped over the hill, was like blood, and the moon last night was horrid; and you, sir, look like a *Rooshian*, an old *Rooshian*." On taking up a newspaper, one found the following notices:—"in Dungog, most fearful hot winds;" in another place, "wind a complete hurricane; hotter than ever; next morning very cold and chilly;" again, "Sydney, thermometer in the shade of a verandah facing the *south* at two p.m. 97; at a quarter-past two 98."* During this time, bush fires raged in different parts of the country, and did an infinity of mischief. A great many persons were affected by ophthalmia; the eyes being, in some cases, entirely closed for two or three days. In the interior it is even

* "First month 3rd, 1835. To-day a hot wind prevailed [at Sydney], which is common in this country, but almost insupportable. The thermometer in the cabin standing at 90 deg., but on shore at 100 deg. in the shade. A sudden change took place before two, p.m., commencing with a tremendous squall of wind: the great heat was at once turned into cold."—(*Memoirs of the late Daniel Wheeler*, p. 293.) These sudden squalls fill the streets of Sydney with clouds of dust; and, not only the streets, but the eyes, noses, ears, and lungs of the citizens. The editor of a late Sydney paper states that he attended the races, but the heat was such that none but stokers and anchor-forgers could endure it!

hotter than on the Hunter; especially where the country is plain and the grass short; for there the heat is reflected, and is often so intense that a short run proves fatal to a dog. Were it not for the protection the trees generally afford, the grass would, throughout the colony, suffer more than it does; and, therefore, pastoral land ought not be cleared. Whilst I resided on the Hunter, open land, cleared or naturally without trees, became much like a ploughed field; and where there was any grass, it crunched under the foot as, in England, it does during a frost. The river gradually disappeared; and the cattle sought for water amidst burning stones. During a drought, cattle, of course, keep in the neighbourhood of water, if there be any, and consume the grass near it. When this is eaten they have to travel in search of food in other quarters, and to return to the water. In consequence of this, they become weak and leg-weary; and those who have suffered most are trodden down at the watering-places by the stronger cattle. Thus, the water-holes become full of dead beasts. A hot wind at Ulladulla was invariably succeeded at sunset by a southerly breeze, that reduced the temperature forty degrees, in a few minutes, and greatly refreshed the sweating settler; but I do not recollect this occurring twice during my residence on the Hunter. The coming up of such a southerly breeze is fine, as it roars through the tops of the trees; and it is heard a long time before it is felt, like a squall at sea.

The season I have described was one of drought; but, let us hear a lady's description of the climate, in

which she makes no mention of that curse. "The climate of New South Wales has been, I think," says Miss Anley, "especially magnified, as amongst the brightest of her many gems; and so it is, if *climate* means no more than skies, over which, for weeks together, a cloud is scarcely seen to pass. But, when it is said that it knows neither the extremes of heat or cold, is subject to no sudden changes of temperature, and that it 'wakens all nature to verdure and to song,' he who thinks so must be as one whom I once heard ingeniously described as 'having a heart of mail, nerves of iron, and a mind troubled by nothing but the sickness of a storm at sea.' The winter months of Australia, from June to September, are, I grant almost perfection, resembling one long unvaried May, such as poets have painted that spring-time of *our* year; but this is followed by a summer whose sun is, indeed, enough to annihilate all nerves, save those of our friend the iron man. The very remembrance of its hot winds brings fever heat to veins of mortal flesh and blood. O! when I have looked upon that cloudless sky, and vainly struggled to find one breath of air, to bring freedom once more to lungs panting beneath the weight of atmospheric pressure, how have I turned my longing thoughts to the sweet summers of England, which, with all their changes of cloud and mist, of sunshine and dew, are far more to be desired than those golden gleams of an unshadowed sun, which we too often envy because we know not what they are. The sun-set comes, indeed, as a time of unparalleled glory!

The dark blue canopy of heaven glittering with all its thousand worlds, lighted by the soft and lucid streams of the aurora australis, playing in the firmament like rivers of silver, or flying like meteors of rosy crystal. But even on these the eye may not long take rest, or the heart repose. Blistered by the stings of musquitoes, ants, and hosts of other insects without name or number, soon is the mortal called to mourn its mortality, and to depart from the beauteous vista of celestial glories, to seek shelter from entomological martyrdom; and that, too, where retreat is but a choice of evils, so little are the houses of Australia,—their rooms all built upon the ground-floor,—calculated to afford protection from the rays of a tropical sun, which penetrate a shingled roof,* with a power not to be remedied by the brief shadows of a midsummer night. Nor is it true that the Australian climate is subject to no sudden changes; so far from it, in summer it is more so than our own. Often have I known intense heat succeeded by such chilling gusts of wind, that, in the course of twenty-four hours, we have been faint with heat, and yet glad to have a fire, and to exchange the lightest clothing for shawls and flannels. Its 'verdure' I saw not, the grass being of a very coarse kind, and generally both parched and brown. The foliage can scarcely be called green; the gum-tree, with which the bush abounds, being of a sombre hue, never changing with the seasons. The underwood is, however, beautiful; the

* Some people throw water on the shingles, in order to cool them and mitigate the oppressive heat of the interior of their dwellings.

mimosa tribe, especially, growing most luxuriantly; and for its 'song,' if in that be implied the melody of birds, I heard it not; the shrill tones of the laughing jackass, the monotonous note of the bell-bird, and the mournful note of the curlew, being the only minstrelsy which reached us from the woods. The smaller birds, indeed, are beautiful to the eye; and, mingling with the parrots of a thousand hues, glitter like jewels as they fly in the sunshine from tree to tree; and, if Australia be not without drawbacks, it is nevertheless a magnificent country, with many advantages, promising future greatness."—("Prisoners of Australia," p. 183.)

I must add to this graphic account of the part of New South Wales in which this lady resided, that, in many districts, a far superior climate is to be found, and snow falls regularly—as in the New England district; and, by-the-bye, it has once fallen in Sydney. Miss Anley resided at Port Stephens, and on the river Hunter.

On the Hunter I saw *many* trees that had been struck by lightning, and I believe that the electric fluid, in some cases, escapes from the ground. I never saw a tree when actually struck by lightning, but I find the following graphic anecdote in the "Adventures of a Guardsman":—"We were overtaken by a thunderstorm which seemed to burst immediately over our heads. The rain fell in torrents, and the gleams of forked lightning were brilliant and almost blinding. The thunder, at short intervals, reverberated through the ranges with a crashing, bursting sound, like the rending asunder of some mighty rocks by a violent convul-

sion of the earth. So suddenly did it come on, that no warning, save a few big drops of rain, which fell with a pattering sound on the leaves, denoted its approach. Urging our horses to a gallop, we pressed forward for the ruins of a shepherd's hut which lay at a short distance in the bush. To gain this, we had occasion to cross a small plain, or clear space of ground, of about one hundred yards in width, and, singular enough, in the centre of this clear ground, stood a large and lofty white gum-tree, a perfect leviathan of the forest, which had seemingly been placed there by the hand of man, and had reigned with sole and undisputed sway for probably many centuries. We had not passed it, at a gallop, more than twenty yards, when there came a deafening and astounding peal of thunder that caused the terrified horses to spring almost from under us, and then to stand trembling and cowering with dread. I was seized with a fear, an awful and supernatural fear, of that Power whose mighty voice had thus rent the heavens, and I experienced a sensation of impending danger. We looked, speechlessly, at each other; the power of utterance was, for a time destroyed. I perceived my comrade's lips were of a livid hue, and trembling, and his face deadly pale. Instinctively we looked behind us, and there, in huge and shapeless masses, lay, rent and blackened, the before stately tree, the growth of ages. A dense dust was rising from the root; and the smell of sulphur was strikingly apparent. I afterwards probed the ground, where the fluid had entered at the foot of the tree, with a long stick; but,

even with the addition of the arm up to the shoulder, I could not meet with any obstruction, so great had been its force." During the drought on the Hunter, the sky frequently assumed the appearance of an impending thunderstorm. The air was close, the winds were still, and all the heavens were lurid, and cast, as it were, a blue tinge on the country. We would then hear a few distant claps of thunder, and congratulate ourselves that now, at last, we should have abundance of rain. But all this would pass away, without one drop, one precious drop, of rain; and we were left to *bake* on that hot earth, under a sun whose rising we looked upon with dread.

I add the remarks of Count Strzelecki on the climate of this part of the world, which I think will be read with interest; only premising that the data appear to have been taken from observations made on the sea-board. "By comparing the thermometrical condition of the above seven stations, viz., *Port* Macquarie, *Port* Stephen, and *Port* Jackson, in New South Wales; *Port* Phillip, and Woolnorth, Circular *Head*, and *Port* Arthur in Van Dieman's Land, with that of various localities in the Northern Hemisphere, we shall see that the temperature of the former is more admirably adjusted *than any with which they may be put in juxta-position;* the fluctuations, for instance, of St. Petersburgh are 57 deg.; of Warsaw, 43 deg. 2 min.; of Vienna, 43 deg.; of Buda, 44 deg.; Milan, 38 deg. 4 min.; Zurich, 38 deg. 9 min.; Copenhagen, 38. deg. 9 min.; Philadelphia, 43 deg. 3 min.; New York, 55 deg.;

Quebec, 59 deg. 6 min.; whereas the highest annual mean of such fluctuations at Port Phillip amounts only to 37 deg. 3. min.

"The Australian winds and currents considered in relation to the main effects they produce on pressure, moisture, and temperature, have been shown to possess a striking analogy to the winds and atmospheric currents of Europe and other parts of the world, which consequently renders the conclusion plausible, that their constitution and agencies, possess nothing peculiar or exceptive by which these winds could be viewed as characteristic of the zone to which they belong. The hot wind, even, was found to resemble similar winds in Asia (Jakoutsk), Africa, North America (Lower California), South America (Acatama), and the Indian Archipelago, with this remarkable difference, that its short duration, not exceeding ten hours, and its rare occurrence (?) which takes place but twice or thrice per annum (!) prevent in a great measure the extent of mischief and injury to which the above-named parts of the globe are exposed. Thus, while in Asia and Africa the hot wind forms a concomitant of the climate, in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, it must only be classed amongst the extraneous agents which usually disturb a well-ordered climatic economy, as do the winds in the south of Europe, known under the names of Sirocco, Mistral, &c.

"As regards rain, it was proved to be more plentiful in New South Wales, than in Van Dieman's Land—a startling fact to those acquainted with the localities—

but which, based on numerous elements, furnished by six different stations, is undoubtedly correct. Both colonies, as compared with England, have been shown to receive a larger amount of rain than does Brussels, Berlin, Geneva, York, and lastly London, so celebrated for its humidity.*

"As to the colonial temperature, which comprehends so many different climatic effects and agencies, the reader cannot but be struck with the range and favourable thermometrical condition in which every locality, illustrated under the head of temperature, is found to be placed, when compared to other localities on the globe.

"Port Macquarie (lat. 31 deg. 25 min. south) in that comparison is seen to possess the summer of Florence, Barcelona, Rome, or Naples, the winter of Funchal, or Benares, and a thermometrical fluctuation similar to that of Dublin; by its annual mean it may be classed with the climate of Tunis.

"Port Jackson, again, is by a similar comparison found to have the summer of Avignon, Constantinople, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, and a winter very nearly similar to that of Cairo, or, the Cape of Good Hope.

"Port Phillip resembles, in its summer season, Baden, Marseilles, and Bordeaux; in its winter, Palermo, or

* I would remark, that I believe this statement to be perfectly true, as the general rule, so far as regards the coast, though the rains there are very irregular; but it is well known that it has happened, at the distance of twenty miles from the sea, that there has been no rain, sufficient to support vegetation, for a period of three years; and how often does it happen that it does not *rain* but it *pours*, and drought is succeeded by destructive floods.

Buenos-Ayres; the fluctuations of its temperature are those of Montpellier, and its actual mean is that of Naples.

"According, then, to the above, the thermometrical fluctuations assimilate New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land to a tropical region; the summer season of the two colonies resembles the summer of that part of Western Europe which lies between latitude 41 deg. 53 min. and 55 deg. 57 min. north, and the winter that part of the Mediterranean which is enclosed between the coasts of Spain, Italy, France, and Algiers, extending to Tunis, and Cairo; and thus is concentrated within the space of 11 deg. of latitude the elements of seasons most requisite and essential for exalting all the energies of animal and vegetable life.

"Independently, however, of comparison and analogies, the climatic condition of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land is represented in the most favourable light, by its rich *flora*, and by the healthy condition of its aborigines and indigenous animals. Looking, indeed, at the singular and distinctive features by which its organic life is characterised, making this continent as it were a world apart, we cannot but wonder that the same climate under which that life appears should be likewise so well adapted to the maintenance of the vegetation and the animals of other hemispheres. The effect produced by the appearance of the plantain growing in company with the vine, apple, peach, and the English oak, . . . and these again flourishing in the close vicinity of the eucalypti, and mimosa is indeed

surprising; nor is it less surprising to behold the kangaroo, sheep, emu, and the horned cattle, roaming together in the same forest, and seeking sustenance from the same herbage.

"But what mainly illustrates the fertility and salubrity of both these countries, is the healthiness of the Englis hsettlers who have taken root in the soil. No endemic disease and seldom any epidemic of a grave character prevails; and if individual indisposition or even partial deterioration of the progeny is sometimes seen, it is to be traced to the pertinacity with which the English race cling to their original modes of living wherever they settle, and however different their adopted may be to their native climate. It is to the abuse of strong wines, malt liquors, and spirits, and particularly to the excessive consumption of animal food of the richest description, and even to the mode of clothing and housing, that individual diseases, such as dyspepsia, premature decay of teeth, and affections of the brain may be attributed.

"The climate of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, further, has never been shown to have exercised any of those deadly or deleterious effects on the constitutions of the first European emigrants, or of those who have followed them, which many climates, highly vaunted for their excellency have done. . . . . .

"The west of the United States of North America —nay, even the Eastern States, including the east shore of the beautiful Hudson itself—are afflicted with the constant presence of fever and ague! On the

banks of the Ohio and Mississippi, where the fertility of the soil is great beyond comparison, I still saw it raging, which it will continue to do until the virgin soil shall, by cultivation, clearing, introduction of European flocks, &c., be purged from those noxious elements which now, in chemical combination with the atmosphere, render the respirable air so prejudicial to health."—("Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land," pp. 232-239.)

I add to this a few extracts, taken at hazard from Sir Thomas Mitchell's late work, whence it will be obvious that every rose has its thorn:—"24th December. A lurid haze hung among the trees as the earliest sunbeams shot down amongst them. The party were ready to move off early, but the progress was slow, from various impediments. A hot wind blew like a blast furnace. A bullock dropped dead at the yoke. Thermometer in tent, 103. Hot wind from the west." (p. 19).—"Thermometer again 109 in the shade all day" (p. 28).—"24th January. This morning I awoke completely blind from ophthalmia, and was obliged to have poultices laid on my eyes; several of the men were also affected in the same manner. The exciting cause of this malady, in an organ presenting a moist surface, was, obviously, the warm air, wholly devoid of moisture, and likely to produce the same effect until the weather changed. At 9 p.m., thermometer 84, with wet bulb 68" (p. 42).—"26th January. My eyes were so far recovered that I could observe the altitude of a star, thus ascertaining the latitude of this camp to

de 31 deg. 20 min. 20 sec. south.* Thermometer, at sunrise, 85; at noon, 112; at 9 p.m., 84; with wet bulb, 70."—"29th January. A more than usually hot wind raised the thermometer to 115 in the shade. Thermometer, at sunset, 102" (p. 46).—"3rd February. This was almost the first day, during a month, in which the air had not been warmer than our blood; often it had been greater than fever-heat, so that 73 deg. felt to us as cool as 50 would have been to a resident at Sydney" (p. 50). Sir Thomas Mitchell experienced this heat in the squatting district called "the Liverpool Plains District," and not far from the station of two gentlemen with whom I was well acquainted. I well recollect seeing them on the Hunter, on their road from their station to Sydney; and the effects of ophthalmia rendered one of them completely blind during a part of each day. In the middle of each day he could see pretty well. One of these squatters was a medical man, and the other a lawyer; at least, such had been their professions in England. Sir Thomas Mitchell lost all his dogs; they died of heat. He was glad to procure some leeches from a water-hole to apply to his own eyes. Mr. Kennedy (the second in command of the expedition) became for a time quite blind with purulent ophthalmia.

I apprehend that the rains in the district of Port Phillip are more regular than in any other part of New South Wales; and, having seen much of the colony, and heard a great deal from settlers in every part of

* Nearly the latitude of Port Macquarie—see above.

it, I should—after Illawarra—be inclined to give the preference to the neighbourhood of Geelong; and the country near Port Fairy is very fine.

I visited Melbourne, and recollect that the thermometer in the sun, during the races, in the month of March, was 135 deg. In the midst of the streets, which were very well built, the stumps of the original forest-trees were then standing. This was in the year 1842.

CHAPTER X.

The Shepherd—Salt Beef—Sackcloth and Ashes—A rara Avis—Affair of Honour—Scurvy—Annals of Drunkenness—A Shepherd and his Cow — Sheep and their Habits — Stockmen and Bullock Drivers, and their Characteristics — Convicts and the Assignment System — Their Discipline and its Results — Instances given—Defects of the System—Introduction of Savages from the New Hebrides — Emigrants — Hyde Park Barracks—Fate of some Notorious Culprits.

HAVING already introduced many settlers of different grades, I wish now to give an idea of the primitive life of shepherds, and other labouring men, beyond the boundaries; and also to say a few words on convicts and their condition.

A shepherd's hut is a hovel, built of slabs, and covered with bark. Between the slabs a man could thrust his foot, and nothing could be more easy than to cover the walls, as well as the roof, with bark, thus making the tenement weather-tight; but the men will not take the trouble to do this, and, probably, airiness in summer compensates for the cold of winter. The accommodations are the simplest. A sheet of bark, on trestles, forms the bedstead on which the mattress is

spread; and another sheet, supported by sticks, does duty as a table. The cooking apparatus consists of an iron pot. If the traveller falls in with one of these solitary dwellings, he is immediately asked to take "a pot of *tay*;" and the tea is produced from a bag that hangs on a peg, and the sugar from another; whilst salt beef and damper make their appearance from some very original substitute for a shelf. The bark is generally secured to the roof by strips of green hide; and it is a common saying, that, if it were not for green hide and stringy bark the colony would go to a place more remote than even the antipodes. In some huts which it has been my lot to visit, I have had rough fare, and rougher beds. The salt beef is sometimes hard and black, worthy only of a place in a museum, and certainly not of a depository in a human stomach. "The greatest hardship I endured was salt-beef," says William Penn; and this I can echo from the *bottom* of my heart. In some huts, black pieces of beef are suspended from the roof by strings, and if it is marvellous that any man can be induced to swallow such a curious production, it would be still more marvellous if he could digest it. My bed has sometimes been a sheet of bark with a sack spread upon it, and I have lain, near the fire, almost literally in sackcloth and ashes!

It is one comfort that, in the bush, it is always in one's power to make a good fire, when the weather is cold, and enjoy this at all events. By such a fire, I have seen stockmen sprawling on the floor, discussing, during the greater part of the night, their adventures in

England with "beaks and traps," and their own wonderful achievements in the colony.*

A bushman run wild presents a singular picture. He lives far in the interior, and all his thoughts, and all his talk, are about cattle, horses, the bush, and wild blacks. He wears a cabbage-tree hat, as black as a coal; while his garments are venerable for their antiquity, and remarkable for their patches. He smokes bad tobacco incessantly, and never, when travelling, enters an inn, but "camps out," with his opossum cloak, in all weathers. He devours salt junk and clarty damper, and swills oceans of a dark liquid which he calls tea, and which he sweetens with vast quantities of coarse brown sugar. A few ants in his tea give it an additional flavour, and the summit of his bliss is a "brandy ball." Sheets are an effeminate luxury that he has not known for years; but the blankets in which he rolls himself, are as delightful to him as a hearth rug to a pointer. If he were to offer a share of his hut to a stranger, most men would be inclined to exclaim, "Oh! 'tis too lovely for me!" and to leave the New South Wales *rara avis* in undisturbed possession of all his domestic comforts.

It is of such a bushman as this that the following story is told. The scene is laid at Maitland. He had just come down the country—doubtless wild as a kangaroo—when, over his cups at an inn, he quarrelled with

* If obliged, by the force of circumstances and the want of shelter, to form on the floor one of a conclave of stockmen, keep the spurs on; then, by dint of a little restlessness and kicking, it is practicable to make them keep their distance.

a lieutenant in the navy, and "satisfaction" at sunrise was to be the result. But the bushman, having no acquaintance in the town, sallied out in quest of a second, and adopted the very original idea of giving the first man he chanced to encounter a pound, to put on his best clothes, and serve him in this capacity on the following morning. Then the affair took place, and terminated without injury on either side, and the lieutenant went to bed to compensate himself for early rising; but, hardly was his head settled on the pillow, when he was aroused by the heavy step of a man stumbling up-stairs, and his late antagonist burst into his room, saying, "Get up, man, get up; I gave that fellow a pound to stand second, and I am not going to be put off with *one* shot." Of course this offer was politely declined, with an intimation that, had the navy-man known how the affair had been arranged, he would have declined the meeting altogether.

At each of the huts of the shepherds are placed two folds, and consequently two men; whilst a third, called "the hut-keeper," receives the sheep at night, and is answerable for their safe custody until the morning. This man sleeps in a kind of sentry-box near the fold, and has to guard against the attacks of native dogs, which sometimes leap into the folds, when the sheep, in their terror, break out and are dispersed in the woods; but a good dog is generally tied at each corner of the fold; and kangaroo dogs also keep watch. I asked a hut-keeper where he procured a famous dog that he had, and which would attack the native dog at night (a

rare instance of courage), "Oh," said he "I *seen* the dog, and I said to Bill, Bill, says I, I'll give a cow for that ere dog; and a month arter Bill brought him. *I* didn't steal the dog; *I* don't know where Bill had him, I don't—"

The sheep are counted frequently, either at sunrise when they are turned out of the fold, or at sunset when they are driven into it; and miserable is the ride home in the dark, after performing this office at the latter period. The horse is constantly stumbling over limbs of trees and logs of wood, and sometimes starts desperately. Many men guide themselves through the woods at night by the Pleiades, which the stockmen call "the *five* stars," or,

> "By fair Orion when he mounts on high,
> Sparkling with midnight splendour in the sky."

The shepherd occupies the position usually assigned at home to knights of the thimble. "Do you think I'd be a crawling shepherd?" asks a stockman, with the utmost scorn, if it is proposed to him that he should assume the office. Since the shepherds and hut-keepers usually live on salt beef and damper only, and the climate seldom allows them to grow vegetables, the scurvy is by no means uncommon amongst them; and I have heard one of them express a devout wish that he were a pig in a cabbage garden! Their wages, in quiet districts, where they are in no danger from the Blacks, are about twenty pounds a year each with rations. They can save nearly the whole of their

wages, and this they sometimes do for two or three years, and then travel down the country to the nearest public-house, and "knock their money down;" and to quote Sir George Gipps, "the whole country for miles, almost for hundreds of miles round Melbourne, is strewed to this day with champagne bottles!"

> "So sailors when escaped from stormy seas,
> First crown their vessels, then indulge their ease."
>
> *Dryden's Virgil.*

But this once favourite method of being relieved from the burden of troublesome cash, is going fast out of fashion, to the mutual advantage of both the men and their masters; indeed, the latter have strongly opposed the licensing of public-houses beyond the boundaries, but without success.* The first object of the ambition of a labouring man in the bush is to possess a mare. He then buys a few cows; and many a "ticket-of-leave holder" has a nice little property in cattle and horses before he becomes free. Some shepherds have their wives and children with them in the bush;

* It appears, by the report of a speech of the Attorney-General of New South Wales, that in 1836, when the population was 77,000, the deaths from intemperance that were reported to him by the coroners were 196; but in 1845, with treble the population, 43. From June, 1837, to June, 1838, the returns gave 147 deaths from intemperance; but this has gone on decreasing (whilst the population has been increasing) as follows:—1838 to 1839, 152 deaths; 1839 to 1840, 123; 1840 to 1841, 131; 1841 to 1842, 107; 1842 to 1843, 63; 1843 to 1844, 48; 1844 to 1845, 51; 1845 to 1846, 43; giving a total of 1061 in ten years. The Temperance Reform, teetotal societies, and so forth, were set on foot in 1834; and the late Sir George Gipps lent all his weight to them; as also do the Roman Catholic priests, to their infinite credit.

and, with the assistance of the hut-keeper, milk a cow, and, where the climate will allow it, cultivate a small garden; but this is the exception and not the rule; and the opossums often destroy their gardens, at least the produce of them, when there is any. I have seen a squatter's garden, consisting only of a spot enclosed by four hurdles and producing a few leeks. I have asked shepherds why they do not patronise the savings' bank, and they say they consider cattle a more profitable investment. No doubt, the truth is, that they derive much pleasure from having their property in a tangible shape, and dote on "Bally," and "Spot," as a man may sometimes, perhaps, dote on his wife, and are ready to exclaim "here could I live, and love, and die with only you."

"So-and-so seems very fond of his cow," I remarked.

"Of course he is," was the answer; "he has no wife or child to dote on, and a man must have something to dote on, so he dotes upon *she*."

When living in Wilts I used to think the labourers in that county badly off because they had butcher's meat only once a year, namely, on the occasion of the village feast, and because their food generally consisted only of bread, vegetables, a little bacon as a relish, and hard dumplings commonly called "doughboys;" but I would much rather be dieted as the Wiltshire peasant than as the New South Wales shepherd. The former is altogether in better condition, and has a far more healthy and sturdy appearance, neither does he know "the cold bereaving spell" of home sickness, which must occa-

sionally chill the heart of the latter, however much he may disguise his real feelings.

The sheep graze in the morning and the evening, as they move along followed by the shepherd and his trusty cur. In the heat of the day "they camp," and are to be found in groups under the trees with their heads together close to the trunks. The most sheltered, and often the most retired, valley is chosen for this purpose. So was it in the days of Virgil. In the following passage he speaks of sheep :—

"In summer's heat some bending valley find,
Closed from the sun, but open to the wind;
Or seek some ancient oak, whose arms extend
In ample breadth, thy cattle to defend,
Or solitary grove, or gloomy glade,
To shield them with its venerable shade."*

In such a valley in which stands a spreading corrijong (*sterculia diversifolia*) which has a strong resemblance to the English oak, I constantly found a flock of sheep in the middle of the day, and the same sounds were heard that the bard refers to,

"When creaking grasshoppers on shrubs complain." †

The diseases of the sheep are scab and giddiness; in wet districts, catarrh. I never met with any flockmaster who understood the nature of the disease called

* "Æstibus at mediis umbrosam exquirere vallem,
Sicubi magna Jovis antiquo robore quereus
Ingentes tendat ramos; aut sicubi nigrum
Ilicibus crebris sacra nemus accubet umbra."
3 *Georg.*, 331.

† "Et cantu querulæ rumpent arbusta cicadæ."
3 *Georg.*, 328.

"giddiness." Its symptoms are exactly described by Virgil; but in New South Wales it is not thought to be contagious.

"But where thou seest a single sheep remain
In shades aloof, or couched upon the plain,
Or listlessly to crop the tender grass,
Or late to lag behind with truant pace;
Revenge the crime, and take the traitor's head,
Ere in the faultless flock the dire contagion spread." *

The disease called the "scab" hardly requires description.† It is cutaneous, and is cured by dipping the sheep in solutions of mercury. It is remarkable that sheep that escape into the woods become so fleet and wary, that some will remain for a length of time unharmed by the native dogs.

The stockman always considers himself a very fine fellow; his boast is of what he and his horse can do; and his greatest pride is to penetrate into a part of the country which no one has previously reached. Even at Ulladulla, there were parts of the country, not very far from the cottage, which were altogether un-

* "Quam procul, aut molli succedere sæpius umbræ
Videris, aut summas carpentem ignavius herbas,
Extremamque sequi, aut medio procumbere campo
Pascentem, et seræ solam decedere nocti:
Continuo culpam ferro compesce, priusquam
Dira per incautum serpant contagia vulgus."
3 *Georg.*, 464.

† "Turpis oves tentat scabies, ubi frigidus imber
Altius ad vivum persedit, et horrida cano
Bruma gelu; vel cum tonsis illotus adhæsit
Sudor, et hirsuti secuerunt corpora vepres."
3 *Georg.*, 441.

known, in consequence of the difficulty of access to them. There is always a strong affection existing between the stockman and his horse; and the intelligence and companiableness of the latter are sometimes very remarkable. "There's my *hos*," I heard a stockman say; "he's very fond of me as well as master; he never leaves me. To be sure he did leave me once for three days, but then I'd been a *golloping* him too hard after that 'ere barren heifer!"

A scrubby country is a stockman's abhorrence, as there he cannot ride, at least at any pace.

The bullock-driver performs the long journeys alluded to in the last chapter, and is intrusted with property of much value. He is generally trustworthy, save as respects rum and tobacco. He rarely can resist the allurements of these bewitching articles, and resorts to the most ingenious devices for wheedling the spirits from the casks. He carries a mattress with him, and sleeps under his dray, whilst his bullocks graze near it. I think no sight in the colony would strike a newcomer so much as the passage of a number of drays over Liverpool range. Often thirty pair of bullocks are to be seen harnessed to one dray, and the shouts and execrations of the drivers, with the noise made by their whips, are almost appalling. No men swear more dreadfully, or have so great a variety of oaths of the most extraordinary derivation. As horse-teams increase in number, it is to be hoped that some of their expletives will be laid aside. Their "camps" at night are in regular gipsy style, and they always light huge fires.

In a large boiler, which was brought on a dray to the station I described in the last chapter, a woman and her children used to seat themselves during the day as they travelled, and I am assured by a friend that he saw her there, knitting very quietly.

When transportation to the colony ceased in the year 1840, the number of convicts that had been introduced was 51,082 males, and 8,706 females. In the year 1846,* the total population of the colony† was, males, 114,769; females, 74,840; total, 189,609; and of these, 25,000 resided beyond the boundaries. Both the stock-

	Males.	Females.	Totals.
*Population within limits of location { Middle district ...	80,576	58,307	138,883
*Population within limits of location { Port Phillip ditto	13,234	10,234	23,468
Total	93,810	68,541	162,351
Population beyond limits of location { Middle district.....	11,813	3,838	15,651
Population beyond limits of location { Port Phillip ditto...	6,950	2,461	9,411
Total	18,763	6,299	25,062
Crews of Colonial Vessels in Harbour or at Sea	2,196	.....	2,196
Total population of New South Wales on 2nd March, 1846	114,769	74,840	189,609
Population of 1841.....	87,298	43,558	130,856
Gross increase of Population during the five years ending March, 1846	27,471	31,282	58,753
Centesimal increase during the same period	31·46	71·81	44·89
Average annual Centesimal increase for the same period	6·29	14·36	8·98
Centesimal proportion of sexes { 1846...	60·53	39·47	100
Centesimal proportion of sexes { 1841...	66·71	33·29	100

† One of the colonial papers states that there are nearly ten thousand unmarried women in the colony.

men on the farm at Ulladulla had been transported for horse-stealing. They had, however, turned over a new leaf, had obtained tickets of leave, and were useful, steady men. There were, also, six convicts employed upon it, under the superintendence of the overseer. This farm was unreclaimed forest in the year 1840: in 1844 it produced (the harvest being thrashed in February, 1845) 800 bushels of wheat, besides maize, potatoes, &c. Two paddocks, containing together forty acres, were also laid down in clover. The fencing and the buildings had been put up by contract, and sometimes, but rarely, assistance was obtained to fell trees; but, excepting this, the whole of the work necessary to produce this result had been performed by the overseer, one other free man, and the six convicts, with the assistance of the blacks; and thus, also, the harvesting was managed. One of these convicts (or, as they are always called, "prisoners") had been a Birmingham thief. He was here changed into a bullock-driver, and occasional ploughman; but used to feign illness, and neglect his work. He was once sent to the treadmill for a month, but came back very fat, and altogether seemed to have enjoyed his trip to Sydney. He was apt to complain of a pain in his back, but a medical man succeeded in effecting a complete cure by means of strong blisters. Another troublesome man had been a soldier, and was transported for striking his sergeant. He said he had rather be in the convict barracks than in the bush heaving logs; and there he was ultimately sent, having once previously been sentenced to be flogged. No

punishment whatever took place amongst any of the other men during the four years the farm was my head-quarters. In their manner these men were civil and respectful; and, in 1846, all of them, except the Birmingham man and the soldier, had obtained tickets of leave, and were working on their own account; some of them on the same farm. At sunrise they were turned out to work by ring of bell; at eight they had an hour for breakfast, at noon an hour for dinner; after which they were kept at work until sunset. On Saturday they had half the day to themselves. In the evenings some of them worked at their trades, if they had any, for their own benefit. Some made shoes, some whips, some hats; one was a good carpenter; and all, excepting the soldier, contrived to earn something. Some of them bribed the blacks with tobacco to strip mimosa bark for them, which they sent to Sydney for sale; and in the same manner they procured fish and wild-ducks. None of them were allowed at any time to leave the premises without special permission. With the money they gained they bought tea, sugar, and tobacco, and waistcoats and handkerchiefs; and when arrayed in the garments they had bought with their own money, they no doubt began to feel that they were emerging from their former state of degradation, and took heart accordingly. The Birmingham man paid a shoemaker to teach him his trade during after-hours. This he learned with a view of gaining his livelihood when he got his ticket-of-leave; for he had now no objection to work for himself, although he was very loath to exert himself

for others. The clothing of the convicts by their masters, which had, however, turned out ... lations issued by the government ... and it was an almost universal practice ... who conducted themselves well ... in addition to the rations thus provided ... useful men, were sometimes paid ... style of their dwellings depended much ... and some of them had neat huts and ... So, also, did their general comfort and happiness depend on themselves; the diligent man being encouraged, whilst the idle fared the worse. Convicts so placed, ... fact, in a state of pupilage; and, in dealing with ... idleness is the vice principally to be combated. ... labour of the convict is of course unpaid; and ... and in banishment from his country, his punishment ... *within the colony* consists. But whilst thus labouring without wages, he is learning much that will ultimately be of advantage to him; he is taught how to maintain himself in a new country; and when, as he terms it, his "bondage" is over, he generally comes from the hands of his master an useful man. The settlers prefer men so tutored to emigrants; who, on their first arrival are, comparatively, but "babes in the wood." The settler inquires, not what a man has been, but what he can do. A man transported for seven years obtained a ticket-of-leave at the expiration of four years' service.

* But the rations supplied by some masters to their convict servants were occasionally infamous; and thus the men were almost compelled to steal food, sheep for instance.

; and one transported for life at the lapse of eight rs, provided no punishment had been incurred ing that time. Each punishment deferred this in- lgence for a year, during which period he remained his master's service; and this was a severe, and cer- ainly a very impolitic regulation. When a "lifer" had held a ticket-of-leave for six years, and could produce good testimonials to character, he was further indulged with a conditional pardon.

When a convict was first assigned to a settler, he saw Dick, Tom, and Harry, who had gone through the ordeal upon which he was entering, hired servants at so much a-year, in a country where labour is dear, and the necessaries of life plentiful and cheap. He saw that they were well off; and though he sighed over his own bondage, he could not but reflect that four years (if he were "a seven years' man") would soon pass, when he would be in the same case with those stockmen and labourers. The prospect of gaining this position had great influence on the conduct of those men who were not utterly hardened; an influence which increased as the term of probation drew near its close. Some of the convicts, however, would "try it on" when first assigned, their object being by all means to escape labour and restraint, which are, of course, much opposed to their former habits. To use another of their own terms, some men were "great schemers;" but, when duly punished for idleness, insolence, or mischief, the majority would "drop down," or succumb, and adopt a better course. It may be observed, that men

justly punished did not usually harbour any ill-will against those who procured them their deserts. They had been playing a certain game, calculating on the penalty if their masters did not yield, who would only have incurred their contempt and derision if they allowed their just requisitions to be evaded. Hence, a firm and determined master not only avoided much annoyance, but in the end spared his men much misery, as his conduct deterred them from crime. Thus, convicts assigned to settlers in the bush were drilled into regular habits of industry, and in a great measure removed from the society of the depraved, and from scenes of temptation. None of them were allowed to be idle; and, truly, "idleness is the devil's wages," and the fruitful parent of crime. The convict was too well worked to have leisure to hatch mischief, and it was generally useless to steal in the bush anything that could not be eaten, for there were no receivers. There bolts and bars are still unknown; and yet the settler is, or at least was, in the midst of convicted scoundrels.

The beneficial effects of the system are evidenced by the fact that much property is in the hands of those who were landed in the colony as felons, and by the many of this class who are now reformed, and whose conduct is good. I apprehend, however, that the convict suffered much when he was assigned as a servant to the inhabitants of towns. He was then merely transferred from scenes of temptation in England to the like, or worse, in New South Wales. It was also true that it was always in the power of the master to render the convict

miserable; but it was not his interest; and instances of cruelty and tyranny were not general by any means, at all events of late years. The magistrate alone had the power of punishing; and, since the convict class was principally drawn (in addition to those who had cheated the gallows) from the idle, from burglars, pickpockets, tramps, and others who preferred a precarious subsistence, illicitly gained, to healthy and regular labour, it was necessary to keep a tight hand over them.

But, despite defects or abuses (and to these I shall presently allude more particularly), the assignment system, *as I saw it*, did most certainly contribute greatly to the reformation of the convict. One of its best features was *dispersion;* and, without attention to this, I feel assured that the reformation of such characters will be attempted in vain. It is, of course, notorious that a man who has been sent to jail gleans a knowledge of evil in addition to any he before possessed. What, then, must be the effect of herding convicts together, in a hot-bed of vice and atrocity—as was the system pursued in Van Diemen's Land and Norfolk Island—of working them in gangs; of confining them together at night? They become unfit to live or die; and, reckless and diabolical, take pleasure in tormenting one another; as if their lot were not already sufficiently painful.

I once saw a blind man, a convict, condemned to death for murdering one of his fellows. After sentence was passed, he addressed the court, saying, it was only known to the prisoners themselves what the blind and helpless amongst them suffered;—that advantage was

taken by the others of their infirmities, and they were robbed, derided, and spit upon, *because they were helpless;* and that the heart of man could not bear the misery to which they were subjected, in places where they were confined together.

The Colonial Secretary of New South Wales is reported, in a late paper, to have stated in his place in the Legislative Council of the Colony, that "he considered that the assignment system was the best system of secondary punishment that ever was, or ever would be, devised by man; but, whilst he held this opinion, he had no intention of fixing on the Colony the perpetuity of the system of transportation." On the other hand, the Attorney-General is reported to have said, on another occasion, "If they could be so degraded as to ask again to have British crime poured in upon them, they would be for ever unworthy of a place among the nations of the earth. No emigrant family ought ever to come here. He could speak from his own experience, while in England and Ireland, that, during the continuance of transportation, there was the greatest possible reluctance to emigrate out here. The accounts sent home by convicts to their relations, of the horrors they had endured, were a perfect bugbear to emigration. He had the duty of conducting prosecutions for the last fifteen years, and he could not agree that the transportation system had not involved an increased mass of crime. He could not forget that, in the short space of three or four years, under that system, he had heard five hundred persons sentenced to perish on the gallows;

while robberies and outrages were of daily occurrence. The chances were then against a traveller from Liverpool or Parramatta, that he did not get robbed, and perhaps shot. A change, however, had now come up; and in travelling from Golbourn Circuit Court the other day, both at night and day the road was as quiet and orderly as possible, and no apprehension existed at all."*—(Sydney *Atlas*, Oct. 2, and Sept. 18, 1847.)

Here are very opposite opinions. For my own part, I have arrived at the conclusion, that the assignment system had not a fair trial until transportation to the colony was abolished. When convicts were annually landed in Sydney, in large numbers, as many as possible were thrust upon the public—but a small community—to relieve the Government of the burthen of maintaining them; but thousands were, nevertheless, employed in gangs, in public works,—a certain method of effectually depraving them;—and bush-rangers and highway-robbers were generally those who had escaped from such gangs. Hence also, on some large farms,

* A colonial paper furnishes the following data:

"Sydney.—Persons apprehended in 1841, 12,774; in 1845, 6946; yet, during this time the population had increased forty per cent. Summarily convicted or committed for trial in 1841, 10,544; in 1845, 3817." Now, since in 1841 there were in the colony 6159 holders of tickets-of-leave, 7637 convicts in government employ, and 13,181 convicts in private assignment (together, 26,977 felons) besides 19,397 "Emancipists" (or those whose sentences had expired), it is evident that, if such data shows that transportation to the colony introduces crime, it is shown also that a reforming process was at work. I have already stated that transportation ceased in 1840. The increase of population above-mentioned arose from emigration.

two or three hundred convicts were assembled together, instead of being dispersed as they ought to have been; and we can hardly hope that, when they were a drug in the market, they were as well treated as when it was announced that no more would arrive in the colony; indeed, we may be sure they were not, and dreadful stories are current of cruelties suffered by the convicts, principally by means of excess of corporal punishment. Some, on the other hand, received no punishment at all, being assigned to their wives,—who would precede them, and in some cases actually with the fruits of the crime for which the husband was transported; whilst others were made clerks in the offices of the government, or attained some other easy berths: but it would be tedious to detail all these abuses. If the men, however, were not properly dealt with, what was once the fate of the women? The late venerable Samuel Marsden, then a chaplain in the colony, thus writes to Mrs. Fry, in the year 1829. "For the last five-and-twenty years many of the convict women have been driven to vice to obtain a loaf of bread, or a bed to lie on. To this day there has never been a place to put the female convicts in, when they land from the ships. Many of these women have told me, with tears, their distress of mind on this account; some would have been glad to have returned to the paths of virtue if they could have found a hut to live in, without forming improper connections. Some of these women, when they have been brought before me, as a magistrate, and I have remonstrated with them for their crimes, have replied,

"I have no other means of living; I am compelled to give my weekly allowance of provisions for my lodgings, and I must starve, or live in vice." I was well aware that this statement was correct, and was often at a loss what to answer. It is not only the calamities that these wretched women and their children suffer that is to be regretted, but the general corruption of morals that such a system establishes in this rising colony, and the ruin their example spreads through all the settlements. The male convicts in the service of the crown, or in that of individuals, are tempted to rob and plunder continually, *to supply the urgent necessities of these women.* All the female convicts have not run the same lengths in vice. All are not equally hardened in crime; and it is most dreadful that all should alike, on their arrival here, be liable and exposed to the same dangerous temptations without any remedy. If proper care is taken of the women the colony will prosper, and the expenses of the mother country will be reduced. On the contrary, if the morals of the female convicts are wholly neglected, as they have been hitherto, the colony will only be a nursery for crime; and mothers will continue, as they do now, to abandon their daughters at an early age, to every kind of evil for the sake of gain; and the burthens of these settlements will increase with the increasing number of persons who live in vice, idleness, and debauchery. It was the custom for some years, when a ship with female convicts arrived, *soldiers*, *convicts*, and *settlers*, were allowed to go on board and take their choice. This custom does not now openly obtain countenance

and sanction; but, when they are landed, they have no friend, nor any accommodation, and therefore are glad to live with any one who will give them protection; so that the real moral state of the females is little improved from what it has always been, nor will it be the least improved, till they can be provided with a barrack."* A female factory was afterwards built, an account of which will be found in the "Prisoners of Australia." But I think I have said enough to raise the question (and this is all that I wish to attempt),—had the system intended to be pursued in New South Wales a fair trial? and, if so, when?. The "Quarterly Review" for October, 1814, will throw some light on the subject; and, perhaps, if convicts had not been poured into the colony in overwhelming numbers, and none had been employed in public works, or congregated in barracks, and divers abuses had not existed, the opinions of the Colonial Secretary and Attorney-General would not have differed so much. Miss Anley says, speaking of the system as she knew it in 1836, "Make transportation a mean of wholesome discipline, of judicious correction, of mild but uncompromising coercion, and it might then become a blessing indeed, as an instrument in God's hands of reclaiming thousands from ignorance and depravity; as it is, every reflective and generous mind must weep over its results, and tremble to see a fellow creature sent forth in sin to a place where sin need hardly blush to own its own sinfulness and shame;" and again, "under some such preliminaries, we can believe that the assignment of pri-

* Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry. Vol. i., p. 367.

soners to the service of respectable families might be made the means of blessing to the one, and of essential benefit to the other."

During five years of residence in Australia, about 200 convicts and "ticket-of-leave men" passed through the establishment of Mr. Potter Macquean, who gives the following account of them :

"Free, or enjoying their ticket, married, and *thoroughly reclaimed*	14
Ditto, ditto, single ditto	49
Free, from expiration of sentence, but *worthless*	7
Returned home	1
Well-conducted men as yet under sentence	62
Indifferent, not trustworthy	29
Depraved characters—irreclaimable	7
Sent to iron-gangs and penal settlements	11
Escaped	1
Died	3
Given up at request of Government	2
Returned to Government Hospital from ill-health	4
	190"

I make this extract from "Australia," by the Rev. W. Pridden, Vicar of Broxted, Essex, and I find at p. 323, the following observations, in which I entirely concur. "When the evidence before the Committee upon Transportation (1837) is read, it must be with some grains of allowance. Before the question, whether transportation is a desirable mode of punishment, or a likely means of reforming criminals can be fairly decided, inquiry must be made not [only] respecting what has been done, but respecting what might have been done, or may even yet be done in our penal colonies."

Sir Thomas Mitchell says, "Convicts consist of two distinctly different classes: the one, fortunately by far the most numerous, comprising those whose crime was the result of impulse; the other class consisting of those whose principle of action is dishonesty, whose trade is crime, and of whose reformation there is much less hope. The offenders of the one class repented of their crime from the moment of conviction; those of the other know no such word in their vocabulary. The one is still 'a thing of hope and change,' and would eagerly avail himself of every means afforded him to regain the position he has lost; the other, true to his 'order,' will 'die game.'"

Sir Thomas Mitchell selected the men employed by him in his late expedition of exploration from convicts confined in irons in Cockatoo Island, in the harbour of Sydney. He says, "The eagerness evinced by all these men to be employed in an exploring expedition was such, that even the most reckless endeavoured to smooth their rugged fronts, and seemed to wish they had better deserved the recommendation of the superintendent. The prospect of achieving their freedom, by one year of good behaviour in the interior, was cheering to the most depressed soul amongst these prisoners. All pressed eagerly forward with their claims and pretensions, which, unfortunately for the knowing ones, were strictly investigated. The selection of such as seemed most eligible was at length made, after careful examination of the phrenological developments and police history of each; and it was not easy to find one without a cata-

logue of offences filling a whole page of police-office annals. *The greater number of these men*, as on all former expeditions, *gave the highest satisfaction*, submitting cheerfully to privations, enduring hardships, and encountering dangers, apparently willing and resolved to do anything to escape from the degraded condition of a convict. But still there were a few, amounting in all to six [the total number of convicts was twenty-three], who, even in such a party, animated by such hopes, could not divest themselves of their true character, nor even disguise it for a time as an expedient for the achievement of their liberty. These men were known amongst the rest as the "flash mob." They spoke the secret language of thieves, and were ever intent on robbing the stores with false keys, called by them *screws*. They held it to be wrong to exert themselves at any work, if it could be avoided, and would not be seen to endeavour to please by willing co-operation. They kept themselves out of sight as much as possible; neglected their arms; shot away their ammunition contrary to orders; and ate in secret whatever they did kill, or whatever fish they caught. Professing to be men of "the fancy," they made converts of two promising men, who at first were highly thought of; and, although one of them was finally reclaimed—a hero of the prize ring, it was too obvious that the men who glory in breaking the laws, and all whose songs even express sentiments of dishonesty, can easily lead the unwary and still susceptible of the unfortunate class into snares from which they cannot afterwards escape if they would."

Now, how grievous does it seem, that, of these twenty-three convicts, the sixteen disposed to reform should have been confined in irons in Cockatoo Island, in common with irreclaimable rascals, instead of being assigned to settlers, with a prospect of soon achieving their freedom. And if Sir Thomas Mitchell, requiring but twenty-three hands, ultimately found that, of the number selected, sixteen were to be readily reclaimed, how many others capable of reformation might he have discovered, if he had gone through all the unhappy prisoners.

This island, called Cockatoo, is a little higher up the harbour than Sydney. Sentinels are placed on its shores, with orders to fire into any boat that approaches without authority; but, despite all precautions, many convicts have escaped for a time, braving the fire of the sentinels, and the sharks that are numerous in the harbour, and swimming for the nearest shore. Strange, indeed, would it be, if the prisoners did not make such attempts! And, speaking of escapes, I may add, that I recollect seeing a number of men, in grey serge dresses, and heavily-ironed, marched up one of the principal streets of Sydney, guarded by soldiers and a body of police. These men were convicts from that vile pandemonium, Norfolk Island. They had been sent to work on board a fine vessel that lay off the island. The wind was well off shore, and they rose on the crew and on the guard, and made a blow for freedom. They were ultimately overpowered, lives were lost on both sides, and they paid the penalty—a penalty that the law impera-

tively demanded;—but we may ask, why they were sent on board the vessel in such circumstances as gave them a prospect, that was very nearly realised, of effecting their escape? I remarked particularly that most of these convicts were finely built, and some were very handsome men; but they were ghastly pale—so deadly pale, that you felt keenly as you looked upon them. I believe they were all of illegitimate birth. When they died they were very penitent; and they rejoiced to escape from the miseries that, for years, had been their lot in this life. Indeed, it is well known that prisoners at Norfolk Island have often committed crimes for the mere purpose of being hanged, thus escaping from the hell upon earth—from the intolerable state of bondage and misery to which they had been consigned; having an idea that if they committed suicide they should inevitably be lost for ever, but, if executed, with the benefit of the previous ministrations of the clergy, that they should have yet a chance of a better fate in another world.

Very many convicts in New South Wales were employed in "chain-gangs." In passing through Maitland you might observe a cluster of bark huts. These were the quarters of a chain-gang; and at dusk you might observe, guarded by soldiers, a body of convicts (all heavily ironed, and in grey serge dresses) marched along the road, some dragging hand-carts, and their fetters ringing as they moved. These culprits were reconvicted convicts, and were condemned to be worked on the roads. Their discipline was severe, and at night they were packed together in the bark huts aforesaid,

where, in the hours of darkness, they committed every kind of wickedness. The wit of man could not have devised a more effectual method of depraving criminals; and many, driven to desperation, continually escaped from such gangs and lived by plunder. Now that transportation to the colony has been abolished, one might have hoped that these chain-gangs would have been seen no more; but persons convicted in the colony of theft, embezzlement, &c., are still often sentenced to be worked in chains on the roads, as if no other species of punishment could be devised, and it were by all means desirable to cherish a fatal ulcer in the midst of society. In some cases, convicts employed in detached parties on the roads were at night locked up together, in a species of van that accompanied them.

It appears by a colonial paper that, about two years since, at Norfolk Island, there were fifteen cases of stabbing, or of aiding and abetting this crime; and sixteen cases of wilful murder, with ten of aiding and abetting that crime. Twenty-six murderers, and fifteen stabbers! But the calendar reveals other crimes that I shall not allude to; and for all this *the system* pursued there was answerable; but that of a chain-gang is nearly as bad, and often produces like results; and though the excess of crime at Norfolk Island may, in some degree, be attributed to mismanagement of a bad plan, still this is but a question of degree; and, as to some crimes that I do not name, such mismanagement had no relation to them.

Free emigration has nearly swamped the emancipists who used, as a body, to contend with the free, thus

once producing no small degree of bitterness and bickering; and now those who were convicts bear their own peculiar burden; a burden that will become all the heavier as the moral atmosphere becomes more and more pure. The settlers, however, introduce into the colony convicts from Van Diemen's land, who have served their time; accomplished, in that school, in every species of vice; but, can there be any doubt, that, if these men had been tutored by settlers in the bush, they would have been far better than they are? Thus, whilst public opinion is divided in the colony, on the subject of the renewal of transportation, it is actually taking place in another shape. Again, so urgent is the demand for labour, that cannibals are introduced by one of the settlers, in the hope of converting them into shepherds; a matter on which the local papers are loud in their complaints.* The introduction of free emigrants has

* "The savages again.—The New Hebrideans.—Referring to a paragraph which appeared in the 'Sydney Morning Herald,' of Monday, relative to the transmission by a North Shore Ferry steamer, during the night of Friday last, of some thirty-five of the Hebrideans to this township (Parramatta) on route to the station of their importer, Mr. Benjamin Boyd, at Bungarabee, it may be reported that, between seven and eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, Parramatta was thrown into considerable alarm and excitement by between twenty-five and thirty of these men, or, as they are rather appositely described by the Parramattanians, 'Mr. Boyd's black fellows with red hair,' marching into the town; and having proceeded through its principal streets, as a sort of *posse comitatus*, they reached the Queen's Wharf; the whole course of their marching having been known by a most hideous shrieking. The police appear to have acted legally, wisely, and judiciously. The Hebrideans, being free men, they were beyond the power of arrest [query, not as aliens?]; but their proceedings were so closely watched

been resumed to some extent; the nearly total extinction of the land-fund having, for some years, put a stop to this method of supplying labour. Such emigrants were well-cared-for on their arrival by Mr. Merewether, the emigration agent; though their numbers sometimes exceeded the means of lodging them, except in tents. It is necessary, however, that on their arrival funds should be provided for conveying them into the country, otherwise their *passage* can hardly be said to be complete. Still they have, as before observed, a great indisposition to go into the interior, and prefer remaining in Sydney; and whilst there at one time existed a great demand for labour in the country, and the settlers were willing to defray all travelling expenses (which is

that no outrage was perpetrated by them; although, from their yellings and hootings, and violence of gesture, there was every reason to fear that outrage of a most serious nature would be committed. They subsequently made a bold attempt on the Emu steamer, evidently led by the idea that, as it was a steamer, it had brought them to Parramatta. With some little difficulty they were kept from boarding the Emu, and they made their lodgings under a portico until daylight, when all, with a hideous shout, made off in the direction of Sydney. The Hebrideans are described to have been nearly all in a perfect state of nakedness; and such as were garbed, had merely a small cincture around the middle of the body. They each carried a staff, to which was suspended a bottle of water. The foregoing statement was written *en route* from Parramatta. When, however, within a few rods' distance of five dock, such a piercing cry of misery was heard, that Captain Morris at once stopped the steamer, when there was a tremendous 'yabbering' heard; the only distinguishable sounds being, 'Missa Boyd.' Morris lowered the steamer's boat, and brought from the banks of the river eighteen of the unfortunate creatures, and conveyed them to Sydney."—*Sydney Atlas*, 10th October, 1847.

not always the case), mobs of emigrants besieged Government-House,—some actually lying in the verandah, on their backs, smoking their pipes, demanding work in the town. Dr. Thompson, in giving evidence before a select committee of the legislative council, in 1843, stated that, "there is a great disinclination on the part of such persons to go into the interior. We have had a great many emigrants brought to Port Phillip who are utterly useless; in point of intellect they are inferior to our own aborigines. They come from the south of Ireland.

To illustrate further the condition of the convicts, I add extracts from the book before quoted, entitled, "Adventures of a Guardsman;" the writer of which was sentenced to transportation for a military offence, by no means of a deep die, and arrived in Sydney on the 7th of March, 1840. He says, "we remained on board three days after our arrival; during which period the superintendent of the prisoners' barracks came on board and examined every man separately and minutely, taking down the particulars of our former pursuits, *convictions*, and places of nativity, with our present crime, sentence, and personal description, embracing the smallest scar visible on any part of us. After the performance of this ceremony, and on the fourth day from our arrival, we embarked in divisions; being landed in a large launch, immediately under the Government-House. Here an officer from the barracks was in attendance; and when the complete disembarkation had been effected, we were conducted to

Hyde-Park Barracks. The town being situated at the back of the bay, we did not pass through it, but merely through what is called the 'Domain,' or land attached to Government-House. After half-an-hour's walk, dressed in full uniform,—grey jacket, white trousers, and striped woollen caps, *à la Cosaque*, with our bag, baggage, and bedding buckled to our backs, we arrived at the barracks, a large and gloomy-looking building, surrounded with a high wall, having strong, folding, entrance doors. Here we were marshalled up in complete battle array, two deep, but in *open order*, ready for the inspection of His Excellency the Governor.

"In a short time that functionary arrived, attended by his chief officers, including his private and colonial Secretaries, principal superintendent of convicts, and the officer commanding royal engineers. After complimenting the men upon their clean and creditable appearance, and the favourable report which had been made to him of their general conduct during the voyage, Sir George Gipps called out such as had been specially recommended to him by the surgeon-superintendent and captain of the vessel, in which list I had the good fortune to be included; and after expressing his perfect approbation of our behaviour, he intimated his intention of extending to us every indulgence which the regulations of the colony would authorise and allow. Having duly acknowledged His Excellency's notice, we were dismissed to our respective wards in the barracks, and then locked up, to prevent all communication with any of the old hands who might be in the yard.

"In consequence of the 'private assignment' system having at this time been abolished [no more convicts were assigned; those already assigned remained with their masters] the numerial strength of the barracks amounted to *thirteen hundred*, exclusive of the addition we brought. The confused and confounding din of so many voices may well be imagined. The barrack, indeed, at that period, might truly have been assimilated to the box of Pandora, for it certainly contained every evil in human shape—*a perfect accumulation of vice and infamy*. After partaking of their evening's meal, a large bell suspended in the centre of the yard was rung, and the men were mustered by name into their respective wards, which could scarcely contain them; and many were mixed amongst us; an honour, which we found to our cost, on the following morning, had been dearly purchased, for almost every portable article worth taking was absent without leave. The rations consisted of hominy for breakfast—a thick substance made of maize-meal well boiled in water, which, when cooled, forms a substantial food; one pound of brown bread, and half a pound of animal food: this formed the daily allowance to each person, if I might except the liquor called soup, in which the fresh meat is boiled, with a slight sprinkling of cabbage-leaf. When mustered in the morning, soon after daylight and breakfast, the prisoners are formed into so many different gangs, varying in number from twenty to two hundred, according to the nature of the employment. Some are sent to the roads, others to the streets, and others to

different forts in process of erection. An overseer [generally speaking, one of themselves] is appointed to each gang, who marches his men by twos to their respective scenes of operation [whence the men disperse, and commit robberies in every direction.]

"Sundays were exclusively devoted to divine service. The convicts were then permitted to attend their respective places of worship in the city of Sydney, under the controul of an overseer or messenger. It might very naturally be wondered at, that so large and desperate a body of men could be kept under due controul and subjection in a large town without the aid or presence of a strong preventive force, more especially since their restraint, when in barracks, is merely nominal. But it must be considered that such men are actuated by powerful personal motives, which render every act of turbulence, and every attempt at escape, totally subversive to their own interest, and a complete barrier to future indulgence. Their reasons may be summed up in a few words; they are in daily expectation of something favourable turning up. This, and this alone, it is which keeps them under passive subjection and personal restraint.*

"In so large a body of men it is but natural to infer

* Convicts cannot trust one another; hence, they cannot combine, each being watched by the others, and each ready to give information against the others. These men used to slip away from church, change their prison dress for another concealed in a safe place, and commit the most desperate outrages. Pistols were said to be hired by them at ten shillings a-night. This accumulation of vagabonds was a perpetual sore to Sydney. J. P. T.

that some are not so hardened in iniquity as others; and that the offences of some are slight and venial when compared with others. Many there are suffering under that severe penalty for merely their first offence, committed, perhaps, like my own, under circumstances of temporary excitement and desperation; who, were it not for that baneful influence exercised over their better judgment *by the direct association and communication* with characters of abandoned profligacy and villany, might be eventually reclaimable. We all know the force of bad example, and the irreparable injury sustained by evil communications; yet how much more powerful does its influence become when its object has once trod the slippery and dangerous paths of vice, and is of a nature prone to receive and cherish impressions of a wicked and dishonest tendency.

"After the lapse of three weeks, during which I did nothing but walk about the yard, I was appointed to a party of mounted border police, designed for the protection of those squatters situate in remote and dangerous districts, where they were defencelessly exposed to the incursions and barbarous violence of the aboriginal tribes."

Much has been said of the fortunes acquired by some who were convicts. I fancy that most of these fortunes were made in old times, and by selling rum; at least, that this was the foundation of many of them. I have seen an emancipist driving about in his carriage; but his fortune was made by honest and untiring industry. In whatever manner people are exiled, some, of course,

will prosper more than others; but I do not think there is much danger now of either bond or free becoming "disgustingly rich." Nothing struck me more in the colony than the good behaviour of men who had been convicts; and I am quite sure that a visitor would be continually inclined to ask, "why were these men transported?" Such men are never reproached with the fall from which they have recovered. A very good spirit exists in this respect; though the "noli me tangere" principle is, at the same time, quite ready to repel any approach to undue familiarity. "But, if the wicked man will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and do all that which is lawful and right, all his transgressions that he hath committed, *they shall not be mentioned unto him;* in his righteousness that he hath done he shall live." (Ezekiel xviii., 21, 22.)

I chanced to hear of the fate of some notorious culprits. Bolam was employed in Sydney as a clerk; and, I believe, took an account of the linen that was sent to the factory to be washed. In 1842, Frost, the Chartist, was at Cascade, near Port Arthur, and laboured in a gang, but was permitted to sleep alone. He was sent to Cascade for insolence. When first landed, he was sent to Port Arthur, and employed as a copying clerk. When I last heard of him, he had obtained his ticket of leave, and was a shopman in a chemist's shop. Jones, the Chartist watchmaker, was overseer of the mess of some dozen refractory lads at Port Arthur. He was circumspect and orderly, and worked

at his own trade, or in the nailer's shop. Williams was then also (1842) at Port Arthur. He built a boat, and effected a temporary escape, and was retaken, and was worked in a chain gang. Some of his associates in his flight, when at large through his means, committed a murder, and were hung. He was represented to be a bad, designing man. Henry Savary, formerly of Bristol, sugar baker, convicted of forgery in 1826, was employed first as a writer in one of the public departments in Van Diemen's Land. His wife followed him, but turned out badly; and he, in consequence, cut his throat, but the wound was not mortal. Shortly after this, his wife and child returned to England, and he, subsequently obtained a ticket of leave; engaged in farming; became bankrupt; again had recourse to forgery; was again convicted, and sent to Port Arthur. There he had paralysis, and died on the 6th of February, 1842.*

Though juries do not very often make mistakes when they decide on the guilt or innocence of a prisoner, yet it is certain that men are sometimes convicted and transported, who are hardly endued with sufficient understanding to be responsible for their actions, and are but the scape-goats of cunning rascals; and, perhaps, their stolidity may appear to be but obstinate perverseness. The person who, as mentioned in a former chapter, was drowned in an attempt to cross the Clyde in a little skiff, was of this description; and no one around him

* See "Tasmanian Journal." Murray, London.

entertained any doubt that he was innocent of the crime for which he had been exiled. He was fortunate in the master to whom he was assigned, who was the old gentleman I have described as the cultivator of a barren piece of land, and who treated him with great kindness. I was once much amused when, on this settler's saying to his wife, "let John go into the paddock and fetch the horses." She replied, very sedately, "he can't go, my dear; he can't go; he has not had his coffee;" so much did she study his comfort; and, as John could not go, I had to perform the duty myself. It was just after I had dined with the good old couple; and, during dinner, by-the-bye, I had watched the motions of a pair of pelicans, who were pluming themselves in a lake not many yards from the house. On my return, in a couple of hours, I found the aged pair hard at work eating again; and they told me that, because they had no wine, they were in the habit of indulging in an extra meal. The materials of their post prandium consisted of sundry extraordinary preparations of pumpkins, such as cold pumpkin in slices, or in octagonal pieces like dice, chopped herbs, melons, and coffee. Indeed, the old gentleman was a curious concoctor of vegetable simples, and strings of various herbs were hung up to dry in the huge open chimney, and he also grew his own tabacco, and made his own snuff.

Poor simple John lost his health, and was on his way to the police office, in order to obtain a passage to Sydney, when he was drowned. Had he lived, how

wretched would have been his fate! Having become useless his old master could support him no longer, and he was to be returned to the convict barracks, where he would have associated with the lowest and the vilest, and, no doubt, have suffered much at their hands.

CHAPTER XI.

Dr. Leichhardt's Adventurous Journey—Recent and Important Discoveries of Sir Thomas Mitchell—Beautiful Scenery—His Report on the Colony—Agriculture—Irrigation—Cotton—Sugar—Olives—Copper—Departure of Sir George Gipps—Lively Scene—"Anniversary Day"—Sydney Sports—Yachting—Boat Races—Dingy Race—Fancy Ball—The Defences of the Harbour—Theatres—Markets—Sydney Prices.

I HAVE already alluded to Dr. Leichhardt. Whilst the expedition of Sir Thomas Mitchell, presently referred to, was unaccountably delayed by the Governor, this gentleman, who would otherwise have accompanied it as a naturalist, formed a small party, and left Darling Downs on the 1st of October, 1844. Pursuing a north-west course, and keeping about one hundred miles from the sea-coast, he passed through a country varied in its character, aspect, and climate, but abounding with water-courses, with extensive tracts of rich pasturage, with valuable timber and minerals, and other indications of fertility and spontaneous wealth. He discovered five rivers, one of which disembogues into the Gulf of Carpentaria, and the others into the South Pacific. Having reached the 16th degree of south latitude, he veered in a south-easterly direction, as

far as the 138th degree of longitude, and thence, skirting the coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria, proceeded to Port Essington, in the Indian Ocean, where he arrived on the 17th of December, 1845, thus performing one of the most extraordinary and adventurous journeys on record, extending over about three thousand miles of a region never before trodden by the foot of civilised man. Mr. Gilbert, one of his party, was killed by the aborigines, and others were wounded. The results of the expedition are of great public value, offering a vast field for colonisation, and promising large accessions to the territorial and general revenue of Australia.* Great apprehension was excited in the colony during the lengthened absence of Dr. Leichhardt and his party. It was feared that they had perished; and their return from Port Essington by sea, on the 25th of March, 1846, was hailed with great enthusiasm. The colonists subscribed nearly 2000*l.* as a testimonial to him and his companions, and the Legislative Council added 1000*l.* Dr. Leichhardt has fine expressive features, and is in manner as unassuming as in heart bold, enterprising, and enthusiastic. He made a second expedition to the westward of his former track, but returned unsuccessful, having lost his mules and bullocks; but he has again started for the third time, and we may hope that, ere long, more will be known of that enigma, the interior of New Holland.

But Dr. Leichhardt is not the only discoverer to

* See the petition, by the colonists, to the Legislative Council for a reward to Dr. Leichhardt.

whom the colonists—I may say, the world—are indebted for new light on this interesting subject. The distinguished surveyor-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Thomas Mitchell, author of "The Battle-Fields of the Peninsula," has lately published a "Journal of an Expedition into the Interior of Tropical Australia," which was undertaken in December, 1845. The results of this journey are very important, and highly interesting. He thus introduces the discovery of the River Victoria:—"As soon as daylight appeared, I hastened towards the gap, and ascended a naked rock on the west side of it. I there beheld downs and plains extending westward beyond the reach of vision, bounded on the south-west by woods and low ranges, and on the north-east by higher ranges, the whole of these open downs declining to the north-west, in which direction a line of trees marked the course of a river, traceable to the remotest verge of the horizon. There I found, then, at last, the realisation of my long-cherished hopes—an interior river, falling to the north-west, in the heart of an open country, extending also in that direction. Ulloa's delight at the first view of the Pacific could not have surpassed mine on this occasion; nor could the fervour with which he was impressed at the moment have exceeded my sense of gratitude for being allowed to make such a discovery. From that rock, the scene was so extensive as to leave no room for doubt as to the course of the river, which, thus and there revealed to me alone, seemed like a direct reward from Heaven for perseverance, and as a

compensation for the many sacrifices I had made in order to solve the question as to the interior rivers of Tropical Australia. To an European, the prospect of an open country has a double charm in regions for the most part covered with primeval forests, calling up pleasing reminiscences of the past, brighter prospects for the future—inspiring a sense of freedom, especially when viewed from the back of a good horse;—

> A steed! a steed! of matchless speede,
> A sword of metal keene—
> All else to noble minds is drosse,
> All else on earth is meane!
>
> *Old Song.*

But I cannot follow Sir Thomas Mitchell through his most interesting travels, nor introduce the reader to the agile savage during his first interview with an European; to pretty birds, that had no fear of man; to scenery that cannot be excelled even in the imagination of the painter; in short, to a new and fairy land. I must refer to the work itself; the more especially as I wish to avail myself of the surveyor-general's summing up or report on the colony. One or two further extracts in this place, I cannot, however, resist:

"The sun rose in splendour; pigeons cooed, and birds were as merry as usual in the woods. The business of the day was most exciting; I was to ride over the fine open country to the westward of Mount Abundance. I ascended an elevated, north-eastern extremity of the mount, and from it beheld the finest country I had ever seen in its primeval state. A champaign region, spotted with wood, stretching as far as human

vision, or even the telescope, could reach. It was intersected by rivers from the north, distinguishable by columns of smoke [rising from fires made by the natives on their banks]. A noble mountain mass arose in the midst of that fine country. A three-topped hill appeared far to the north; and to the south-east of the first described, another mass, also isolated, overlooking that variegated land of wood and plain. To the south-east of all these, the peaks of a very distant range were just visible. I determined to name the whole country Fitzroy Downs; and, to identify it, I gave the name of the Grafton Range to a fine mass in the midst of it."

Again:

"Travelling along the bank of this stream, we found it flowing, and full of sparkling water to the margin. We made sure of water now for the rest of our journey, and that we might say of the river 'Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum." The hills overhanging it surpassed any I had ever seen in picturesque outline. Some resembled Gothic cathedrals in ruins; others, forts; other masses were perforated; and, being mixed and contrasted with the flowing outlines of evergreen woods, and having a fine stream in the foreground, gave a charming appearance to the whole country. It was a discovery worth the toils of a pilgrimage. Those beautiful recesses of unpeopled earth could no longer remain unknown. The better to mark them on my map, I gave to the valley the name of Salvator Rosa. The rocks stood out sharply and sublimely from the thick woods; just as John Martin's

fertile imagination would dash them out in his beautiful sepia landscapes. I never saw anything in nature come so near these creations of genius and imagination."

Such is the country into which the squatters will lead their countless flocks and herds, creating great wealth by means the most simple; and, in a degree, ensuring the success of settlements that may be formed on the coast. Sir Thomas Mitchell, in the most adventurous manner, like a knight-errant of old, followed the course of the Victoria for some days, exposing himself to no small degree of danger from the aborigines; but, by the celerity of his movements, defeating their machinations. Another expedition has since been fitted out to trace the river to its termination; but Sir Thomas has, thus, already opened "the direct road home to England; for it was not to be doubted that on the discovery of a good overland route between Sydney and the head of the Gulf of Carpentaria, a line of steam communication would thereupon be introduced from that point to meet the English line at Singapore." This is a consummation devoutly to be wished for; and, can there be any doubt, that, if Sydney could be attained in sixty-five days, instead of by a voyage averaging four months, the feeling of expatriation that creeps upon many of the colonists would be materially diminished; or that those who look upon emigration to that country as banishment, would feel that the antipodes are, after all, *very near home?*

I now add Sir Thomas Mitchell's general remarks on the colony:

"There is no country in which labour appears to be more required to render it available to, and habitable by, civilised man, than New South Wales or Australia. Without labour, the inhabitants must be savages; or, at least, such helpless people as we find the aborigines. The squatter's condition is intermediate, temporary, and one of necessity. That country without navigable rivers, intersected by rocky ranges, and subject to uncertain seasons, is unfavourable to agriculture and trade, to social intercourse, and to the moral and physical prosperity of civilised man.

"With equal truth it may be observed, that there is no region of earth susceptible of so much improvement, solely by the labour and ingenuity of man. If there be no navigable rivers, there are no unwholesome savannas; if there are rocky ranges, they afford, at least, the means of forming reservoirs of water; and, although it is there uncertain when rain may fall, it is certain that an abundant supply does fall; and the hand of man alone is wanting to preserve that supply and regulate its use. In such a clime, and under such a sun, that most important of elements in cultivation, water, could thus be rendered much more subservient to man's use than it is in other warm regions, where, if the general vegetation be more luxuriant, the air is less salubrious. Sufficient water for all purposes of cultivation, health, and enjoyment, is quite at the command

of art and industry in this most luxuriant of climates. Thus, the peculiar advantages Australia presents in her wild state, are such as would greatly enhance the value of such a country under the operation of human industry. In such a climate, for instance, an abundance of water would be found a much greater luxury when retained, distributed, and adjusted, by such means, to man's uses, than where an abundance is but the natural product of cloudy skies and frequent rains. Where natural resources exist, but require art and industry for their development, the field is open for the combination of science and skill, the profitable investment of capital, and the useful employment of labour. Such is New South Wales.

"But the age of such adaptations there is still to come. The future is too much speculated upon; hence no system of agriculture has yet been adjusted to the peculiarities of climate and soil. Instead of studying and adopting the agriculture of similar climates, and the arts by which deficiencies in similar latitudes have, from time immemorial, been corrected, irrigation, for instance, has not been yet attempted; the natural fertility of the soil has alone been relied on to compensate, in favourable seasons, for the deficiencies of others, not favourable, perhaps, for the growth of wheat or barley, but the best imaginable for that of other kinds of productions. So generally available is the structure of the country for the reservation of water by dams, that a small number of these might be made to retain as much of the surface water as might even impart humidity to

the atmosphere. This is because the channels of rivers are in general confined by high banks, within which many, or indeed most of them, might be converted by a few dams into canals. To such great purposes convict labour ought to have been applied, had it been possible to have allowed colonisation and transportation to work together. But the undulations of the land present everywhere facilities for constructing reservoirs, which heavy showers would fill; and thus afford means sufficient for the purposes of irrigation, were not labour now too scarce there to admit of the progress of colonisation in a manner suitable to the spirit of the age, and character of the nation.

"The rich lands along the eastern coast, under a lofty range which supplies abundance of water for the purposes of irrigation, are well adapted for the cultivation of *cotton* and *sugar*; and, with labour, nothing could prevent these regions from being made extensively productive of both articles. Of the *vine* and the *olive** it remains to be ascertained, whether some parts of the country may not be made as productive as Andalusia, for instance, is in the opposite hemisphere. The want of hands alone retards the development of every branch of production derivable from industry in these regions.

"Settled districts, back from the coast, at elevations

* "Five months ago, soon after my return to England, I gave to the Society of Arts two bottles of olive oil, the first samples ever produced, I believe, in Australia. The oil was made by Mr. Kid, superintendent of the Botanic Gardens in Sydney, from olives grown there, and seemed very clear and good."

of 1000 feet and upwards, have produced abundant crops of wheat of very superior quality; and, but for the noncompletion of the roads between these districts and the capital, in consequence of the withdrawal of convict labour, the progress of agriculture in its adaptation to the soil and climate, and as a field for the employment of British immigrants had been much more advanced than it is here.

"The roads, which were opened by the above means, or proposed to be opened, have become almost impassable,* or remain wholly so; and it is therefore the less surprising that the colonists look to the possible introduction of railways with much interest. In a country like that around Sydney, where extensive tracts of inferior land must be traversed by roads in order to arrive at lands which are productive and settled, the value and importance of a railway would be greatly enhanced; and calculations have been made to show

* In consequence of the Home Government procuring the enactment of an Act of Parliament imposing the duties connected with the roads on certain corporate bodies, to be established throughout the settled districts, the Local Government ceased to repair them. But the attempted establishment of these corporate bodies failed for any practical purpose (and they are altogether unsuitable), and in consequence, between the two, the roads were allowed to decay. It is strange that such matters are not left altogether to the local legislature; but, whilst the authorities at Downing Street profess to wish that the colonists should be permitted to manage their own municipal matters, they take care that they shall not have the power of doing this except in some particular mode previously dictated. "You shall be free agents," say they, "after that we have tied up your head, and put a bit in your mouth, and a Governor behind you with a whip." No wonder the colonists are apt to kick!

J. P. T.

that a railway between Sydney and the Southern Districts would pay, even from the traffic at present along that line. The town of Goulburn, 124 miles from Sydney, in an open and undulating country, at a considerable height above the sea, is rapidly growing into importance; and, by making either a good road or railway, between that town and Sydney, access would be gained to very extensive tracts of valuable territory, easily traversed, and to which Goulburn is a sort of centre.

"On the whole, it may be said, that the difficulty of access to the best lands, from the want of good roads to them from the principal port, has, of late years, greatly impeded the introduction of immigrants to the rural districts, and added to the population of Sydney many individuals who had been brought to the colony at the public expense, for the assistance of settlers in the country."

I am sure I shall be pardoned for introducing this lucid statement by one of such high authority, and who enjoys an European reputation. I will only add, that, in 1807 but 245 lbs. of wool were exported from the colony; but now upwards of 20,000,000 lbs., some of which bring, in the London markets, half-a-crown a pound; and five shillings have, in a few instances, been obtained; but, as elsewhere observed, the great fluctuation in the price of wool is a thorn in the side of theproducer.* Copper has been found near Bathurst,

* The ways and means for 1848 were estimated at 306,550*l.*; the charges thereon at 296,225*l.*

and is said to be rich, good ore. The divining rod has obtained great credit, and some are ready to vouch for its powers. Beautiful marbles are found in the colony, and are cut into chimney-pieces. There is, also, lead.

Sir George Gipps left the colony in July, 1846. He walked from Government-House bare-headed, between a double line of the military, and embarked on board a merchant ship. As he was conveyed on board, the batteries and the *Castor* frigate saluted him, making the shores echo again. The harbour swarmed with vessels of every description, from large steamers to little "puffers," or steam-boats that would hardly hold a dozen people. Yachts of every description were also tacking to and fro; and the scene was very lively, although a damp was cast upon it by the knowledge of the wretched state of health of the Governor, who did not long survive his arrival in England. But this was not the feeling of all. It will hardly be credited that an Irishwoman in the crowd exclaimed, "Bad luck to you; and I hope you will be drowned before you reach the Heads. Wouldn't the boys give you a poke in the head, if it were not for the soldiers!" Probably this woman was one of the idle people before alluded to, who remain in Sydney when work is offered to them in the country. The emblazoned flag of England waved proudly from the highest turret of Government-House; and what did not that flag promise? The sight of its silken folds, and the thunder of England's artillery, in so far distant a possession of the Crown, so lately the "terra Australis incognita," taught us that there is no

problem too hard for British enterprise to solve; no difficulties that the untiring energies of the Anglo-Saxon race will not overcome. May, then, the hardy settlers still have a place in the remembrance of their English brethren.

Sydney is a great place for boating and yachting, and a regatta is held annually on the anniversary of the founding of the colony on the 26th of January, 1788. An account of the regatta in 1846, from one of the colonial papers, will, I think, be found amusing, more so than any sketch I could furnish. Hear, then, the Sydney editor:—"The anniversary day, as it is pretty generally called, is now a regularly established holiday in Sydney. There is no mistake about it. The public offices, banks, counting-houses, and shops are closed; and there is not even the pretence of doing any business, but men of all classes, and, what is more pleasing still, women of all classes, set out with a determination to be happy, and they are generally successful. Yesterday was one of the finest days of our Australian summer. The sun shone brilliantly; but, about nine o'clock, a delightful north-east breeze set in, which cooled the atmosphere, and was just the thing for the sailing boats. At eight o'clock the royal standard was hoisted on the tower of the new Government House, and union-jacks at the different flag-staffs. The foreign consuls hoisted their flags, and most of the ships in port were gaily decorated with colours. The regatta was, as usual, the great point of attraction, and everything that would float, from a washing-tub to a steam-boat, was in requi-

sition from an early hour this morning. The steamers, which started from the Circular Quay, were crowded to excess. On board the largest one—the *James Watt*—there did not appear to be standing room; from the jib-boom to the taffrail was one mass of human beings; but, as one lady very justly observed, when a gentleman apologised for stamping on her toes, 'What's the odds as long as you are happy?' a remark which displayed a great deal of philosophy, especially if the lady had corns. The two headlands of Sydney Cove, Dawes' Point, and Point Bennilong, were literally crowded; there must have been from five to six thousand people on the latter about the middle of the day, and three thousand on the former. The view from a boat off the mouth of the cove, which would take in the range from Government House to Dawes' Point, was delightful. In the foreground were hundreds of boats of every description and rig, cutting about with great velocity in all directions. In the centre was the cove, with its large ships, nearly all decorated with flags, and many of them having parties of ladies and gentlemen on board. To the right was the gentle slope of Dawes' Point, covered with a large number of people, most of them gaily dressed, and almost constantly moving about; to the left was the more precipitous point, with Fort Macquarie at its extremity, with its thousands of people crowded on every available space, and backed by the new Government House, in front of which was assembled a large party of fashionables, including hosts of juveniles, who had

been invited by Lady Gipps to view the regatta from the lawn, and partake of the hospitalities of Government House. Add to this, an occasional steamer dashing by, with its mountain of human freight; the clash of music from the steamers, and the military band stationed at Fort Macquarie; the constant firing of guns from the flag-ship as the various races commmenced and ended, and the loud huzzas with which the winners were hailed, and the reader will be able to form some idea of what was to be seen and heard by those who partook of the sports of yesterday. On shore, the scene was highly amusing. One strong recommendation of a regatta is, that everybody can enjoy it; it is essentially an amusement for the people—especially a maritime people, such as the residents of Sydney are becoming. While the Australians of the interior are growing wool, the Australians of Sydney are catching whales. There is always something peculiarly exciting in a regatta at Sydney. The old sailors, who look with something like contempt on gimcrack yachts and pleasure-boats, are in ecstacies when half a dozen whale-boats pull by with six stalwart fellows in each; then it is that the pride of the country oozes out; then it is two to one the 'Natives' against the Yankees—'them Englishmen can't pull for a spurt like the 'Natives;' or, on the other hand, you may hear a weather-beaten old tar express his opinion 'that he could man a boat from a Greenland whaler that would pull them 'natives' out of sight in six or seven hours.' Pulling in a whale-boat for six or seven hours!—it is

enough to give one a pain in the back merely to think of it! On the other hand, you hear the yachtmen expressing their disgust at the mere physical-force men who are pulling. 'No science—everything by mere strength. The beauty of a regatta is in its sailing matches.' The supply of fruit yesterday was remarkably fine and copious. The demand for water-melons, which kept arriving in cart-loads, was immense. There were some splendid peaches and nectarines, and lots of rubbish hardly good enough to give to pigs. There were lots of cakemen and piemen; one of the latter, who did not appear to have above a dozen in his tin, was very earnest in his recommendation of his 'mutton and kidney, eel, *weel*, and mince; cherry, currant, peach, and gooseberry pies;' but how he could have managed to supply them from his limited stock is a mystery, except, as Sam Weller says, 'it's the seasoning as does it.'* There was one little bit of incipient gambling, which the police should put a stop to. 'One down, who comes next? Any little boy who has a penny to buy peaches, and wants sixpence, now's his chance; here goes; I must take three chances myself,'—and,

* Dickens is, of course, as famous in New South Wales as everywhere else. A bushman who has a "Pickwick" is reckoned a lucky dog. I recollect the exquisite relish with which a huge and very raw Scotch lad—with a face like a great pumpkin—read Pickwick on our voyage out. In ecstacies of delight he used to roll about the deck, like a young leviathan at play; then, snatching up the book, he would pursue the captain, or whomsoever else he could get to listen to him, saying, "D'ye hear what Sam said to the fat boy, and what the fat boy said to Sam?" whereupon he used sometimes to get chastised by those he annoyed too frequently.

giving the hand a swing, the 'proprietor' declares himself a winner, sweeps the penny-pieces into his pocket, and commences again with, 'I've won this time; who'll win next? one down,' &c. But while thousands were enjoying themselves at the regatta, and hundreds were picknicking on different points and islands in the harbour, it is gratifying to know that the lame, the halt, and the blind, were not forgotten, the Mayor having provided a feast of roast beef and plum-pudding, with oceans of tea, for the inmates of the Benevolent Asylum."* Then comes an account of the boat-racing, from which I extract the following only:—"The tenth match consisted of a gig and dingy; the gig not under twenty feet; the race to be decided in twenty minutes; the man in the dingy to be caught by the man in the gig. Being the climax of the regatta, this excited more amusement than anything preceding. The dingy was built by Mr. Green, and was pulled by Mr. Howard, jun., who displayed great skill, and carried off the prize. The amusements through the day passed off with pleasure to most parties, and, at the conclusion, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired on board the *Phantom*."

As a sequel to this account of the regatta, I give, verbatim, from one of the Sydney papers of 1847, a history of "The Mayor's Fancy Ball."

"Verily, fair Sydney, a marvel art thou amid the cities of the earth! Hewn, in little more than half a

* I observe that, in December, 1847, 3429*l.* had been collected for the relief of the Irish and Scotch.

century, from out the sterile rock whereon thou art founded—struggling, during the infant years of thy felonious nativity, with the combined disasters incident to periodical famines and penal privations—thou hast sprung into proud, prominent, and unequalled commercial greatness—the glory of thy denizens—the admiration of thy visitors—and a gem of price, even although a slighted one, in the diadem of thy Sovereign. Who of those congregated at the hospitable bidding of the Right Worshipful the Mayor, within the festal halls of the gay and glittering Victoria—who of those delighted guests, but must have felt as much astounded at thy rapid rise, as at the surprising elegance, the dazzling brilliance, and the wondrous *tout ensemble* of *that* witching scene. Familiar with the magnificent displays of mighty London—accustomed to the masquerading revelries of more than one Continental city —we unhesitatingly pronounce the entire arrangements of the fancy dress ball of Wednesday, whether *as a ball* or a spectacle, every way fit to compete with British or foreign blazonry, and yet 'moult no feather.' The anxious care evinced both by the proprietor and the manager of the theatre, merit the warmest commendation. The building was, indeed, converted into a princely hall, decorated with a faultless degree of taste and propriety, and glowing with a brilliant galaxy of admirably-disposed lights. Of the orchestral efficiency, we need only state, that the accomplished band of the 99th Regiment occupied the right-hand corner

of the upper boxes, whilst Mr. Gibbs, with an augmented array of violinists, confronted those *practised* musicians in the corresponding sinister angle. The refreshment-rooms, forming three sides of a square, were placed at the back of the stage, the tables groaning under a profusion of viands of the best, with ample means of libation in *unexceptionable* port and sherry; to which may be added tea, coffee, and similar refections for those of more queasy stomach. They who desired a quiet rubber found the ready materials in the green-room; whilst every device to contribute to a general and generous hilarity had been practised by the worthy Mayor and his indefatigable stewards. As early as half-past seven, the thunder of carriages was heard rolling along the streets, and from that hour until past ten the din continued to be incessant. About that time his Excellency (habited in the colonial uniform), and Lady Mary Fitz Roy (in a full court-dress, her train borne by a page), arrived, and were presented to the Mayor and Mayoress, Mr. Broughton wearing his official robes, and Mrs. Broughton beautifully attired in a chaste but costly costume of maroon-coloured velvet, with white satin slip. As on occasion of Mr. Wilshire's fete, the dress-boxes were reserved for the active agents of 'the gay and festive scene,' whilst upper boxes and gallery were thronged with curious gazers. The *coup d'œil* thus presented one may easily imagine. It was really superb. The mass of whimsical and costly garbs floating in every direction—the

rich strains of mellifluous harmony—the dazzling glare of light—the joyous laugh—the sparkling repartee, all proclaimed a reunion of grace, gaiety, and good humour. To particularise individual *bedizenings*, were probably ungracious; still we cannot refrain from remarking that the *most effective* and the most characteristic dresses, whether male or female, were the most inexpensive. One or two gentlemen *novices* would fain have converted the fancy into a masquerade ball—a transition we would have gladly enjoyed, if permissible with the regulated conduct of an entertainment, of which but one opinion prevailed—that of universal and unqualified delight. May such pleasing reunions be more general."

Here follows a list of the company and of their dresses; but it would be hardly fair were I to give the personal histories of some who are said to have appeared "*in character*," but who, in point of fact, were very much *out of character;* and hence I shall not say who shone as "a Sicilian nobleman," nor who as "a British admiral," but draw a veil over some of the spots that must appear in a promiscuous assemblage in Sydney.

So much for Sydney doings. I may add, however, that horse-racing is pursued with much ardour; so also pigeon-shooting; and cricket. The young Australians think themselves unrivalled in the last; and wish Lord's players would come out, and be stumped out.

The harbour, though it possesses batteries, could not resist a frigate. This matter has been discussed in the

Legislative Council; and one of the members wound up his speech by reciting the following lines:—

"We are so lanient, we've left convanient
The entrance like an open gate;
The Heads make a triangle, which the foe might mangle,
But they alone are left in the natural state.
The Pigs and Sow, too, can't say bow-wow to
The laste little sloop of an innimie's flate.

As for poor Cockatoo, we've worked hard to knock it to
The strame where the navigable steamers sail;
For the head of Bradley, we've not done so badly
If France would promise not to take it by the tail,
And not to seek shelter when batteries pelt her,
Nor make Clark's Island for her ships give bail!"

The "Sow and Pigs" is the name of some rocks in the harbour, exactly opposite the entrance, and nearly flush with the water.

The two most prominent men in the Legislative Council are each members of the English bar. One of them is now a squatter. The other, an Oxford first-class man, and formerly Fellow of Magdalen, practises in the Supreme Court. There were in the council besides these, four other members of the English bar, and a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

There are two theatres in Sydney, one called the "Royal Victoria Theatre," and the other the "City Theatre." This looks something like a desire on the part of the Sydney folk to keep up an east and west end; but whether such be the case or not, it is certain that neither east nor west is much frequented. The Victoria Theatre is well situated, in the centre of one of the best streets, and is nearly as large as the (late) Olympic.

The performances are, generally speaking, four times weekly; and some of the actors are respectable. There are also two good singers and actors there under regular engagements, namely the Messrs. Howson, brothers of the late lamented Albertazzi. On particular occasions, such as the production of a good opera or a new play, the attendance is pretty numerous; but, generally, the theatre is not a place of much resort. The City Theatre is a very small building, and is chiefly used for concerts and public meetings.

The Jews of Sydney are characterised by the same peculiar habits that distinguish them in London. There are many of them; and their pursuits consist chiefly in furbishing up "old clo," and in the importation of inferior goods, which they palm upon Johnny Newcomes. They may be seen basking in the sun, idleness and the love of ease stamped upon their features; but, in addition to these Monmouth-street gentry, there is a superior class of Jews, who are general merchants and tradesmen.

Sydney possesses a very good market-place. Everything pertaining to a market is sold there, excepting fish, which are hawked about the streets. There is generally a fine display of fruit and vegetables. On the evenings of Saturdays the market is thronged, and, the buildings being lighted up with gas, the effect is pleasing; but take care of your pockets!

There is an admirable police force in Sydney, few in number, but well-drilled by the "commissioner of police." The appearance of the men, when mustered

in a body, is very creditable to all parties concerned.

I subjoin a list of Sydney prices, taken from the Sydney price current, and at two periods, in order to show the variation that occurred during my residence in the colony. The first is probably nearest to the average, the latter showing the prices during the season of drought before referred to:—

28th June, 1844.	18th July, 1846.
Wheat, 4s. to 4s. 6d. per bushel.	Wheat, 5s. 6d. to 6s. per bushel.
Bread, 2lb. loaf, 3d.	Bread, 2lb. loaf, 4d.
Bran, 10d. to 1s. per bushel.	Bran, 1s. 6d. per bushel.
Maize, wholesale, 1s. 3d., retail, 1s. 9d. to 2s. per bushel.	Maize, wholesale, 4s. 9d. per bushel.
Barley, wholesale, 1s. to 3s. per bushel.	Barley, wholesale, 5s. to 5s. 6d. per bushel.
Oats, wholesale, 1s. 4d. to 1s. 6d. per bushel.	Oats, wholesale, 4s. 9d. to 5s. per bushel.
Hay, 3s. 6d. per cwt.	Hay, 10s. to 10s. 3d. per cwt.
Horses, nominal.	
Fat cattle, 45s. to 55s. for each beast.	Fat cattle, 4*l.* 15s. to 7*l.* per head.
Milch cows, 45s. each.	Milch cows, 5*l.* 10s. each.
Calves for the butcher, 7s. each.	Calves for the butcher (good), 18s. to 35s. each.
Sheep, ditto, 4s. 6d. each.	Sheep, ditto, 16s. per head.
Pigs, 2d. to 2½d. per lb. on the weight; roasting pigs, 2s. 6d. to 3s. per litter per head; 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per single pig.	Pigs, 3d. to 3½d. per lb. on the weight; sucking pigs, 2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d. per litter per head.
Mixed herds of cattle, 15s. per head.	Mixed herds (not quoted, probably unsaleable in Sydney).
Butcher's meat (retail).—Mutton, 1½d. to 2d. per lb.; beef, ditto; pork, 4d. to 5d.; veal, 5d. to 5½d.; lamb, 2s. 9d. per qr.; suet, 4d. per lb.; neat's tongues, 1s. each, cured; 9d. fresh; 336lbs. (or a tierce) colonial salt beef, 2*l.* 12s. 6d.	Butcher's meat (retail).—Beef and mutton, 3d. to 3½d. per lb.; veal and pork, 4¾d. to 5½d.; dressed tripe, 4½d. per lb.; cleaned bullock's feet, 6d. each; salt beef, 4*l.* 4s. per tierce.
Poultry.—Fowls, 1s. 6d. to 2s. per pair; ducks, 3s. to 3s. 6d. per pair; geese, 3s. 9d. to 4s. each; turkeys, 5s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. each; Muscovy ducks, 4s. to 5s. per pair; pigeons, 2s. 3d. to 2s. 6d. per pair; eggs, 9d. to 1s. per dozen.	Poultry.—Fowls, 2s. to 3s. per pair; ducks, 3s. to 4s. 6d. per pair; geese, 7s. to 9s. per pair; turkey cocks, 9s. to 10s. each; wild ducks, 2s. 6d. to 4s. per pair; wild pigeons, 2s. to 2s. 6d. per pair; common pigeons, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. per pair; rabbits, 3s. to 4s. per pair; wallabies, 3s. 6d. to 4s. each; kangaroos, 5s. to 7s. 6d. each; eggs, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. per dozen.

28th June, 1844.	18th July, 1846.
Potatoes, 42s. to 50s. per ton; V. D. Land, 5*l.*	Potatoes, 3*l.* 10s. to 6*l.* per ton.
Fruit.—Lemons, 2d. to 8d. per dozen; oranges, 4d. to 6d.; eating pears, 1s. to 1s. 6d.; pomegranates, 6d. each; quinces, 8d. to 1s. per dozen; apples, 1s. to 1s. 6d.; loquats, 4d. per quart; green Bananas, 2s. to 2s. 3d. per dozen; native currants, 3d. per quart.	Fruit.—Oranges, 1s. to 3s. 6d. per dozen; cocoa nuts, 2s. 6d. to 3s. per dozen; Brazil nuts, 1s. per lb; custard apples, 1s. each; Bananas, 2s. 6d. per dozen; apples, 1s. to 3s. 3d. per dozen.
Coals, at the wharf, 18s. to 23s. per ton; firewood, 3s. to 4s. per cart-load; coke, 12s. per chaldron at the gas works.	Coals, at the wharf, 17s. to 18s. per ton; firewood, 3s. 6d. to 5s. per cart-load.
Butter (retail), 1s. 6d. per lb.; cheese, 2d. to 2½d. per lb.	Butter (retail), 1s. 9d. to 3s. 6d. per lb.; cheese, 6d. to 1s. per lb.; bacon (retail), 6d. to 8d. per lb.

CHAPTER XII.

Orange Lodges — Priests — General Impressions of the Colony— Return Voyage—Cape Pigeons—An Alarm—Cook's Straits— The Dangers of the Sea—Cape Horn—The Albatross—Its Home and Habits—The Penguin—Whales—Tropical Seas.

I LEFT Sydney on the 23d of July, 1846. For a month previously the thermometer, in a verandah facing the lovely blue mountains, had been 40 deg. at eight o'clock in the morning. A few days before my departure the town was in some alarm, in consequence of its being understood that the Orangemen intended to walk in procession; for, upon this, the other party advertised* a "hurling match" to take place the same day, and flocked into town in great numbers, armed with bludgeons. The Roman Catholic vicar-general

* "A Great Novelty.—A hurling match, to come off on Monday, the 13th July instant, at Hyde Park ground, between four counties of Ireland, which are as follows: viz., Clare and Tipperary against Cork and Limerick, for one hundred pounds aside.—N.B. Any side who withdraws forfeits the wager. A purse of a hundred sovereigns will be made up for the counties adjoining the above, who may choose to contest in a hurling match, at the same time and place." This match did not actually take place, nor, probably, was it intended that it should.

was on horseback in the streets all day and the greater part of the night, keeping order amongst those who acknowledged his authority, and who may be said to have occupied the whole town. His exertions, joined to heavy showers, prevented mischief, the more especially as the Orangemen were prevailed upon to abandon their procession. Some one turned into the streets a dog with orange ribbons tied to his tail, and it was instantly destroyed by the Irish. On the same day, the 13th of July, shots were fired, and blood actually shed, between the two parties at Port Phillip; but the local law now forbids all party processions. I am much inclined to think that the Orange Lodges in Sydney were entirely got up by the publicans, for the sake of securing custom.

I understand that the duties of the Roman Catholic clergy in Sydney, are as regularly discharged as if they formed a military body; that one of their number is always in readiness, at his turn of duty, to attend any call from the sick or dying; and that their beneficence, and that of the Sisters of Charity, is very great. If one sees in the streets a gentleman particularly well mounted, and sitting his horse exceedingly well, he is certainly a Roman Catholic priest. One of the priests has a large family; he was an officer in the army, and, becoming a widower, took orders.

I carried away with me, on the whole, an agreeable impression of the colony generally; and I feel a strong interest in the working settlers. The tone of the leading newspapers—and thus we may feel the pulse

of the colony—is very healthy, and generally rate; and, at Maitland, a paper is published distinguished by much good sense. Some of the papers, however, indulge in sad personalities and foolish bluster; but nothing in the least degree immoral will be found in any of them. Were the grisly sharks, or *caymen*, before alluded to, banished from Sydney, there would be little to carp at; and there is still much to admire; indeed, to excite astonishment of the most pleasing description. If, however, I presented a picture without blots, it would not be a true one. Public opinion will become more powerful as the colony becomes more free; and, it must be recollected that, until the institution of the Legislative Council, the Governor was supreme; he was all in all; officials on whom he smiled had, as it were, a patent of nobility; whilst the settlers, the thews and sinews of the colony, were of inferior grade. Until, however, the colony shall have the control of its own waste lands, its inhabitants are but "trusted with a muzzle, enfranchised with a clog."

On the 24th July, the day after we left Port Jackson, we saw the Cape pigeon; and we were accompanied by this bird until the 5th of October, when we were in lat. 21 deg. south, and off the west coast of South America. We shaped our course for Cook's Straits, and the only alarm felt during this part of the passage, was caused by the fall of a quarter of beef and a sheep, from the maintop, in the middle of the night, when a good lady, on board, immediately announced that the ship was on fire. On the 3rd of August, we passed

through Cook's Straits. An island near the entrance, and commonly called Mana, was bought, some years since, of the natives, by a settler from Sydney, who introduced sheep upon it. He ultimately drank himself to death, and was buried in a brandy-cask, to the great amusement of the lords of the land.

On entering the straits, we saw Mount Egmont, "the monarch of mountains" in this part of the world, lifting its diadem of snow far above the clouds; within them we saw, on looking on the shores, nothing but dreary ranges, their heads enveloped in mist. The cliffs had exactly the appearance of dusky white clay, worn into channels by streams of water. The contrast between the first sight of the coast of New South Wales and that of this coast was very striking; it was that of bright gay sunshine, with gloomy weather and heavy mountain mists; but, no doubt, Cook's Straits might have presented a more attractive appearance in summer weather. We noticed near the beach some of the white houses of the settlers.

In the evening, we bade adieu to Cape Paliser, and entered the dreary region between New Zealand and Cape Horn. Then, first, did we feel that we had entered the solemn paths of the dread ocean, where deep calleth unto deep at noise of *His* waterspouts, and were alone in the world. The wind was mostly on the quarter; the ship was heavily laden, and laboured much; she groaned again as she dashed from side to side; and then again the wind failed, and we were at the mercy of the waves. Noble as a ship appears when contending with the wind

and sea,—this, rolling towards her in huge waves that threaten to carry all before them, and sweep her from the face of the ocean; and that, howling, roaring, and hissing in the rigging, as if combined with the sea to effect her destruction,—and gallantly as she behaves, bending to the blast, and yielding to the shock of the sea, but, by her buoyancy and trim, recovering herself and ready for the next assault,—yet, what more forlorn and helpless than this ship when the wind fails! She rolls, as if topheavy and lifeless; she falls on one side, and then is thrown on the other as if to wrench out the masts; she strains again; the sails flap and thrash the masts; she will not steer; and is no more like the proud thing, full of life, she lately appeared, than is a lifeless corpse to animated existence. She is much like a huge monster helplessly tormented by fiends; or, as I have heard it expressed, tossed by bulls.

Between New Zealand and the Horn, we had a succession of hard gales. The ship was struck by a sea, and her stern transom started; she leaked dreadfully; and we were for two days busily engaged in throwing out all the cargo that we could get at. To crown all, she broached-to off Cape Horn, and escaped destruction by a miracle; for "there *is* a sweet little cherub that sits up above, to look out for the life of poor Jack."

I can conceive nothing much more striking than staggering, in a tempestuous night, and in a leaky ship, over huge, mountainous waves, each crested with foam, that also flies before them in sheets, and the base of each looking, in consequence, more dark and gulf-like; and

knowing that the ship can hardly either swim or keep her way, and that one blow from one of those waves would send you to eternity. Oh! let me die "a dry death!" The night-mare may be worse, and icebergs would add to the fearful interest of the scene, but we fortunately fell in with none. Then, conceive the ship losing her way amid these hungry waves that are all running one way, apparently in the utmost haste, as if bent on some errand of destruction! But, the great danger is of being pooped, that is, of being overtaken by a wave. More than once the sea curled, dashed over the stern, and washed the captain to the capstan. He, poor man, was often on deck thirteen hours at a time, and so crippled in the feet by the cold, that, if I had not shod him with my large bush-boots, he would not, he declared, have been able to crawl about. The men were constantly wet, like seals on a rock. One poor boy was knocked down by a sea that leaped on board; his arm was broken, and he was otherwise much injured, and his cries formed the shrill treble to the loud roaring bass of the elements. A sea, one night, when it was blowing excessively hard, struck the rudder, and whirled round the spokes of the wheel, throwing over and stunning the man at the helm. Then resounded through the hollow ship the hoarse cry, "another man at the wheel," startling not a little the passengers who were below. "Mind your weather helm," was an order constantly repeated, and generally the only sound of human voice that was heard in the midst of the storm.

I well recollect, as I ever shall, the night the ship

broached-to. It had been blowing hard for three days. I had betaken myself to my berth, and, as I turned in, I heartily hoped that they would soon set the foretop mast stay sail,—a fore-and-aft sail that prevents the vessel's head from coming round. Presently, I heard the men rush forward in a body to set this sail, but it was too late. The ship came round; all the sails that were set blowing to rags. The noise of the wind was deafening, and the motion of the ship on her broadside, as her masts now lifted and now dashed down again, may be imagined. The captain, who was below, roared for a light—for the binnacle lamp had been blown out—but the steward ran away, and hid himself in some secret part of the ship, as if he should be safer there than in his own domains. After escaping the most imminent danger, the vessel righted, and we shaped our course again, in comparative safety, under but a handful of sail; but, when the ship had righted, then there was the leak.

On another night, a sea struck the bulwarks, carried away the quarter gallery, poured down the companion and the skylight, and, putting out the cabin light, left us in darkness and over-shoes in water. The forecastle was filled three times, and the galley carried away. Conceive, under such circumstances, the yelling of the children, the lamentations of the women, and the barking of the dog! The wretched steward used to run about crying; and how the poor ship trembled fore and aft when a sea struck her!

"Cape Horn (properly Cape Hoorn) is the southern-

most headland of a group called Hermite Island. It shows high black cliffs towards the south, and is about five hundred feet above the sea." Captain Basil Hall says, "all accounts seem to agree that it is during the winter and spring months—July, August, and September—that the ice is most generally met with, and, as the masses in which it floats about are sometimes only a few feet above the water, and such as cannot possibly be distinguished at night, the risks which ships run in winter months is very great."

Captain Monteath could distinguish Cape Horn at the distance of fifteen leagues, and compares it to the Lion's Rump, Table Bay.

On passing Cape Horn, one naturally reflects on the state of the neighbouring aborigines. Captain Brenton describes them as follows:—"Their limbs are disproportioned, and they are altogether an ugly and almost deformed race. A piece of skin, answering the double purpose of an apron and a bag to carry stones for their slings, seems to be, in general, their only covering. Their canoe is rude, and unlike the elegant-shaped corricle of the Esquimaux. It is made of the bark of a tree, ballasted with clay, and has always a fire in it. Every foot of earth, and every tree and shrub in these islands is always thorougly wet, and probably, there are not ten days throughout the year in which rain and snow does not fall, nor thirty in which it does not blow strongly." A most interesting account of these regions will be found in Mr. Darwin's Journal, to which I have before referred.

There appears to be always a low mean temperature in the southern seas. We passed the Horn on the 15th of September, the decks being sprinkled with snow, and icicles hanging in the rigging. The fingers of one of the mates were frost-bitten, and the sailors were, almost literally, *sliding* on the deck, and we recommended them, when they came that way again, not to forget their skates!

We had blinding showers of hail, and very heavy squalls.

We saw the albatross a few days after we had left Port Jackson, and finally lost sight of it in lat. 45 deg. south, after we had rounded the Horn. This last glimpse was on the 20th of September, and then the great white bird was seen in the distance, his wings apparently touching the sea, as he slowly sailed along. The largest of these birds, that I chanced to kill, measured ten feet four inches from tip to tip of wing; and a shipmate observed that, until then, he did not know what it was "to shoot a barn-door flying!" The plump with which these large birds fall into the water, may readily be imagined. I never killed one but from a boat, or with a hook and line, when, of course, I was able to secure the bird; and they are fair eating when well soaked and dressed as a curry; indeed, some sailors prefer one to a piece of pork. The small bone of the wing is prized as a pipe-stem; and the covering of the feet makes a tobacco-pouch. I well recollect seeing on my voyage out six of these beautiful white birds, resting on the sea at an immense distance from land;

and, upon them, fell the last long rays of the setting sun, as its disk dipped into the western waters. They did not attempt to move as the ship passed, for they knew nothing of man; but a passenger, who had prepared two double-barrelled guns, wantonly discharged them amongst the noble creatures, and killed or crippled more than one. The legs of the albatross are too weak to support its body for any length of time. If it stands upon the deck of a ship, the blood soon appears under the beautiful white skin which forms the covering of its feet. Hence, the line in Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, "it perched for vespers nine," may be open to criticism. I suppose that this bird, like other gulls, feeds upon fish; and nothing that is thrown from a ship escapes it. It pounces upon any floating substance, driving away the congregation of small chattering birds that intended to appropriate it. The voice of the albatross is an unpleasant croak.

I extract the following interesting account from Morrell's Voyages:—"The albatross is found on the Falkland Islands, and is the penguin's associate and most intimate friend. It is one of the largest and most formidable of the South Sea birds, being of the gull kind, and taking its prey upon the wing. It never comes to land except for the purpose of breeding, when the attachment that exists between it and the penguin is evidenced in many remarkable instances; indeed, it seems as firm as any that can be formed by the sincerest friendship. Their nests are constructed with great uniformity near to each other, that of the albatross being always in the

centre of a little square formed by the nests of four penguins. Although the penguin and the albatross are on such intimate terms, and appear to be so affectionately and sincerely attached to each other, they not only form their nests in a very different manner, but the penguin will even rob her friend's nest whenever she has an opportunity. The penguin's nest is merely a slight excavation in the earth, just deep enough to prevent her single egg rolling from its primitive position; while the albatross throws up a little mound of earth, grass, and shells, eight or ten inches high, and about the size of a water-bucket, on the summit of which she forms her nest, and thus looks down upon her nearest neighbours and best friends. The penguins march about in squads of four, six, or eight, forcibly reminding you of officers and subalterns on a parade day; at the same time, the air is darkened by an immense number of albatross hovering over the rookery like a dense cloud, some continually lighting and meeting their companions, whilst others are constantly rising and shaping their course for the sea. To see these creatures of the ocean so faithfully discharge the various duties assigned them by the great Creator; to witness their affectionate meetings after a short absence on their native element; to observe their numerous little acts of tenderness and courtesy to each other; all this, and much more that might be mentioned, is truly interesting and affecting."

Nothing is more noble than the flight of the albatross in a storm. As the gale freshens and the sea rises, and

whilst the huge waves, rolling under the vessel, first lift up her stern so that she seems to be descending a precipice, and then lift up her head so that she seems to be about to climb a watery hill; and whilst the small birds that ever haunt the ocean paths flutter helplessly, vainly struggling with the winds that chafe the raging sea; down the wind glides the snowy albatross, soaring on wing of matchless power, and himself serene and calm amongst the roar, the dash, the spray. Down, down the gale he sweeps past, exultingly, and is soon lost to sight amid the gloom where the sea and the sky mingle. Presently, contending with the blast, he nears the ship again, careering round her in his flight, and triumphant o'er the elements.

I once shot a penguin at the distance of at least three hundred miles from land. At first I could not conceive what creature was bobbing up and down in the water, looking more like a little pig than ought else.

Whales appear to be aware of a coming change in the weather. Professor Edward Poeppig, of Leipzig, notices this in his account of his voyage round Cape Horn, westward. "The clouds assumed a threatening appearance. The whales, influenced by the atmospherical change in their own element, rose to the surface in shoals, appearing restless and uneasy. The precise moment was scarcely perceived in which the south-west wind suddenly changed to a brisk south wind. The loud call of the steersman recalled a long-forgotten joy among the crew. In a few moments the sails were

shifted, and, under a press of canvass, we were flying from these dreary regions."

For sometime after we had passed the Horn, its dark swell pursued us like a baffled enemy; but we soon reached brighter regions, and hailed old, familiar, constellations. Soon we were charmed by the beauty of tropical nights, and by the face of the ocean lighted up by "showers of moonlight." Jupiter was often reflected on the horizon; and Mars rose from the wave, first appearing like a floating lamp or torch, and then spreading on the liquid mirror its blood-red rays. We saw the rolling motion of the black-fish, or small whales, as their black backs appeared; and the long length of the beal-whale. Shoals of glittering albicore and bonito accompanied us for days together; and large flocks of gulls hovered in the distance over shoals of smaller fish. The flying-fish rose under our prow, and winged its uncertain flight; whilst the albicore and bonito dashed, leaped, splashed, in pursuit. In lat. 25 deg. north, we saw old-wives or leather-jackets, and gar-fish, with both of which we were familiar in Sydney; and also caught a species of baracouta shaped exactly like a straight sword-sheath. Then appeared the bright and gaudy dolphin, and many were taken; and porpoises were hauled on board, and huge sharks, in which the sailors searched in vain for the famous bag of dollars; whilst the pilot-fish wandered unhappily round the vessel, looking for their lord; and the sucking fish was shaken off its living prey upon the

deck. Hundreds of mother Carey's chicken dapped upon the water, as a bee over a flower, feeding on the oil that was pumped out of the vessel. The Portuguese man-of-war spread its rosy sail to the breeze, and passed us, the dolphin dashing incessantly at it. The water-spout was seen forming in the clouds like a funnel, and sometimes a squall crept along the ocean, now like a light smoke, and now a wall of foam. Then, the bright rainbow stretched its radiant arms across the wave, on which its colours were reflected, covering it as with "a rich scarf;" * and the ship appeared to be entering a noble arch leading into fairy realms: for we seemed to have two horizons, one ending with the bright reflected colours; the other, or true horizon, dimly seen through the tints. We spoke many vessels; and some stole silently by us at night, their sails dark and dusky—as the wings of a bird that is never seen by day; whilst on the broad face of the canvass of others, the moon-beams were reflected as from a mirror. Again, we would see, at midnight, a bright solitary speck on the ocean; and this was the binnacle light of a vessel bound for the eastern world. But it is in vain for me to attempt to describe the beauties of the ocean in tropical climes, especially by night, when that glorious firmament, spangled with innumerable constellations, is stretched above us. We feel, then, that "the sea is *His*, and He made it, and *His* hands prepared the dry land."

One of the passengers, a surgeon in the Navy, used,

* "Rich scarf to my proud earth."—*Tempest.*

in these nights, to pace the deck repeating Addison's noble ode;—

"The spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball,
What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In Reason's ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'"

The dying colours of the dolphin were most beautiful. Different shades of colour passed over him; first gold, then blue, then green; then were formed blue spots of different intensity; then appeared a grey ground with black spots; and, finally, he was of the most delicate, silvery white. When the tints passed over him, they were of different strength; for instance, the extreme of his head a deep gold colour, but his side slightly shaded. These colours passed, some more

quickly than others. The side exposed to the light was the most beautiful; that on the deck being of a dead, whitish grey. His back was like a beautiful, brightly-polished, blue pebble. The colours were flickering, as if waved over him; as if he were fanned with colours. The large dolphins were very fat; and after they were skinned, and their inside taken out, they still flapped and struggled. The body, when skinned, is grained like mahogany, and the colours of the large dolphin were stronger than those of the smaller ones. The skin itself, when thrown into the water, resumes the colours of blue and gold which the fish had before it was caught; and I thus deceived the captain by pointing out a skin as a fish. Having, then, seen the dying dolphin in all its beauty, how am I to understand the following? "We never will believe, unless on ocular evidence, and that evidence purified from all risk of physiological and local illusion, that a living fish will change its colours in four minutes; and, still less can we believe in the vulgar error that fish change colour in the act of dying."—(Edinburgh Review, No. 157, p. 103.) But seeing is believing. Perhaps the reviewer would add, "believing is seeing;" but I saw and then believed; and, is the beautiful description of Falconer entirely apocryphal? Ask a sailor, and he will tell you; but, of course, all reviewers are infallible, and I may misapprehend the passage I cite.

Thus our time passed. We sailed by the rocky Azores, and noticed their towering cliffs, and glittering waterfalls, and the white dwellings of the solitary inha-

bitants; and even the little dog was brought from below to snuff the land-breeze as we coasted along. At last, we landed at Plymouth, on the 7th of December, the men being quite worn out with pumping our very crazy vessel. The doctor came on shore in the highest spirits at the near prospect of joining his wife and family; and his joyous laugh rung loudly at the inn.

The doctor was a happy and facetious man, full of mirth and good-nature. A lady residing in Sydney inquired of him the meaning of the words, "*multum in parvo*," which are inscribed over the entrance to a store in that town. "Madam," said he, with a polite bow—his face, always like the full moon, beaming with fun and jollity—"*multum in parvo* means *summat short;* something nappy; something you ladies like when you have got the key of the cupboard, and nobody's by." Thereupon, the lady in question winked knowingly, and then sighed deeply: the wink being, doubtless, in token that she understood him but too well; and the sigh being breathed in tender recollection of many a private sip.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FEW HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.

THE autumn is the best time of the year for leaving England for New South Wales; and, in the columns of the *Times*, are constantly to be found advertisements of vessels about to sail for Port Phillip *and* Sydney, or for either place alone. If the intending emigrant has made up his mind not to settle in the Port Phillip district, he will only incur an useless expense by taking his passage in a vessel that calls at Melbourne, for she is sure to remain there at least three weeks; and he is equally certain, during the time she is detained, to spend not a little money on shore, though, however, it would not be necessary for him to wait for her, as steamers ply between that place and Sydney, charging passengers for the trip about ten pounds each. If, on the contrary, the emigrant wishes to see the Port Phillip district, he cannot do better than to take a passage in such a ship; and, when he arrives at Melbourne, he had better transfer himself into lodgings as soon as possible, and avoid the inns.

Of course, the vessels advertised in the *Times* are to be seen in the docks. This can be done at any time; and the letter of any ship fixed upon should be looked out in *Lloyd's List*, in order to be sure that she is seaworthy; and, if possible, some inquiry should be made as to the character of her captain. The ships' agents will, of course, say that he is a first-rate man. The passage-money ought not to be more than eighty pounds; and, for such a sum each, the passengers will be allowed good fare, separate cabins, reasonable room for baggage (not exceeding one ton in admeasurement for each person), and wine, beer, and other such-like combustibles at discretion.

When the ship is fixed upon, Silver & Co., of Cornhill, will supply the necessary outfit on reasonable terms. I believe they are fair tradesmen. The emigrant, however, should not lay out his money in the extravagant outfits that are often procured. He requires little else than bedding, three dozen shirts, a shooting-jacket or two, and a great coat. If he procure many other articles, he will find them only an incumbrance. *Bush* clothes he can procure at a reasonable price in the colony; and the best tailor in Sydney is Mr. Alderman Broughton.

The emigrant should always take a handful of sovereigns with him, lest the ship may call at some port; but, beyond this, he should carry all his cash to the office of the Union Bank of Australia, in Old Broad-street, and exchange it for a letter of credit on Port Phillip or Sydney. I believe this bank to be one of

the safest in New South Wales, and it has branches in most of the Australian colonies. The bank itself will send a duplicate of the letter of credit to its manager in the colony.

If the ship should call at Plymouth, which many do, it will be most agreeable to join it there. Liverpool ships I do not recommend; they are certainly not in the best odour in the colony, since, in them, passengers are understood not to fare as well as in London ships. On board ship, the rule to secure comfort is simply to *mind your own business;* the quarrels that occur, which attention to this maxim would avoid, are often beyond number, and vainly may the captain interpose. Still, if the captain is a respectable and well-disposed man, he will do his best to keep the peace; and, as one of this class, I can strongly recommend Captain Richard Hernamann, of Ilfracombe. If I saw that any ship were commanded by him, I should (first ascertaining that she had a good letter) most certainly give the preference to her. He has already made more than one voyage to New South Wales.

On going on board some of the ships bound for New South Wales, it would be easy to imagine that one had boarded a pirate, all the passengers seeming to think it necessary to be armed to the teeth. Double-guns, duck-guns, rifles, pistols, swords, &c., adorn the different berths, and the passengers themselves are often in full piratical costume. But the expense of buying these arms is useless; and, if the owners of them could be followed to their destination, such weapons would probably be soon found rusting neglected in a corner.

A good gun, a few bags of large shot, and a few pounds of powder, will, however, be found useful in the bush; and, in Sydney, a good gun can sometimes be bought for a few shillings, the piratical gentlemen aforesaid being often anxious, in the course of time, to sell their weapons. Powder and shot are comparatively dear in Sydney.

Some emigrants expend their money in buying the most absurd luxuries, such as champagne, pots of preserves (the latter lest they should be sea-sick), polished boots, and musical boxes; but these follies must be avoided. Others take out bulls and stallions. I do not think that it is worth while to take out horned cattle; but any one taking out a good stallion, as much as possible the style of the English hunter, could, by letting him, or by taking in mares, make a good thing of it. Many, again, take with them the most frightful and savage-looking dogs they can pick up, thinking therewith to frighten the blacks: but this also is unnecessary. A stallion should, of course, be insured against sea-risk.

Letters of introduction are generally useless; but it is as well to have a letter to the Governor, especially if any ladies should be of the party; and those men who intend to dine with the Governor must take black coats.

More of the emigrant's comfort than he can be aware of before he leaves England will depend on his having a good saddle. Silver and Co. will tell him where to get one, but he must not allow it to be made as if it were intended for the back of an English horse. Our English horses' backs are rounder, and better padded by nature, than those of the New South Wales horses.

Hence, a saddle for use in New South Wales should, on the under side, be shaped something like the roof of a house, and be exceedingly well padded, and, thus, one may hope to escape riding a horse with a galled back. When travelling in the colony, the horse's back should always be washed with cold water when the saddle is taken off; and, if the back be at all galled, with brine, of which plenty is to be obtained everywhere in New South Wales, for salt beef is there but too plentiful. Colonial horses are often girth-galled; and this may be prevented by using a leathern sursingle instead of the usual girth.

It is useless to say much on the subject of the books an emigrant should take with him, but I think no one would repent taking out a few standard works, and a set of the "Edinburgh," the "Quarterly," or "Blackwood." The most acceptable present that could be made to any friend already in the bush, would be a cask of English beer; the next, a copy of "Pickwick."

On landing in Sydney, I should recommend the emigrant to betake himself to the inn I have mentioned in a former chapter. If he please, he can live there as cheaply as in lodgings; but, if he prefers the latter, the landlord will recommend him to the best. Time and money should not, however, be wasted in Sydney, and, of course, the first object should be to become acquainted with the colony in which it is proposed to spend some years, if not a life. I should, therefore, recommend the emigrant (soon to be called "the settler") to buy a horse at the stables just above the Adelphi, and travel as soon as possible. He will have no difficulty what-

ever in making his way to the Shoalhaven. His first day's stage will be to Campbell-town; the next to Dapto, in Illawarra, where there is a good inn; and the third day will bring him to Mr. Berry's, and he will have seen the richest part of the colony. Beyond the Shoalhaven, a person unaccustomed to the colony could not proceed without a guide.

When he has returned to Sydney, it would be as well if the emigrant put his horse on board a steamer, and proceeded, by the way I have already described, to Tamworth, and cruised about a little amongst the squatters. Thus, he would see much, and pick up a great deal of information, and he would find every one ready to assist him, and give him a route.

On returning to Sydney from Illawarra, he might branch off to the left at Campbell-town, and visit the Cow-pastures, Glenlee, &c., &c.

Nothing ought to be more firmly impressed on a new hand in the colony, than that he must first understand the colony before he can hope to commence operations in it with success; and I know no means whereby he can obtain information so well as by travelling; and the expense of this is trifling. With a view, however, of affording a few further hints I will detail what I should myself do, if I returned to New South Wales, though I by no means assume to be infallible.

I should go to Illawarra and rent about a hundred acres of land well covered with clover; or, if I had capital enough, I should buy such a place, taking care that there was plenty of water upon it, and, if possible, the means of irrigation; for I am convinced that the

settlers there could make their farms as valuable again if they introduced this; since, though the district is not subject to drought, there is often much dry weather. If there were no house on the place, I should build a brick cottage, which, I think, would cost about 150*l*. I should go to Mr. Berry's, or to Mr. McLeay's, at Ulladulla, and buy sufficient dairy cows to stock this land, and engage a steady married couple to manage the dairy. This dairy would be my mainstay for a time; for the butter, cheese, pork, and bacon produced on the farm would sell well in Sydney, provided that I attended to the matter myself. It would be necessary that I should be often, if not always, up at daylight, and that I occasionally saw that the cows were properly milked. If I neglected my own interests, I could not expect that my servants would attend to them.

I should keep bees, and make as much as possible of honey; and I should also establish a good garden, and send fruit regularly to Sydney. I should have to get, yearly, a good crop of clover hay, lest the stock might suffer in the winter or the dry weather; and I should have to find a run for the dry cows lest they should consume the clover without giving a return. But, without further details, this farm at Illawarra should be my homestead, and nothing should induce me ever to encumber it.

I should not immediately attempt to "grow wool," at least to do so myself, although those who have wool and tallow to sell are the monied men. If I could induce my squatting friend, mentioned in another chapter, or any one like him, to take sheep for me on terms,

i. e., if he would take the entire management of them and divide the profits, I should gladly do so, and put, by degrees, flock after flock into his hands; and when I had thus sufficient sheep to make it worth my while to look out for runs for myself, I should establish myself as a squatter; not, however, living always on such runs, but visiting them occasionally. It is very common for settlers thus to put out sheep, cattle, and horses, on terms; but it is necessary to be very careful in whose hands they are placed, or, after some years, instead of finding that they have increased, it will be found that they have diminished in number. Hence, another advantage of travelling amongst the squatters. One can observe how their own stock thrives, and form an opinion of their trustworthiness.

The emigrant must carefully avoid buying waste land from the Government. To do so is almost certain ruin; and it will be found that those who reclaim the forest almost invariably give place to new comers. Let him not, therefore, be bewitched by the charms of any particular location, and determine to buy, and put a house upon it, because it would look so pretty! Yet, it is, indeed, lamentable to see men, in a young colony, ready and desirous to reclaim the forest in certain favourable spots—"to teach the howling wilderness to blossom as the rose"—and absolutely prohibited from making the attempt by the fact that the Government sell the land only in blocks of such a size, and of such a price, that a purchaser would entail ruin on himself. Neither will the Government let land for agricultural purposes on long leases, giving the lessee the option of

purchasing at a certain fixed price at the expiration of the term, or at any time during its continuance, which would be a great assistance to the emigrant. But if it be wished that the colony should prosper, inducements, temptations should, I apprehend, be held out to intending emigrants to resort to it. The home Government, however, have, at the instance of the late Sir George Gipps, introduced a clause into a late act prohibiting, under sundry penalties, the unauthorised depasturing of cattle on waste lands, whether within or beyond the boundaries; and thus those settlers who used to allow their cattle to feed in the woods adjoining their farms are liable to be fined. It is to be hoped the penalties will not be enforced, and that it will be granted to the settler to permit his cattle to feed in such woods, or another inducement to emigration will be cut off. Why the settlers in New South Wales are to be debarred the use of anything in the shape of a common, except they pay for it, when the Government has an unlimited quantity of land to dispose of is hard to say, though, probably, the fact is, that the prospect thus afforded, of extracting a little more money from the settlers' pockets, could not be resisted. But this is but short-sighted policy; and the grasping, shilling-seeking, auctioneering style of government that has been in vogue in New South Wales (of late years) has done the colony infinite mischief.*

* EXTRACTS *from a confidential Despatch from Sir George Gipps to Lord Stanley, on the subject of the Crown Lands*, 12th *Jan.*, 1846.—

"Persons under the 1st clause of the Squatting Act (2 Vic. No. 27) can, within the boundaries, be fined only when illegally in the occupation of Crown lands, by cultivating a portion of them, or by

Cleared land in Illawarra, laid down to clover, cannot be bought much under ten pounds an acre, and this will hardly repay the money originally bestowed upon it; to say nothing of the price paid to the Government. Hence, an emigrant must expect to give a thousand pounds for an hundred acres of land; and I imagine that a farm of this size would return an industrious man nearly two hundred a-year. It must be remembered, however, that, in good seasons, when there might be little or no drought, every one would be making butter

erecting on them any fence or building; for simply pasturing cattle or sheep on them they cannot be fined, and the consequence is, that so long as a proprietor keep his buildings and stock-yards or sheepfolds on his own land, he can allow his sheep and cattle to stray at will over the neighbouring lands of the Crown. This cannot, of course, be the case beyond the boundaries, because as yet there are no lands beyond the boundaries which are not the property of the Crown.

"The adoption of my proposed words will force the proprietors of lands within the boundaries, to pay rent for any adjoining Crown lands, on which they may desire to pasture their stock; and I consider it right that they should be forced to do so.

"To a person unacquainted with New South Wales, nothing would appear more equitable, than that if a proprietor allow his cattle to stray off his own land, and on his neighbour's, he should be compelled to make some compensation to his neighbour, or enter into some arrangement with his neighbour, in order that his cattle so straying might not be molested, driven back, or impounded. But in New South Wales the neighbour is very frequently (generally, indeed, it may be said) the Crown; the neighbouring lands are Crown lands, and the laws of the colony, made by landed proprietors, have been so framed (especially the impounding laws), as to exempt Crown lands from the protection which is afforded to lands the property of individuals.

"It is avowedly a part of my plan for the management of the Crown lands of the territory, to give to Crown lands the same protection in respect to the impounding of cattle, as is enjoyed by private proprietors; but the law at present does not give it them."

and cheese, and sending these and pork to Sydney, and the price of such commodities would consequently fall; but then, again, during drought, the Illawarra settler would, probably, have the whip-hand of settlers in other districts, and he would, I hope, irrigate, and thus set dry weather at defiance. Of course, again, nearly all the necessaries of life would be produced on the farm, and the expenditure on such heads would be trifling. I conclude, therefore, that Illawarra is a capital place for men with large families and limited means, if they are capable of exercising due industry, care, and circumspection. A settler must never get into debt. Money is not to be procured in New South Wales as readily as it is in England, and a small debt may ruin a family, as many unfortunate people who have been in arrear for their quit-rents have found to their cost. Hence, the settler must avoid debt as he would the pestilence, and never expend his whole capital, but keep a reserve fund as a sheet anchor. For this reason, and because squatting is rather a hazardous business, and its returns very uncertain, a man of limited means should only embark in it by degrees. For myself, I would not start as a squatter, unless I possessed twenty thousand pounds; and then I should sell off and leave such a business as soon as I had secured a certain amount of profit; for, in a new country, such as New South Wales, everything is constantly vacillating, and the chances cannot be calculated as in an old country.

In buying land, the emigrant must ascertain that it does not form part of a grant on which arrears of quit-rent are due, or the Government will quietly allow him

to take possession, and then levy on him for the amount due on his purchase, and on all the remainder of the original grant also. He must also be careful that his title is not derived through a convict under sentence.

The wages of a respectable married couple are generally about forty pounds a-year, with house-room and rations in addition, and of labourers from twenty pounds to twenty-five pounds, with hut and rations; but the rate of wages varies much, according to the supply of immigrants; and, hence, those who resort to New South Wales as labourers should understand that their own arrival (if in any numbers) will probably reduce the amount of those wages that were given in the colony when they left England, and to receive which is often the object in going out.

On such a farm as I have described, the sale of pork and bacon ought to form a fund sufficient to pay all wages, and it is to be hoped that, on such a farm, the owner's wife would make it her business and her pleasure to overlook the dairy. If she would not do so, she would be unfit for the colony, and I should strongly advise her husband to hesitate before resorting to it, if compelled to take her with him. But, in New South Wales, are about 1200 men who have run away—some, perhaps, have been sent away—from domestic felicity.

Though I say so much about Illawarra, I have alluded to Geelong in another place; and the emigrant might visit Brisbane and Moreton Bay. I think I have also said enough (since I have also given Sydney prices) to enable any one to calculate what capital he would require to set up as a farmer in Illawarra; and I

apprehend that the same amount of capital would be required elsewhere in the colony for similar ends.

A farm in the bush, such as I have described at Ulladulla (consisting of about 100 acres of cleared land, and 2460 acres of bush-land, or forest), might be rented for about 100*l.* a-year. I have already stated at what price it might be bought. The emigrant, however, who should wish to settle on such farm, at a distance from the coast, should ascertain whether it would be likely to suffer often from drought, or he may buy such a place and find it worth less than nothing, except so far as that it would keep a few sheep and horses. The best cleared land in Illawarra lets at about thirty shillings an acre.

But New South Wales is essentially the country for labouring-men who cannot find a market for their labour at home. Those labourers who are doing tolerably well at home, ought to be content, and remain where they are; for he who goes to New South Wales, though he may gain much, yet resigns not a little, and, amongst other things, old habits to which he is attached, and which he will certainly regret. Still, for the sake of his children, even a labouring man who is himself content at home, might wisely emigrate.

I have already so often referred to the status of labourers of different classes, that I shall add nothing here on that head, except a hint that "*meat* three times a-day" generally means *salt beef* three times a-day; and that, very probably, if a piece of this salt beef were shown to an English ploughman, he would think it were a piece of very old oak. I will, however, add,

in another place, extracts from one of Mrs. Chisholm's pamphlets, by which means we shall learn what some Irishmen think of New South Wales.

For my part, I cannot see the fairness of making New South Wales pay the expenses of the emigration of British poor. If the colony wants starving English peasants, England wants to get rid of them; and why is the colony to pay for relieving her of such peasants? If an entry were made in a debtor and creditor account between England and the colony, as follows—"Dr. The parishes of England to the settlers of New South Wales, for taking off their hands, in 1841, 23,200 paupers," how is such entry to be balanced? If by adding, "To the advantage the settlers derive from their labour,"—in the first place, that labour is paid for; and, in the next place, such entry is balanced by "the advantage the parishes derive from getting rid of them."

If England would send out her poor, she would be repaid by getting rid of the burden of such poor and of their descendants, and by their consumption of her exports. But as manufactures increase, so will poor increase. The more manufactures, the more poor, as the demand for manufactures constantly vacillates; and, if England manufactured for the whole world, she would still, whilst deriving advantage on the one hand, on the other, increase poverty and distress. Therefore, one would wish, if it could be done, that the manufacturing body should be compelled to provide funds, in aid of emigration, in proportion to the poor they create; but, waiving this, there seems to me to be no

reason why (as mentioned in another place) the emigrant labourer should not pay for his own passage. The fairness of making him pay the cost of bringing his labour to a good market cannot, I apprehend, be doubted; and I should imagine that the prospect of a future payment, of no large amount, would not deter men in distress from resorting to the land of promise, and the recovery of the debt due to the Government would be as easy as that of any other. Let us suppose, then, that a ship is to be despatched filled with such emigrants. Let each man, before going on board, give a bond for payment to the Government of the sum of, say 16*l.*, by yearly instalments of 2*l.* each, the first payment to be made within twelve or eighteen months after his arrival in the colony. On the ship's reaching Sydney, let every man be registered, and furnished with a register ticket, which he shall be bound, under a certain penalty, to produce to any person with whom he may hire. When the man hires, let the master who engaged him be answerable, as a surety, for the payment to the proper office of 2*l.* during each year the man may remain with him, and so, in proportion, if the term for which the man is engaged is less than a year. At this moment no servant can be hired in New South Wales unless he produce a discharge from his former master, if any. Carry out this principle, and let there be inserted in the discharge of every registered immigrant the fact of his being such, and this will be notice to any new master with whom he may hire, who, again, will, in his turn, be liable to the payments to the Government, and so on until the debt is discharged;

and there is little doubt that many men would pay off the debt before all was due.

If these men went into the far interior, there would yet be no difficulty in collecting the annual payments, as every squatter has to remit annually to the Treasury.

Each master, on discharging a registered immigrant, could give notice to the proper office of the fact, and each master who hired one could do the like, so that a register might be kept of the movements of each man. A list might also be published on the arrival of the ship, of the names and descriptions of the immigrants, and each police office could keep a register of those within its district, the masters furnishing information. Further details of such a plan could easily be furnished by any person well acquainted with the colony; but, of course, a legislative enactment would be required to carry it into effect.

To induce emigrants to give such bonds, land, I think, might properly be offered them as a bonus on their paying off their debt in full; and, could such a plan be carried out, an annual fund of no small amount would be secured for the purposes of emigration.

With regard to the employment of labourers, I may remark, that the capital of the colony is annually rapidly increasing, by means of the increase of flocks and herds; but encouragement is wanted to induce those with money to go out; and, if land is not sold cheap, land buyers (if any) will have no capital left to employ labour. At present, the prosperity of the colony depends almost entirely on the graziers.

The high price of land, besides alienating the affec-

tions of the native-born colonists, prevents labouring men who have acquired money from expending it upon land, and induces them (though not so much now as formerly) to waste their earnings in drunkenness. But, giving land immediately on their arrival, to pensioners and others, led to no good result. Labouring men ought, first, to earn the value of any land that may ultimately devolve upon them, and then they will certainly prize it as the fruit of much toil.

The labourers most in request in New South Wales are, of course, stockmen and shepherds. Carpenters get on very well, as also blacksmiths; and shoemakers, generally, have plenty to do, but some difficulty in getting payment from customers of the lower grades. I may remark, here, that the Birmingham thief at Ulladulla, before mentioned, having learned the trade of a shoemaker, was paid by his master ten shillings a pair for making his own boots, for he was allowed, as a convict, two pair of boots annually, and it mattered not to his master whether the convict himself made them or they were purchased for him in the ordinary way. In this manner was he encouraged to learn a trade.

Shipwrights generally obtain high wages; and sawyers do very well.

It must be remarked, however, that,—to use a common expression,—labour takes a great deal more out of a man in the climate of New South Wales than it would in England. But, the greatest draw-back to emigration to New South Wales is the lack of clergy, and the almost heathenish state in which immigrant-labourers will be left, or to which they will soon arrive.

There is, of course, a contaminating residuum, still existing, derived from the penal character the colony once possessed. The characteristics of a penal colony are not altogether extinct, in spite of the indefatigable exertions of bishop Broughton, and his earnest appeals for help, and of the influx of free immigrants. If emigrants are sent out, some provision ought to be made for their instruction.

At Trinity Chambers, Charing Cross, information and assistance to all inquirers will be afforded by the Society for the promotion of colonisation, and I shall not attempt to give further advice save in the words of William Penn:—"I desire all my dear countrymen, who may be inclined to go into those parts, to consider seriously the premises, as well the inconveniency as future ease and plenty; that so none may move rashly or from a fickle, but from a solid mind, having, above all things, an eye to the providence of God in the disposing of themselves; and I would further advise all such at least to have the permission, if not the good liking, of their near relations, for that is both natural and a duty incumbent upon all; and, by this, both natural affections and a friendly and profitable correspondence will be preserved between them."

I append a few extracts from a pamphlet by Mrs. Chisholm, headed, "Comfort for the Poor, meat three times a day."* Mrs. Chisholm exerted herself much in New South Wales for the benefit of immigrants, and I shall not easily forget one publication of hers, in which appears a letter from a settler requesting her to procure

* John Ollivier, London.

him a wife, and detailing the qualifications he required of his future helpmate. The letter begins, "Reverend madam." I also append the address of the Governor to the Legislative Council, on the 21st of March, 1848.

Finally, with regard to myself, I can only beg the indulgence of the reader for one who makes no pretensions whatever to literary abilities, but who has endeavoured to make a faithful report of what he has seen. There are many questions embraced in this little book which I had rather have avoided, for fear of a rap over the knuckles; but I did not feel justified in avoiding them; and, whilst I am desirous that I should not render myself liable to the charge of throwing my heels in the face of a dead lion, I can only say that, from what I observed in the colony during the administration of Sir George Gipps, I have contracted a perfect horror of Colonial Government. Much more I could say on this head, but I forbear.

"*Statement No. 23.—Terrence O'B——, Limerick.*

"New South Wales, 20th October, 1845.

"Arrived in 1841.—I was engaged by Mr. E—— at 20*l.* wages, a part of the time only 10*l.*; a man who comes here must expect changes in wages; when the times lowered I lowered,—kept to the same master; there is no good by continued change; had 50*l.* when I left him—have now six bullocks, two cows, six pigs, poultry, indeed I could not say how many; Mr. James Mc—— is my landlord; have a thirty-acre farm; get twenty bushels of wheat to the acre, and no less than fifty bushels of corn; my children are too young yet to

be of help, and there is no school here; employ two labourers, give them six shillings a week and their food; we use one pound and three quarters of tea, twelve pounds of sugar a week; meat! how much do we eat? now, that's a bothersome question,—howsomever, we eat four quarters of beef in six weeks, cannot get a quarter to last a fortnight, the weight may be one hundred and fifty pounds. My employer at home was one John Boucher, Esq.,—wife's maiden name Johanna Dwire; I would not advice my relations, let them do as I did, advice myself; I know well I am better off, so do you; just look round, you'l see what speak for themselves. Is not this a snug room for the children? What you have just done will tell those who know me at home whether I am better off or not."

Here we have a German's account of New South Wales; but he is situate at a particularly desirable part of the colony—namely, at the Cow-pastures:—

"*Statement No. 25.—Jacob Stern, Germany.*

"New South Wales, 6th January, 1846.

"Arrived in 1842; engaged in Germany, by Mr. M'Arthur; paid our passage for us, at five years' agreement,—first year, 15*l.*; second, third, fourth, and fifth, at 20*l.*, 25*l.*, 30*l.*, and 35*l.* a-year, with rations a-week, 10lbs. meat, 20lbs. flour, milk of one cow, pint of wine a-day, with a garden. Have plenty of potatoes, fruit, vegetables, corn, everything; pumpkins, melons; well furnished house. See how the grapes grow in the verandah! Have five rooms, with brick floor, rent free. Have two pigs; fowls, ducks, run about plenty.

Sell three or four dozen a-week of eggs. Like this country very well; oh! very well. More money; oh! yes, more money than at home, much more—plenty. Oh! yes, certainly, I like my relations to come here; certainly this is the best country; I can recommend it to my friends. In the letter you got, I send for all; say come, that is the best. Plenty more grapes in this country, better crops; good crops every year, double so much as at home. I have been three years; seen plenty load crop, terrible load; the wine ordinary is better than at home. Got good sum in bank; can save more than half wages. I have two cows, two calves; make 8lbs. butter a-week from one cow, sell it at a 1s. the lb. Mr. M'Arthur gives us the grass for one cow and one calf. I am sure this is a better country than at home; all the children well dressed. I paid 3*l.* for my cow, and the first year the butter paid for it. There is a school for the children."

Legislative Council.

"Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the Legislative Council—

"I have called you together at this early period of the year, in consequence of the approaching dissolution of the Council. I am happy, however, to believe that, whilst this arrangement will allow ample time for the business of the session, it will equally suit your convenience.

"It is consolatory to reflect, that notwithstanding the commercial depression which prevails to so great an extent in the mother country, and the consequent low prices of colonial produce in that market, the chief

resources of this colony have continued to increase in a manner alike rapid and surprising. The exports of wool, its main staple, reached in the past year the large quantity of upwards of twenty-two millions of pounds, of the official value of £1,260,000, being an increase on the previous year, exceeding five millions seven hundred thousand pounds in weight, and equal to the whole export of that article in the year 1838. The export of tallow in 1847 was 69,000 cwt., of the official value of £107,000, being an increase on the previous year of 49,000 cwt.

" It is our privilege to continue to enjoy under the blessing of Divine Providence, a great superabundance of all the necessaries of life, of the best quality, and procurable at very moderate rates.

" Although the advanced, and still rising price of agricultural and pastoral labour, consequent on its scarcity, has lately pressed so severely on the employers, it has, on the other hand, been the source of highly remunerative employment to the working classes; but as no community in the aggregate can long continue to be prosperous when the fair profits of the capitalist are liable to be absorbed in the payment of an excessive, or disproportionate rate of wages, I have endeavoured, by seeking fresh supplies of labour from the mother country, to restore that equilibrium, the maintenance of which between the two classes is so essential to the general, as well as to their mutual welfare.

" The anticipations which I entertained in my last opening address to the Council have, I am glad to say, been fully realised.

"The whole of the Land and Emigration Debentures have been paid off, and the Territorial Revenue has exhibited so prosperous a state as to enable me to request Her Majesty's Government to send out to the colony in addition to the five thousand statute adults already promised, and of whom the two first ship loads lately arrived in the *Hyderabad* and *Lady Peel*, an equal number in the ensuing season. There is every prospect that the whole of this Immigration may be effected without the necessity of incurring any debt. The Territorial Revenue will thus remain available as a security for raising the necessary funds for any additional supply of labour, which circumstances may render expedient. The emigrants now in progress of arriving are to be selected equally from the three great divisions of the United Kingdom.

"They are also to be equally divided between the Sydney and Port Phillip districts, and the expense charged accordingly, so that each district will receive the number for which it pays. I will cause to be immediately laid before you the correspondence which has taken place on the subject with her Majesty's Government and the Land and Emigration Commissioners.

"Connected with the supply of labour to the colony, I will also cause to be laid before you a despatch from the Right Honourable Earl Grey, setting forth the terms on which her Majesty's Government will be disposed to send out exiles and ticket-of-leave holders, to be subsequently followed by their wives and families, and by a number of free emigrants, equal to the number of such exiles and ticket-of-leave holders, at the expense

of the British Treasury. This proposal is made subject to the concurrence of the Legislative Council, and I accordingly recommend it to your early and attentive consideration.

"Immediately on receipt of Earl Grey's despatch, No. 204, of 31st July, 1847, I considered it my duty to cause it to be published for general information. It communicates the important decision at which her Majesty's Government have arrived, of proposing to Parliament the erection of the district of Port Phillip into a separate colony under the designation of Victoria. It also communicates the intentions of her Majesty's Government with respect to some important alterations in the constitution of this and the neighbouring colonies.

"The usual abstracts of receipt and expenditure for the past year will be forthwith laid before you.

"I am happy to be able to say that the revenue continues in a very prosperous state. The collections in 1847 show a considerable increase on the previous year, particularly in the district of Port Phillip. The estimates are in course of preparation, and will be presented to you on as early a day as possible.

"In conformity with my previously expressed intentions, I have appointed a board to superintend the temporal regulation of the denominational schools, supported in whole or in part from the public funds, leaving, as heretofore, the religious instruction of the children in these schools entirely under the direction of the clergymen of the different denominations to which they respectively belong; I have also appointed a separate board

to superintend the schools to be established on Lord Stanley's National System. I confidently expect that the appointment of these boards may be attended with beneficial results as regards the general education of the people; but I am fully aware that much is required yet to be done in this respect beyond settled districts, and it is my intention, therefore, on submitting the estimates, to propose to you an appropriation for this purpose from the produce of the revenue arising from the assessment on stock in those localities.

"I have received a despatch from the Right Hon. the Secretary of State on the subject of establishing steam communication between England and this colony, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and by means of vessels fitted with auxiliary screw propellers. This despatch will also be laid before you. The great importance of a speedy introduction of any means to effect a certain and rapid postal communication with England is so obvious, that it is only requisite for me to recommend the subject to your further attentive consideration, and to repeat the expression of my willingness to co-operate with you to the utmost of my power in devising the means of speedily accomplishing this most desirable object.

"I will also cause to be laid before you a despatch from the Secretary of State, conveying to me the authority of her Majesty's Government, to introduce a measure authorising the employment of the funds of the Savings' Bank in the prosecution of any public works of general utility. This will place at the disposal of the Government a fund which, so soon as the state of the

labour market will allow, may be very usefully employed in facilitating the means of communication between the different parts of the colony, and will enable the depositors in the Savings' Bank to enjoy a moderate rate of interest on their earnings. A bill for this purpose will be presented to you on an early day.

"It will be my further duty to place before you some of the despatches on subjects of interest to the colony, which I have received from her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonial Department. Among them is one transmitting a series of reports relating to the project of constructing a railway from Halifax to Quebec. His Lordship directs particular attention to one of these reports on the result of experience in the United States of America, with regard to wooden railways, and points out the great importance of establishing such means of communication at the earliest possible period in this colony.

"I shall avail myself from time to time of the usual medium of conferring with you by message on any other subjects of importance which it may be necessary to communicate to you.

"CHAS. A. FITZ ROY.

"Sydney, 21st March, 1848."

THE END.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

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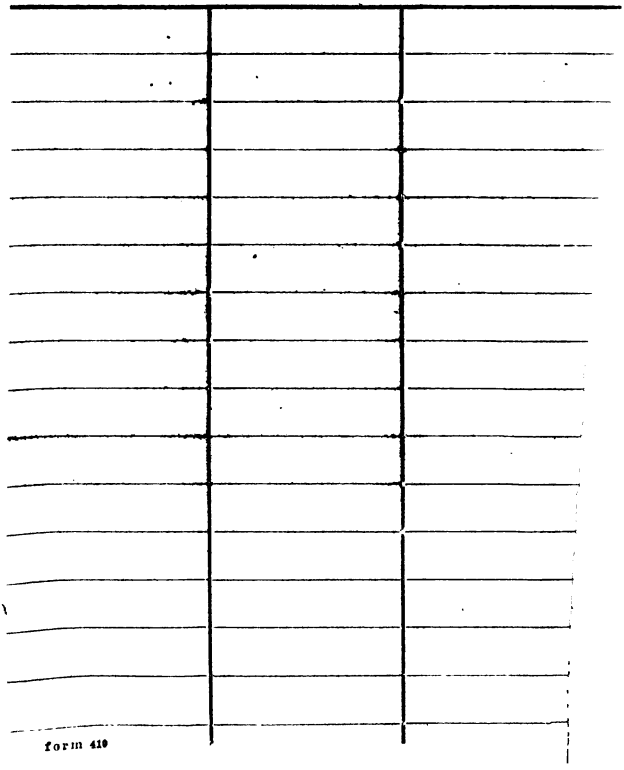

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